

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



Christmas Book Number

DECEMBER

The Custom of the Country

THE BRITISH have never shown any marked talent for conspiracy. The nationwide plot, whose object is to perpetuate a belief in Father Christmas, is conducted in most households in a manner at once dogged and half-hearted. Modern methods of heating render more implausible than ever his traditional means of ingress; modern child-psychology harps on the dangers of too much make-believe. Yet we persist in going through the motions of this annual hoax, and would think of ourselves as traitors to tradition if we failed to do so. We do not, it is true, exert ourselves unduly to make Santa Claus seem real to his beneficiaries; and perhaps that is why we detect in their acceptance of him a corresponding hint of the perfunctory. They are not exactly sceptical but they often seem rather incurious. Considering how interested they were when we told them there was a mouse in the bread-bin, they appear oddly indifferent to the announcement that there are reindeer on the roof. Never mind. Father Christmas has done his stuff, and so have we; now they are doing theirs in (as far as we can remember) very much the same way that it was done, years and years ago, in our own nursery.



The Midland Bank also 'does its stuff', by providing a Gift Cheque Service for Christmas (and other special occasions). Any of the Bank's 2,130 branches will give you a colourful leaflet describing this unique service which is available to all, whether customers of the Bank or not.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

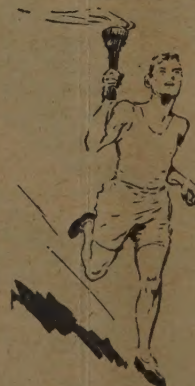
Olympic Choice...



MELBOURNE 1956

HELSINKI 1952 • LONDON 1948 • BERLIN 1936

LOS ANGELES 1932



OVALTINE' was officially recognized at the last four Olympic Games Meetings, and it is again being served to competitors at the 1956 Olympic Games at Melbourne.

Delicious 'Ovaltine' is prepared from Nature's finest foods and reinforced with extra vitamins. Remember that 'Ovaltine' assists in maintaining health, energy and stamina in everyday life as well as under the most strenuous conditions.

1/6, 2/9 and 5/- per tin

OVALTINE

The Vitamin-fortified
Food Beverage

The Listener

Vol. LVI. No. 1445

Thursday December 6 1956

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:	EDUCATION: University Education in Breadth and Depth (W. A. Campbell Stewart) ...	919
The Nuclear Bomb's Impact on Diplomacy (Richard Scott) ...	903	
The Middle East Crisis and the Baghdad Pact (Robert Stephens) ...	905	
Will Egypt Be Hit by Shortage of Oil? (John Marlowe) ...	906	
Mr. Chou En-lai's Visit to India (Gerald Priestland) ...	906	
Reflections on the Hungarian Revolution (George Mikes) ...	907	
The New Profession of Management (T. T. Paterson) ...	921	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	From Captain G. N. Brewer, J. M. Newton, A. R. Burn, Mary Clarke, Frank Kermode, and Anne Burgess ...	927
THE WELFARE STATE and the Vanishing 'Accident' (Glanville Williams) ...	908	
THE LISTENER:	GARDENING: Looking After Room-plants (P. J. Thrower) ...	933
Outlook for Books ...	910	
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	910	
DO YOU HEAR THAT? (microphone miscellany) ...	911	
THE REITH LECTURES:	NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	934
Science and the Nation—IV (Sir Edward Appleton) ...	913	
THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	962
This Coast (Gloria Evans Davies) ...	915	
The Orphans (Dwight Smith) ...	915	
The Miracles (Roy Fuller) ...	922	
RELIGION: What is Religion About?—I (John Macmurray) ...	916	
LETTER: Is the Bolshoi Ballet Old-fashioned? (Arnold Haskell) ...	917	
	MUSIC: 'Wat Tyler' (Ernest Chapman) ...	965
	BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	967
	NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	967
	CROSSWORD NO. 1,384 ...	967

Christmas Books ... 937

Views by Andrew Forge, Sir Ralph Stevenson, Sir Herbert Read, G. R. Elton, Simon Raven, Hilary Corke, Norman St. John-Stevan, K. W. Ansden, William Plomer, Colin Wilson, H. G. Whiteman, Sir Leonard Woolley, Roger Fulford, Professor G. D. H. Cole, Peter Kidson, Vicars Bell, and Margaret Shaw

The Nuclear Bomb's Impact on Diplomacy

By RICHARD SCOTT

ALTHOUGH it is now well over ten years since the world's first atomic bomb was dropped on the people of Hiroshima, I doubt if most of us are more than half aware of the enormous revolution in our thinking about almost every aspect of international relations that has been brought about by the advent of the atomic, and more particularly of the hydrogen, bomb. I would like to consider here some of the ways in which the existence of the nuclear bomb—the ultimate weapon of mass destruction—must inevitably cause us to question what had seemed to be well-established principles and widely accepted beliefs. It is obvious that the development of so appallingly destructive a weapon will have produced all sorts of new problems and changes in the field of military defence and strategy. But since the use of force still seems to be accepted as the ultimate resort of policy, I think it is equally true that the whole field of international relations has been profoundly affected by the appearance of this devastating new force, the nuclear bomb.

Until the world entered the nuclear age it was possible for statesmen to persuade their people that there were many things worth fighting for, even at the risk of world war breaking out. War had already become a monstrously destructive and bloody business, but it did not carry with it the possibility of national annihilation. It was still possible to believe that some advantage could be gained from world war. Today no such belief is possible any more. Nothing but destruction—destruction bordering on annihilation—can be expected by the people of a nation engaged in nuclear war. So no nation today can profitably hope

to base its long-term policies on the inevitability of major war.

But until recently this inevitability of war was precisely what all good communists were taught to believe in. It was a fundamental part of Lenin-Stalin dogma. Certainly until Stalin's death every communist child was taught to believe that the so-called inherent contradictions of capitalism would result in a series of appalling clashes in which the capitalist countries would gradually exhaust themselves and pave the way for international communism. Though even Lenin and Stalin paid lip-service to the theory of coexistence they always recognised that the final triumph of communism over capitalism could be achieved only by war. 'It is inconceivable', wrote Lenin, 'that the Soviet Republic should continue to exist interminably side by side with imperialist states. Ultimately one or the other must conquer'. As far as I know, this was what Stalin officially believed until the day of his death. He certainly allowed this passage to remain in the text-books of communist doctrine which were compulsory reading throughout the schools of the Soviet Union.

But the advent of the nuclear bomb went a long way to shatter this pillar of communist dogma. When weapons of such appalling power are available it seems reasonable to believe that even the most hardened of doctrinaire communists must begin to doubt that there is much future in encouraging a series of mighty conflicts, ending up with a final showdown between communism and capitalism. Mr. Khrushchev at least seems to have recognised this. He told the famous twentieth Party Congress last February that the radical changes that had taken place in the world meant that

war was no longer inevitable. He did not refer specifically to the nuclear bomb: in fact he claimed that it was the emergence of such powerful socialist forces dedicated to peace which was primarily responsible for the changed situation. But there is little doubt that in fact it was the bomb that he really had in mind.

So I believe that the communist doctrine of the inevitability of war has been one of the main casualties of the discovery of nuclear fission. But although the Soviet Union can now no longer sit back waiting for, and doing what it could to encourage, the series of appalling armed clashes through which it expected to stamp communism on the face of the whole world, it has not given up this ultimate ambition. It has turned to other methods to gain the same ends. And it has probably accepted a more leisurely timetable. As I see it, the post-Stalin policy of competitive coexistence was largely the result of a serious reassessment of long-term strategy in the light of the development of the hydrogen bomb.

Effect on Soviet Leaders

Let us assume—which I think it is fairly safe to do—that since the arrival of the nuclear bomb the Soviet leaders have become just as anxious to avoid world war as are the leaders of any other country. This means that the Russians would presumably avoid taking any action which they knew in advance was likely to cause the United States or Britain—the only other Powers at present possessing nuclear bombs—to counter with military force. In other words, the Soviet leaders presumably realise that they could take no direct action in those areas of the world in which the Western Powers had clearly indicated their own special interest, either through regional defence arrangements like Nato or Seato, or through specific statements like that which President Eisenhower made about Formosa and the off-shore islands about two years ago.

The same thing applies to the Western Powers. They too must know that they cannot take military action in any area over which Russia has thrown her protective mantle, however unwanted this mantle may be and however justified the use of military action may seem. We have just been witnessing a most painful example of such a situation in Hungary. By all the best principles in which this country of ours believes, by the very rudiments of international morality, it was surely incumbent on Britain and on other nations which equally believe in personal liberty and national independence to go to the assistance of the Hungarian people in their desperate fight for freedom. If we had been blindly true to our principles we should have done it. But we should indeed have been blind if we had failed to see that any military intervention by the Western Powers in Hungary would either have been ineffective or would have led the world into a nuclear holocaust.

I do not want to give the impression that because we have produced this weapon of mass destruction I believe that wars are no longer likely. Unfortunately I cannot believe that. What I do believe is that Great Powers today will be more careful than in the past to avoid taking actions which will be likely to bring them into direct collision with other Great Powers. The existence of the hydrogen bomb has reduced the direct threat of world war: but it has not reduced the indirect threat of world war—the threat of world war developing out of local wars. In fact I think it is possible to argue that the possession of the hydrogen bomb by the two rival Great Powers could increase the danger of local wars.

I do not want to make too much of this argument, but this is what I mean. In the past small countries have sometimes refrained from exploiting what they considered to be a favourable opportunity to attack their neighbour because of the probable intervention by a major Power. Today, in the event of two hostile small countries each believing itself to be under the protection of rival Great Powers, it seems possible that they might discount the probability of intervention by the Great Powers on the ground that the Powers would be too afraid of becoming involved in nuclear war. Great Powers in the past have certainly only too often been the cause of great wars; but they have also sometimes been the

cause of preventing small wars. The greater the responsibility shown by the big Powers in the use of force the less the smaller countries may feel the need to act responsibly themselves.

But how does the existence of the hydrogen bomb affect the policies of the Great Powers themselves? International relations—those between both the communist and the non-communist states—have been dominated since the war by the idea of regional defence pacts. But it is only fairly recently that the development of nuclear weapons has compelled the members of these pacts to re-examine the whole basis on which the pacts have been created. At least that is the case with Nato. The real question is: to what extent can the defence of the Nato countries be left to the use of nuclear weapons? The Nato Council has already made it clear that such weapons would be used in the event of a major aggression in Europe. I am sure the United States is not prepared to fight another Korea-type war in which only conventional weapons are used and military stalemate results. But to what extent does this mean that the European states can cut down their conventional forces and rely on American nuclear weapons? Here are two considerations that have to be taken into account. First, the more you rely for your defence on nuclear weapons the less capable you are of dealing with a small incident without turning it into a nuclear war. Second, the Western Powers would experience a strong moral reluctance to be the first to use the hydrogen bomb.

This raises the question of the distinction between the so-called strategic and tactical nuclear weapons. The bomb is the ultimate strategic weapon and its use would be against strategic targets behind the fighting lines. Tactical weapons include such things as heavy guns firing shells with nuclear warheads—weapons employed against the opposing troops within the battle area. If nuclear war were confined to tactical weapons it need not lead to the more or less complete destruction of our civilisation which the use of hydrogen bombs would certainly do. The Western Powers certainly would not have the same reluctance to using tactical nuclear weapons as they would to using the bomb.

So at least it would be something if the Nato Powers could make a clear and public distinction in their attitude to strategic and tactical nuclear weapons. The purpose of such a declaration would be to give full warning to an enemy that if he attacked he would be met by tactical nuclear weapons, while at the same time making it clear that the use of such weapons did not necessarily involve the use of the atomic or hydrogen bomb. I believe such a declaration could be important. But with or without it it is clear that the existence of the nuclear bomb, which virtually makes all other weapons obsolete, does not mean that we can dispense with the other so-called conventional weapons. Nor is the need for defence alliances such as Nato destroyed by the certainty that if nuclear war did break out between the powers most of the European members of Nato would emerge from it as little more than deserts.

A Threat that May Help towards Peace

So vast and appalling is the power of the nuclear bomb that its real value as a military weapon lies in the threat of its use. I believe that its existence, and its possession by both rival power groups does mean that war is less likely to develop in those areas of the world, like Europe, where the interests of both groups are fairly clearly defined and where each state is clearly attached to one or other of these groups. In such areas small local wars, in which the Great Powers were not involved, are almost inconceivable. War would become nuclear war. But in other areas of the world, like the Middle East or south-east Asia, I do not think that the existence of the nuclear bomb will have much effect in reducing the danger of war. Because there exist in these areas unfulfilled personal and territorial ambitions and rival nationalisms which can only too easily lead to local hostilities. Since the two world power groups are actively jockeying for position in these uncommitted areas there is an obvious danger of their becoming involved in any local hostilities.—*Home Service*

The Middle East Crisis and the Baghdad Pact

By ROBERT STEPHENS

THE war in Egypt has inevitably had repercussions all over the Middle East. It has spread fear, anger and confusion and subjected all existing political ideas and alignments in the area to severe strains. One of the alignments affected is the Baghdad Pact, originally formed last year as a military alliance between Turkey, Iraq, Pakistan, Persia

and Britain. The United States, although not a member of the Pact, is closely associated with it.

Before the shock occurred, the political line-up in the Arab states of the Middle East was roughly as follows. At one end was Egypt with a policy of neutralism but receiving arms from Russia. At the other end was Iraq with a policy of alliance with the Western powers through the Baghdad Pact and receiving arms from Britain and America. Egypt's closest ally was Syria which this year also began to obtain arms from Russia. Another ally of Egypt was Saudi Arabia, but this was chiefly because of her hostility to Iraq and

her quarrel with Britain over the Buraimi oasis. But Saudi Arabia had begun to grow cooler towards Egypt in recent months because she mistrusted Egypt's association with Russia. Of the other Arab states chiefly concerned, the Lebanon had sided neither with Egypt nor with Iraq, and Jordan, still in alliance with Britain and with a King related to the King of Iraq, was moving under popular pressure into the Egyptian neutralist camp. But all the Arab states, whether or not members of the Baghdad Pact, agreed on at least one thing—their hostility to Israel.

This alignment on international policy also reflected a parallel division in internal politics between the more conservative elements, of whom the Iraqi Prime Minister, Nuri Said, is the most intelligent leader, and the more radical, especially among the younger generation, for whom President Abdul Nasser is a powerful symbol.

The general effect of events in Egypt has been to sharpen these conflicts; and the countries most severely affected are Syria and Iraq—countries which are also especially important to the outside world because Iraq is one of the main Middle East producers of oil and the pipelines which carry this oil to the Mediterranean pass through Syria.

One of the first effects in Iraq was that public opinion forced

the Government to dissociate itself publicly from Britain in the Baghdad Pact, which has for the time being robbed the pact of some of its military and political value. Now, in association with Turkey, Iraq is seeking to rally support for the pact against what it sees as alarming developments in Syria. To do this it has looked to the United States for help, and the American warning

that it would view with the 'utmost gravity' any threat to members of that Baghdad Pact has been the first result of this.

The first serious alarm to Iraq was the destruction of the oil pipeline pumping stations in Syria which robs the Iraqis—and also to a lesser extent the Syrians—of millions of pounds of oil revenue. This appears to have been done by Syrian army detachments without the authority of the Syrian Government. Then came unconfirmed reports of large numbers of Russian arms and Russian technicians and advisers entering Syria, of the virtual control of the country by pro-Russian army

officers and their political allies. It even was suggested that Syria had already become almost a Soviet Satellite.

Though the position in Syria is delicately balanced it may not be so dangerous as some reports have made out. Russian arms are known to have been arriving there since the middle of the summer and deliveries may have been accelerated in recent weeks. The left-wing groups and their army associates have undoubtedly increased their influence, but it is not yet certain that they have complete control of the Government, which has so far remained officially unchanged. Nor is the strongest left-wing group in Syria Communist, though it may be Communist-infiltrated. Its official policy is nationalist, neutralist, socialist, and pan-Arab.

My own feeling is that Syria's future development from its present state of obvious fright and confusion depends less on the counter-activities of its Baghdad Pact neighbours than on the extent to which the Syrian public feels that it has someone else besides Russia to turn to in order to help preserve the country's independence against outside attack. This depends, in turn, on the effectiveness and speed with which the United Nations force in Egypt carries out its tasks. America's warning giving support to the Baghdad Pact countries may help to keep the situation from getting out of control while these tasks are achieved.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)



Will Egypt be Hit by Shortage of Oil?

By JOHN MARLOWE

IT has been said that the Egyptian economy may grind to a halt in a matter of weeks through lack of oil. How true is this? It is certainly true that Egypt's economy is almost entirely dependent on oil. Her domestic and irrigation pumping engines, her electric power stations, railways, cotton-ginning factories and textile mills are all run on oil. So are nearly all her flour mills and bakeries. Kerosene—what we usually call paraffin—is one of the principal household necessities in Egypt, since virtually all cooking is done with it. There is no indigenous coal in the country, little wood, and almost no hydro-electric power.

Normal consumption of all petroleum products runs at about 3,750,000 tons a year. That is made up of some 2,000,000 tons of fuel oil, principally for the railways and electric power stations; 400,000 tons of diesel and gas oil, mainly for irrigation engines, flour mills, and bakeries; 800,000 tons of kerosene, mostly for cooking; and 300,000 tons of petrol.

Of these quantities, Egypt normally produces and refines just under half herself, leaving the balance to be imported. Of these imports, about 1,000,000 tons a year are in the form of crude oil which is refined locally, and about 950,000 tons imported as refined products. So, even on the assumption of Egypt's home production and refining proceeding unimpaired (a large assumption), she still has to import about half her normal requirements. In detail, Egypt produces and refines all her normal requirements of petrol (excluding aviation petrol), about three-quarters of her normal requirements of fuel oil, about 30 per cent. of her kerosene, and hardly any of her normal requirements of diesel and gas oil.

I do not know what Egypt's oil stocks are at the moment. She has recently been receiving supplies of kerosene and fuel oil into Alexandria from Russia and Rumania, and she may have something like from one month's to two months' supplies of refined products on hand. There appears as yet to have been no attempt to introduce any system of rationing. There is no possibility of a large immediate increase either in Egypt's local production or in her local refining capacity. Crude oil

imports alone would not solve her problem, since her total refining capacity does not amount at most to more than about three-quarters of her normal consumption, and would not give her the various refined oils she needs in the required proportions, even up to that quantity.

It may be pertinent to point out that Egypt's two oil importing ports are Suez and Alexandria: apart from bunker requirements, oil is not imported into Port Said. Oil storage and reception facilities at Alexandria and Suez appear to be undamaged, so there would be no physical difficulty in that respect. There should be, in the short run, no physical or technical difficulty about running the two refineries at Suez to a capacity sufficient to deal with Egypt's local production—if the local crude oil can be obtained. But there appears to be some doubt about the availability at Suez of Egyptian crude oil, which comes both from the Sinai Peninsula and from the western shores of the Red Sea at Ras Ghārib, about 100 miles south of Suez, and has to be carried to Suez by tanker. The tankers normally used for this service do not appear to be available and Israeli forces may be in a position to deny Sinai supplies to Egypt.

Compared with the normal oil requirements of a highly industrialised country, Egypt's needs are comparatively small. She has recently been importing Russian and Rumanian oil by bartering them for cotton; she has also probably sufficient foreign exchange to pay if necessary for other supplies from elsewhere. The oil is also physically available, if means can be found to carry it. But there is a tremendous demand for every available tanker, and in this field Egypt would be entering a very competitive market.

All in all, Egypt does face a fairly considerable crisis in oil supplies. The extent to which she can solve it depends on political rather than on physical factors. While it is true that Egypt, with her low standard of living, is much better able than a western country to support a serious reduction in what we should regard as the basic essentials of life, it is difficult to see how she could face a really serious and prolonged cut in oil imports. For she does depend on oil for the very essentials of her existence.—*'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*

Mr. Chou En-lai's Visit to India

By GERALD PRIESTLAND, B.B.C. correspondent in India and Pakistan

A YEAR after the fabulous Bulganin-Khrushchev tour of Asia, the Chinese Prime Minister, Mr. Chou En-lai, is repeating the procedure almost to the last banquet and the last garland of marigolds. Like the Russian leaders, he is inspecting the old India and the new; discussing world affairs with Mr. Nehru, addressing meetings, waving to children, and attending a long series of non-alcoholic receptions.

But there are important differences. For one thing this is Mr. Chou En-lai's second visit to India, a visit of consolidation rather than courtship; and for another he is a very different proposition from the bouncing Mr. Khrushchev. I doubt if we shall have quite the same clowning or the same shadow boxing with the 'wicked imperialists' that gave Mr. Khrushchev such continuous delight. The visit is perfectly timed. China is the only Great Power which has not lost credit with India at some time or another during the last few critical months. She has managed to keep her hands clean of both Egyptian and Hungarian blood, and the fact that she is not a member of the United Nations has made it impossible for her to commit any *faux pas* there.

The runner-up in Indian popularity is the United States, and by a happy coincidence Mr. Nehru is visiting America soon after Mr. Chou En-lai takes his leave. Can it be that the Chinese Prime Minister will urge on the already converted Mr. Nehru the necessity of Chinese admission to the United Nations; and that Mr. Nehru will pass this on to President Eisenhower? It would be surprising indeed if that did not happen.

Mr. Chou En-lai's hand bristles with strong cards. Not least of them

is his own personality. I know several Indians who have met him during trips to Peking as members of the fashionable Indian cultural delegations. All of them told me he had impressed them as a man of great charm, courtesy, and magnetism. As one Indian lady delegate put it 'He's not uncouth in the way Khrushchev was. He's very like Nehru himself'. There could be no stronger recommendation in India than that. Next to U Nu of Burma, Mr. Nehru probably respects Mr. Chou En-lai more than any other Asian leader. Above all Mr. Chou En-lai can claim to be part author with Mr. Nehru of the famous Panch Shila, the five principles of coexistence. These principles—respect for each other's territory, non-aggression, non-interference, equality, and peaceful coexistence—were first formulated in 1954 in the Sino-Indian Agreement on Tibet, and ever since they have been the central creed of Indian foreign policy. I use the word 'creed' deliberately, with all its metaphysical and ritual implications. But Soviet Russia, another subscriber to Panch Shila, is now in disgrace as a result of her behaviour in Hungary. China is now top of the form.

Does this mean that the Indian Government takes a completely starry-eyed view of the Chinese? It certainly does not. At the back of the Indian Foreign Office mind there still lurks the nightmare of China which may advance so much faster by totalitarian efficiency than India can through democracy, that it may ultimately swamp Asia with sheer power and prestige. Recently a group of Foreign Office officials in New Delhi has been going out of its way to explain Indian foreign policy to western correspondents in what these officials consider to be realistic terms. One is urged not to take the metaphysical side of Panch Shila.

too seriously, but to follow an argument which goes like this: India is perfectly well aware of the Chinese menace. Her policy is to contain China within a reasonable sphere of influence. This cannot be done by military methods because India has no military strength, and considers that to join a western-sponsored alliance like Seato would do more harm than good. The best way to influence people, she argues, is to make friends with them. This may look like appeasement, but in the Indian view it is not: it is realism.

Indian officials say, 'We know the Chinese have acted badly in

Burma, Indo-China and, above all, Tibet. But what do you expect us to do? Fight them? The Chinese desperately want friends, and if we make it clear that they can have our friendship on condition that they behave themselves, that will prevent them from becoming frustrated and aggressive. If only other people could see it that way'. India, in short, is generously disposed to give China the benefit of the doubt. There are doubts, but it is certainly part of Mr. Chou En-lai's programme here to charm away as many of them as he possibly can.

—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

Reflections on the Hungarian Revolution

By GEORGE MIKES

ONE outcome of the Hungarian October revolution has been the total collapse of the marxist conception of revolution. First of all, it was not economic reasons which were primarily responsible for the outbreak. Naturally, economic exploitation by Russia and Hungary's dire poverty had their part to play; yet it remains true that economic reasons alone could never have led to such an uprising. It was spontaneous; it was unplanned; and it was the result of an outburst of anger caused by a stupid and arrogant speech by Mr. Gerö—then First Secretary of the Communist Party.

A Movement Begun by Writers

Then, in sharp contradiction to marxist theory, those very layers of society which, one would have thought, had been safely indoctrinated played a leading part in the uprising. It all started with certain revolutionary steps taken by writers and other intellectuals—pampered favourites, that is to say, of the regime. Intellectuals again, mostly students, were to play a leading part in the struggle; they were joined by many teenagers—and I know from personal experience that the stories of boys of fifteen or even twelve throwing Molotov cocktails at Russian tanks are true. This again means that even those youths who, to all intents and purposes, had never heard any other teaching or doctrine apart from Communism, turned against the regime. Finally, it was the workers of Csepel and Dunapentele, the two biggest centres of heavy industry in Hungary, who held out longest against the second onslaught of Russian tanks and who proved, in the end, invincible.

Another important aspect was the part personalities played in these events, refuting once more all marxist theories. The course of events went differently in Poland, mostly because of differences between the leading Polish and Hungarian personalities. Poland had good leadership at the most critical hour: not only Mr. Gomulka but even the old stalinists realised what the changes meant and what the moment spelt. The Hungarian old guard, led by Gerö, had refused to acknowledge any change whatever since 1953. That mistake meant devastation to the country and death to Gerö.

It is worth our while to examine a little more closely the part played by intellectuals and writers in this struggle. Their first move was in the autumn of 1955, and although it does not seem to have achieved much at the time it was a significant step on the road towards revolution. It was the most considerable, organised, open movement against party discipline which had occurred for many years; and it also reflected the shape of things to come in another way: it was the faithful sons of the party, old and reliable Communists, who led the movement.

Here is the brief story of this revolt within the Writers' Association. Mr. Gyula Hay, a playwright and a member of the old Communist Guard of 1919, protested against 'too much censorship and bureaucratic control inside the party'. The quarrel which followed ended in the resignation of a large number of the executive, among them nineteen Kossuth prize-winners and the Communist Party secretary himself.

It was in June this year that the renewed revolt flamed up once again within the Writers' Association, once again led and inspired by Gyula Hay. He wrote a strong, and in many ways beautiful, article demanding freedom of the press and absolute, unfettered, literary freedom. When he time came for re-electing the executives—perhaps for the first time in satellite history—the official list was opposed, new candidates were nominated and elected. Not only were many old stalinists dropped from the executive but even an active minister—Jozsef Darvas. Rakosi was in Moscow when this happened. First of all sharp *communiqués* and warn-

ings were issued in the old, stalinist manner; the party press threatened everybody who had anything to do with the revolt. Then, about two days later, there was a sudden change of tone and the press started criticising Rakosi's regime instead. Three weeks later Suslov—a member of the Russian *Politburo*, in charge of satellite affairs—reached Budapest, followed by Mikoyan himself. Mikoyan deposed and dismissed Rakosi and advised him to leave the country.

It would be wrong to say that it was the writers who were responsible for Rakosi's dismissal, the first huge breach in the Communist armoury in Hungary. But it is true to say that they won the first two battles openly fought and that they displayed courage and determination which must have been a great encouragement in the October days to come. It was all started by the writers. And the most tragic phase of the revolt was also closed by the writers. In the days when it seemed—wrongly—that Russian tanks were about to silence the voice of Hungary for many years, it was the writers whose tragic and moving S.O.S. appeal to the writers and artists of the West was broadcast among the last words of the free Budapest radio. The message ended with the tragic cry: 'Help . . . help . . . help . . .'.

It would be much too early to assess the full significance and all the achievements of the Hungarian revolution. But a few points emerge clearly. The Hungarian revolution meant the death of George Orwell's 1984 idea. The very fact that the most efficiently indoctrinated layers of society led an armed revolt means that mass hypnotism and masterly propaganda are, after all, not enough to crush individual thought and what we must call the human spirit.

The revolution also proves that armed revolt in fact—victorious and successful armed revolt—is possible against totalitarian dictatorships. Finally, it means that the big lie, however efficiently and effectively it may have been built up, can collapse one day. In a totalitarian country no one can possibly know who is for the regime and who is against it. Under a police system one does not know whether one's neighbour is a patriot or a police spy. In Hungary there is no longer any doubt on this score. It has been proved beyond doubt—I have the evidence of my own eyes and I do not believe that I can be mistaken in this particular question—that there are virtually no Communists in Hungary. On the one side there was the Hungarian nation with the exception of a few hundred top Communists and a few thousand security policemen; on the other side there were the Russians.

An Exploded Myth

Thus was the myth of Communist Hungary exploded. People are no longer afraid, they trust their neighbours and they know that they are strong and their opponents are weak, even if they are temporarily supported by a few thousand Russian guns. First the Russians, then the whole world learnt with some surprise that there are no Communists in Hungary; that there is no longer any Communist Party; that even the Government exists in name only and—I think it is fair to say—that Kadar himself is not a kadarist and wishes he were out of it all. It seems that Kadar is not a quivering pure and simple. But he, too, will have to face the perennial problem of the Lavals: was it worth while, and indeed effective, to strike a bargain with the forces of occupation at the expense of his own friends. A terror regime which does not spell terror any more, a terror regime of which nobody is afraid, becomes a joke: a macabre joke, but a joke nevertheless. And it is the Hungarians who, in all their miseries and misfortunes, laugh at it the loudest.

—*'Foreign Review' (Third Programme)*

The Welfare State and the Vanishing 'Accident'

By GLANVILLE WILLIAMS

RECENT cases in the courts have gone very far in making employers liable for injuries suffered by their workpeople: so far, indeed, that it has become a little difficult to see when the employer is not liable. This is largely because the courts are now so ready to find that the employer has been at fault. Let me give one instance. In the autumn of 1951 the ss. *Daltonhall* was on her way from Avonmouth to Montreal to load grain. During the voyage, her holds were made ready so that she could begin loading immediately on arrival. For this purpose the hatch covers were removed and left off. There were no guard rails round the hatch; but a twelve-foot wide passage-way was left, so that no one passing was under any necessity to walk very near the open hatch.

The Seaman Who Fell Down the Hatch

A seaman called Morris was sent down to walk along this passage-way and bring some timber along it, and while doing so he fell down the hatch. No one knew precisely how he came to fall. There was no evidence that the light was insufficient or that there was any unusual or sudden motion by the ship. For forty years guard rails had never been put up at sea in cases like this, either in this or any other grain ship, and no injury was known to have occurred.

Morris sued his employers, the steamship company, for damages for negligence, and was awarded more than £10,000 by the trial judge. The judgement was affirmed by the House of Lords in February last. The ground of the judgement was that the employers were at fault in not putting guard rails in position. They should have foreseen the risk of someone falling into the hatch, even though it was a small risk. One of the Law Lords, Lord Reid, said that there were so many ways in which a man might slip and lose his balance, without it being solely due to his negligence, that a prudent employer was not entitled to assume that there was no risk at all of an accident. This case shows how careful employers are expected to be. It is almost always possible, after the event, to imagine some safety precaution that would have avoided trouble. The employer will then generally be held guilty of negligence for not having taken the precaution. As Morris' case shows, it does not necessarily avail him to say that this is the first accident of its kind, even if he can go back for so long a period as forty years.

The employer's liability has also become more onerous in recent years because a number of defences which he formerly had have been taken from him. At one time a workman was deemed to consent to all the dangers of his job; now the courts, rightly, refuse to qualify the employer's liability for negligence by any specious doctrine of consent. No employee really consents to submit to his employer's negligence; you are not consenting when you keep on with your job in face of the negligence. Again, until 1948 the employer was not liable to one servant for the negligence of a fellow-servant. This was thought to be an unfair restriction upon the rights of employed persons, and the rule is now altered, and the employer is liable even for fellow-servants.

No Defence of Contributory Negligence

A more general change in the law, which also works to the disadvantage of employers, is the abolition of the defence of contributory negligence. Until 1945 the plaintiff's own negligence barred his action; he could not complain of someone else's carelessness if he himself had been at fault; but now, even if he has been negligent, that will only reduce the damages, and will not be a complete answer for the defendant. The plaintiff will be given such damages as are just and equitable having regard to his own share in the responsibility. Add to all these legal changes the provision of legal aid, which enables workpeople to bring High Court actions against their employers even when their trade unions refuse to help them to do so (as occasionally happens), and it will be seen that an important system of 'social security' is now administered by judges, barristers, solicitors, and insurance companies in the ordinary working of the law.

The damages that a workman will get for common-law negligence are usually substantially higher than the insurance benefit under the National Insurance (Industrial Injuries) Act. If the workman cannot show that anyone has been at fault, except himself, he will have to rest content with his benefit under this Act, which is a weekly payment according to a statutory scale and depending chiefly upon his degree of disability, with certain additional payments for dependants. But whenever possible the workman will sue for damages. The £10,000 recovered by the seaman Morris would have brought him an annuity substantially greater than the £3 7s. 6d. or so a week that he would have got for total disablement under the industrial injuries scheme. In fact, under the present law, a workman who has a claim for damages can have both the damages and the industrial injury benefit. The only point is that half the value of the insurance benefit is deducted from his damages. This will generally still leave him with a considerable profit from his claim for damages.

The discrimination made by the law between different workmen is at first sight rather arbitrary. But I think it can be defended, because the heavier damages for negligence have the effect of causing employers to look to their safety precautions and consider whether they can be improved. Employers are insured against claims, so that they do not have to pay the damages immediately out of their own bank accounts. But the insurance company will be interested to know what precaution the employers take, when agreeing to accept the risk or fixing the premium; and an employer who makes too many claims will find the rate raised or the insurance declined.

Strict Safety Rules

Thus the employer's liability for negligence serves a useful social purpose; it helps to reduce the number of accidents. But what are we to say about the part of the law that is known to lawyers as strict or absolute liability? There are now many statutes and regulations which provide a complicated code of safety rules for the benefit of persons employed in factories, mines, docks, and so on. These rules must be observed by employers under various pains and penalties, not least of which is that they are liable in damages to an injured workman if the rules are broken. The tendency of the courts is to hold that such statutory duties imposed upon employers are absolute in their nature. In other words, the employer is liable even though he did not deviate in any way from a reasonable standard. The Factories Act, for example, requires all dangerous parts of machinery to be securely fenced or guarded. If the employer breaks this statutory duty, he is liable in damages to the injured workman. The courts hold that the duty is an absolute one, so that it is not an excuse for the employer to say that he took reasonable steps to provide guards, if for some reason they were not there at the time.

To such lengths has this interpretation been carried that the courts have held that a machine must be fenced securely even though such fencing will make it totally useless. If, as in the case of a grindstone, it is impossible to provide a guard which makes the apparatus both safe and usable, it must be made safe even though in consequence it is unusable. This was a decision of the House of Lords in 1955. The absurdity of this, as many will think it, is only slightly mitigated by the fact that the Minister of Labour has power to modify the absolute duty by making special regulations under the Act. It is hard to imagine that it was really the intention of Parliament when it passed the present Factories Act in 1937, or the previous legislation which it replaced, that so common and necessary a machine as a grindstone should become unlawful in factories until such time as the Minister of Labour might bethink himself to make regulations to legalise it again. But the wording of the Act made the courts think that they were compelled to come to this conclusion.

However detailed and precise the regulation, an employer is not safe merely in complying with it. He must go further and consider whether there is anything else he can do, not foreseen by Parliament or the Ministry of Labour, to ensure the safety of his workpeople. One

the most important applications of this rule, developed by the courts in recent years, is that an employer who has provided all proper guards and fences for his dangerous machinery may still be liable in negligence. It is not enough to provide the guards: the judges say that the employer must go on to exhort, persuade, encourage, and direct his workpeople to make use of them. If they remove the guards because it is quicker to work without them, this will be contributory negligence and the damages will probably be reduced; but still the injured workman will get some damages—perhaps 50 per cent. or more of what he would otherwise have got—if the employer has not told him in so many words, and kept on telling him, to use the guards that have been provided. It is the same with goggles and protective masks: the employer must not only provide them but see that they are used. Thus the courts now protect the workman, at the employer's expense, against injuries that an older morality would have regarded as solely the consequence of the workman's own neglect.

Combined Negligence of Two Employees

The most remarkable extension of the employer's liability has taken place in some recent cases of accidents occurring through the combined negligence of two employees. It often happens that a workman injures himself through some act of folly, such as working in a mine under a roof which he knows to be dangerous and which he has been told to keep clear of, or attaching a load to a crane in a way that he has been told is unsafe. Obviously, if a man injures himself solely through his own negligence he has no action against anyone for that negligence. It makes no difference that his negligent act was committed in the course of his employment. The master is liable for the negligence of his servant, but he is not liable to the negligent servant for a self-inflicted injury. At least, no judge has ever yet said so. In such a case, the man is left to draw his insurance benefit.

But if two servants set out to commit a joint act of negligence the position mysteriously becomes different. Bill and Joe are ordered to do something, and the employer does his best to see that they do it carefully, but in breach of orders they take some negligent short-cut and the result is that Bill is injured. Perhaps they have joined in coupling the load to a crane in a careless way, and the load falls on Bill. Bill cannot sue his employer in respect of his own negligence. But Bill is allowed to say that his injury was partly caused by his mate Joe, who negligently co-operated in what he did himself, and then sue the employer for the part of his damages deemed to result from Joe's negligence—say, half. If Joe is also injured, he can sue the employer for the part of his damages attributable to Bill's negligence. Thus the employer must pay damages to each of them because they acted together, whereas if they had acted separately he would not have been liable at all.

More and more, in the Welfare State, the courts are coming to take the attitude that no industrial accident is an accident; it is the result of someone's negligence, or someone's breach of statutory duty, for which someone—generally the employer—must pay. Accordingly many actions are brought, and even more claims are settled out of court without attracting public attention. This means that a good deal of the social cost of industrial injuries is borne by employers and their insurance companies. To get damages is certainly a big advantage for the injured workman, but on the other hand the system does create apparent unfairness between different workmen, one of whom gets a statutory pittance, and another huge damages which set him up for life, for the same kind of injury.

There is also the fact that an action in the courts costs a good deal of money, and someone has to pay for it. In the first instance, the workman will generally be financed by his trade union, but if the action is successful most of the costs will be recovered from the employer's insurance company. Whoever pays the legal costs in outward form, an economist would probably say that ultimately these costs come out of the nation's general wage-fund. They are paid through trade-union dues, which come out of wages, or through the employer's insurance premiums, which must be reckoned as part of the price of the labour he hires.

At this point a proposal comes to the mind which is superficially attractive. Why not abolish the employer's liability altogether, and increase the national insurance benefit? If the employer did not have to pay insurance premiums he could afford a larger contribution to the insurance fund; and if the workman did not have to pay so much in trade-union dues he also could afford a larger contribution to the fund. Then you could increase the benefits, which would be fairer all round:

and the lawyers, court officials, and insurance men would be deprived of their share of the spoils, which would mean more for injured workmen as a class.

Yet there is one consideration that tells heavily the other way, that is to say in favour of retaining the employer's liability in court. As I said before, the law of negligence has this great virtue, that it ultimately tends to affect the individual employer's bank account in a way that the national insurance scheme does not. Whether an employer is careful or negligent, he and his workpeople have to pay just the same contributions for social security. So far as national insurance goes, there is absolutely no incentive for an employer to have a good and safe system of work, apart from general human considerations, and the dislocation caused by losing the services of injured employees. The possibility of being made liable in damages for negligence is on a different footing. Although the employer is insured, his accident rate is likely to affect his premium. It is an accepted fact that the pressure of the law has caused employers to take many safety precautions that were formerly neglected. This is a matter of great social importance, because humanly and economically speaking it is even more desirable to prevent crippling injuries being sustained in industry than to compensate workmen for them in money terms.

However, this justification does not explain why an employer should be liable in damages where there was no foreseeable risk in his system of work, nor any breach of sensibly drawn statutory regulations. If any rational line is to be established between court liability and national insurance, it should mean that all injuries resulting from pure accident are left to be provided for solely by national insurance. The whole point of the national insurance scheme, under our arrangement, is that it provides subsistence for those who are injured in industry, whether they can make out a claim for damages or not. Damages are a bonus given not for any merit of the plaintiff but as a warning to the employer who has neglected his duties. This warning is not necessary if the employer has done all that can be expected of him.—*Third Programme*

An American university historian, recently describing the 'austere rule' under which he lived, remarked that he knew more of the Elizabethan poor law than of the Social Security Act, and that while he had not studied the work of a single Existentialist he had read *Calvin's Institutes* from cover to cover. There must be many other intelligent people who are so absorbed in their own specialisms that they know little enough of the world around them. To such, two recently published books by J. D. Scott and M. R. D. Foot will be pleasing. On the face of it Mr. Scott's book, *Life in Britain* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25s.)—a guide-book to what is happening in Britain today—is designed primarily for the inquiring foreigner, the sort of thing that the British Council must be dishing out all the time. However, Mr. Scott points out that his book is 'completely unofficial', that it owes nothing whatsoever to the British Council or any other agency. So, on his own, with the advice of a few chosen friends, Mr. Scott takes us for a walk through the Welfare State and after pointing out our women and our favourite sports, leads us gently by way of the Church of England and the Law of Scotland to end up comfortably settled with our newspapers and television sets. With Mr. Scott's general conclusions there will be no quarrel. The Welfare State depends on full employment, and full employment on the terms of trade. A country like ours, importing half of its food and most of its raw materials, cannot insulate itself from the greater world—or could only do so at the price of depopulation and poverty. This little recognised situation might well be disseminated by the intelligent foreigners who buy Mr. Scott's guide-book: most of the facts in it ought to be (but perhaps are not) familiar to educated natives.

Mr. Foot, in *British Foreign Policy Since 1898* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), has written a succinct text-book on the history of British foreign policy during the last two generations. He shows how after two wars, during which we had a proud record, we have been left weakened financially and politically to face an era of 'no war—no peace'. 'The British Isles, small and densely populated', Mr. Foot observes sombrely, 'are peculiarly vulnerable to hydrogen bombs'. Thus just as by Mr. Scott's book we are reminded how the trade winds shape our way of life, in Mr. Foot's we are warned that, 'no longer among the giant powers', our survival depends upon moderation and good sense. Yes indeed here are a handful of facts, historic and others, to show us where we now stand in the stream of time. No use bloating ourselves up from frogs into bulls. The lines of great warships that dominated Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee (and gave strength to our foreign policy) and the memorials of the wealth of merchant princes that are scattered through our industrial towns from days when we enjoyed a head-start in the Industrial Revolution are receding into the distance. Against that background it looks as if we must perforce accept a more modest place in the world.

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Syria

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Outlook for Books

OUR Christmas Book Number appears in dubious days. Apart from the time of the Berlin air-lift and the opening of the Korean war the international situation is at its most difficult since 1945. The economic outlook is obscure; for while we are still enjoying the piping times of full employment, most of us are uneasily aware (quite apart from the immediate setbacks deriving from the crisis in the Middle East) of dangers ahead. One sometimes hears used the phrase 'the consolation of books' or of great literature. But looking at things realistically, from the point of view of the publisher, for example, can one honestly feel convinced that when people are worried about political and economic affairs they will settle down to read a good book? It may be so; perhaps it should be so. And responsible citizens may at least be anxious to find things out, to become better informed, and some, weary of the struggle, glad to turn to the past to find relief in a less hectic or more confident world.

During the last war of course books enjoyed a temporary and fortuitous boom. The scarcity of paper—and even of authors—ensured that such books as were available were eagerly bought. The infinite boredom of the black-out, long stretches of monotonous but undemanding duties, the din of propaganda, the absence of television entertainment all induced a habit of reading. For publishers with stocks, for authors who had just published a worth-while book, that was a golden moment. But the cold war, one feels, does not offer the same stimulus to reading. One is not thinking, naturally, in terms of text-books or manuals of instruction. These should always be in demand; for them there is never likely to be a satisfactory substitute. But creative works are always hazardous undertakings. A book of which publishers and authors have every reason to feel proud, which is well reviewed and well received, may still sell only a few copies if the market conditions are unfavourable.

Such books are, as a rule, peculiarly the products of private enterprise. Other artistic achievements can rely, to a large extent, upon the patronage of public funds. We could not, for example, enjoy, at any rate in London, the ballets and operas, which are so expensive to produce, without the assistance of the Arts Council. Funds exist for the purchase of paintings, and works of art and architecture depend very largely upon public commissions. It is true that public libraries are paid for out of the rates and that universities subsidise the publication of works of research. But broadly publishers have to stake their own capital in creative writing. And it is much more difficult now than it was before the war. The cost of printing is heavy (for printers and binders have much other work to do—even a small thing like the printing of petrol ration books puts pressure upon this fully occupied industry) and the price of paper is constantly rising. No longer can a publisher hope to break even on a small printing of a new book. It would be wrong to be unduly pessimistic. No one can foresee the future with assurance. But the outlook for books at present cannot be said to be favourable. Those who buy books as Christmas presents will at least be helping literature over a tricky period.

SOVIET COMMENT on the situation in the Middle East dealt principally with the alleged military and diplomatic conspiracy of the Western Powers against Syria. One Moscow home service speaker accused the U.S.A. of being the chief instigator behind these machinations, saying:

The idea is to set Turkey and Iraq, and then Britain, France, and Israel against Syria. Syria, a small Middle Eastern state with a population of about 4,000,000, has been turned into the main target of attack on the part of official circles and the press in the U.S.A. Acting in the usual style of the American bourgeois press, the papers declare, as if at a word of command, that Syria has become almost a Communist state and that her neighbours—Turkey and Iraq—are badly worried by this fact. Those who are acquainted with American propaganda methods realise that such statements are of very serious significance. Everybody knows that the Anglo-French-Israeli aggression against Egypt was preceded by accusations of exactly the same nature against Nasser's Government. Now has come the turn of Syria which, along with Egypt, is gallantly defending her freedom and independence.

Another Moscow commentator declared that:

It is not possible to discuss the situation in Syria apart from the events in Jordan. Recently Jordan showed signs of seeking a *rapprochement* with the two independent Arab countries, Egypt and Syria. As a result of this development British influence in Jordan collapsed. The plot against Syria is aimed also against the liberation forces in Jordan. The plot is there, and its two principal executants are Israel and Iraq, which is tied to the Baghdad Pact supported by Britain and France.

Accusing Israel of massing troops along the Syrian border in compliance with orders from the West, a third Moscow commentator castigated her rulers as:

the hired gendarmes of the colonial Powers in the Arab East, ready to obey blindly any order from their master. The hatred of the eastern peoples for Israel aroused by her brigand attack on Egypt is so great that it is not so simple to dispel it. All this cannot but tell on the future of Israel, raising the question of her very existence as a state.

A Cairo broadcast claimed that the campaign against Syria was 'a British plot which aimed at amalgamating Syria with Iraq on the pretext that Syria is threatened by Turkey and Israel', and that there was a further British plot to engineer a *coup d'état* in Syria under the pretext of combating Communism. The broadcast went on to say:

To crush Syria, it was stipulated that one of the countries of the Baghdad Pact should send arms to the conspirators in Syria, and that Turkey should attack Syria to ensure the success of the *coup d'état*. When these plans failed, first in Egypt and then in Syria, Turkey began to disseminate reports that Russian arms and volunteers were pouring into Syria. French, British and Israeli papers also began to harp on this tune, all to rouse and alarm the United States.

The speaker warned Turkey that:

An attack on Syria will bring catastrophe on your head. You are not stronger than Britain and France and the weapons of Nato, all of which were routed in Port Said.

Soviet commentators have continued to defend the Russian armed intervention in the Hungarian revolt, and to minimise the significant exodus of refugees from Hungary. A Moscow home service speaker said:

The slanderers assert that the Soviet Union wants to enslave small nations and deprive them of independence. The Soviet Union only did its duty when at the request of the Hungarian Government, together with the peasants and workers defending their country, it joined in to prevent the efforts of reactionary elements. This was a service to the suffering Hungarian people. The Soviet soldiers were once again ready to go to the aid of a brother people when fascists tried to deprive them of their freedom.

Another Soviet commentator drew this picture of a Russian soldier who had 'laid down his life during the dramatic events of October and November' in Budapest:

This young man, who was about twenty-two, had been reared by the Party and the Young Communist League on the principles of humanism, on the traditions of the Soviet Army which had delivered Europe from fascism. He looked upon the world from the lofty viewpoint of his youth, of his boundless faith in people and of his belief in man's most noble future. This young man, still a boy, rapturously admired the Russian and western paintings in the Tretyakov Art Gallery, and avidly read the books of Tolstoy and Zola, of Balzac and Dickens, of Flaubert and Jack London. This lad, who had been forbidden from the beginning to bear his arms out of purely humane considerations, was killed in Budapest.

Did You Hear That?

ROUND THE CAPE

'ON THE TOP of the tall grain elevator in Table Bay Docks', said PATRICK SMITH in 'The Eye-witness', 'the look-out man is having a busy time, busier than he has had since the war, for ships diverted round the Cape are putting in here for bunkers, water, and stores in rapidly increasing numbers. Cape Town is always steadily busy with mail ships and merchantmen. Today, however, there are many new callers—ships bound for the Far East and Australia which now call here instead of going through the Suez Canal, each disgorging its passengers for a few hours to wander round Cape Town and the peninsula while their vessel replenishes. In fact, as soon as one ship is piloted through the narrow way out of Duncan dock, another waiting in the roadstead is piloted in.

'Recently I paid several visits to see how work is progressing in the docks in face of this increased traffic, which is already nearly three times as much as it was a month before. Normally, ships are attended to only in the hours of daylight, but now they are being coped with day and night. Among the hardest worked men are the ten pilots under their port captain who are at it all the time. The docks are always a fascinating sight with their thousands of African and Coloured workers streaming into them shortly after dawn to help with the unloading, loading, and stowing of every type of goods, from great baulks of timber to mountains of glass bottles. There are many sight-seers wandering round Table Bay. Just as small boys in Britain collect details of the different types of locomotives, so here the game is to see how many new funnel markings and shipping line flags can be spotted. While the red duster of the British Merchant Navy is still much in evidence, I have counted already the flags of at least a dozen other countries whose ships, as did their forebears in the days of the wind jammers, are now rounding the Cape once again upon their lawful business'.

PEACOCKS IN WINTER

ANGUS McDERMID visited Gwydir Castle to find out how Britain's finest collection of peacocks are cared for in winter. 'Near the castle', he said in a talk in the Home Service, 'there is an unusual traffic sign—



Peacocks roaming in the grounds of Gwydir Castle, in the Conway Valley, North Wales

it says simply: "Drive Slowly—Peacocks". I looked up, and high on the castellated wall were two magnificent adult birds preening themselves in the cold sunshine. Inside, I spoke to the castle's owner, Mr. Arthur Clegg, a retired bank manager from Lancashire who is restoring the fifteenth-century building, the home of the Wynn family, to its former condition. He is fond of his birds; they are almost tame and they live in complete freedom. He has thirty of them now, bred from a couple given him about twelve years ago, and they form a natural addition to the beauty of the castle which Mr. and Mrs. Clegg are preserving. He says there were peacocks there in the old days. Now he rarely sells them and a buyer has to be very persistent. "They live happily here", says Mr. Clegg simply.

'He looked at a fine male as it stretched its feathers luxuriously. "Sheer vanity", he said; and that is how he identifies them. The original birds, still with him—peacocks live to be about fifty—were called Vanity Primus, Vanity Secundus, and the children Tertius and so on. Despite their warm origins, the birds do not mind the cold. When there is snow on the ground, they roost as usual up in the trees where the foxes and badgers cannot get at them, until Mr. Clegg appears with something to eat—the usual poultry food, perhaps, enlivened by scraps of Welsh currant bread. They roam freely through the grounds. Mr. Clegg has built high, strong perches for them, and there they sit in rows calling like seagulls and shivering their tail-feathers. They nest anywhere and everywhere. The plain-jane hens lay about five eggs a year, and the mothers protect the chicks bravely from the carrion crows and other dangers'.

THE 'WRECKING' BUSINESS

'I remember', said ALFRED E. BLACKWELL in 'Window on the West', 'that my wife and I made a visit to Cornwall forty years ago. We were being welcomed by our landlady, at Sennen Cove, and she pointed to the beach and said, "That's my son, down there—wrecking". It is true that there were three half-submerged wrecked vessels visible from our breakfast table, but the wrecks were not due to the landlady's son. He was merely filling the role of "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles".

'We had been on the Scilly Isles before going on to Sennen



A peacock at Gwydir displaying his tail feathers

Cove. We stayed at St. Mary's, at the house of two elderly, highly respectable church-going ladies, one of whom remarked somewhat plaintively one day: "We haven't had a really good wreck for some time now". But it was an elderly boatman who gave us the best idea of the situation. He told us of wrecks galore, big ships, cattle-boats from which beasts were soon ashore, and finally: "That was the time, Sir, when the S.S. *So-and-So* went aground here. Big vessel she was. Come from America. Laden with machinery of all sorts. After that, Sir, most everyone on the island 'ad their own sewing machine".

'We do not get that sort of loot on our north Devon Instow beaches, though on the three-mile stretch of Saunton Sands across the estuary you can see wonderful things on the wide beach—enough to build a house. What I am after is firewood. Of course, there *are* other things. One weekend, years ago, we had a terrific gale, and on the Sunday morning the sand had been washed away right to the footings of the sea-wall. In the shingle, by systematic hunting, you could find coins and other small articles—the result of years of people sitting on the beach in summer. One adroit resident collected over 25s. in coins. No, my beach-combing, or "wrecking" successes are for the most part confined to wood, mostly in the form of boxes or boards or moderate-sized tree trunks.

'Sometimes there is a chair, still well upholstered, but useful to me only for the frame. The springs can be cut apart from the canvas with a pocket knife, but it is as well to pop back home and get the axe. Then you can render the beech frame more transportable.

'As I look out of my window into the small garden with an all-too-small shed at the far end I can see two ladders, several gratings, a folding chair in good condition, and numerous pieces of wood of various sorts and sizes, all of which bear witness to our beach-combing. Sometimes there are real prizes: a great piece of the side of a ship, soaked for 100 years, perhaps, in the brine of the sea, pitch pine, too. I had to run back for the axe for that, and I got it home in sections. And what firewood it made!'

THE LAKE DISTRICT MOUNTAIN RACE

Recently there was a fell-walking race at Seathwaite in Borrowdale. GRAHAM SUTTON spoke about it in 'The Northcountryman'.

'To me', he said, 'the most interesting point about the race was the problem of route-finding: a problem to which the press accounts did little justice, for it was not appreciable till the later details were known. However well you think you know the fells, when you study a map you will be surprised at the alternatives of route that a race like this offers. The map itself does not settle all of them. Sometimes the choice is lungs or legs—it depends if you are better at stiff collar-work or at speed on less arduous ground. It depends if your ankles are reliable running downhill. It depends on the nature of the ground apart from gradient (is it boulders or scree or turf beneath that bracken? You simply cannot choose between some alternatives till you have run over both). And on the weather: normal grass, very wet grass, very dry grass. If you run the course even the day before, it may not be the same tomorrow. There may be cloud and a prospect of losing yourself altogether; on this day, there was.

'So you see, it is not just a case of getting up and down 7,000 feet in seven half-hours—plus the crossing of valleys. You need to be a mountaineer as well as a tough guy. The committee have this in mind when they ordain three check points only, and whatever route you like in between. Look at the map. Are you a contour-follower?

Or are you a short-cut navigator, irrespective of height? Most of the men began up the right bank of Sourmilk Gill, but a few up the other. Some by the Sty and through Wind Gap. Either way, you make Pillar without much loss of height by the head of Black Sail. The winner, Joe Hand, of Carlisle, did not worry about losing height but went over Brandreth, and then straight on down to the floor of Ennerdale valley. His choice will make you rub your eyes if you look at the map again. But it gave him a lead that put the race in his pocket. I and the camera-man arrived at Wasdalehead as he was crossing the dale, so far in front that his friends laughed at the notion of anyone catching him. "Bar accidents?" I said; but they said Joe did not have accidents'.

THE GOVERNOR

PAUL WENGRAF spoke about his early experiences as a London art dealer in a talk in the Home Service. 'I rented a little shop', he said. 'It was a quiet backwater, but it was a shop, and it was in the West End. I had not much to put into it. I borrowed pictures, antiques, curiosities from everybody I knew and opened my place.

'For days and days not a soul turned up. Unhappy, fearful, impatient I stood behind the glass door and watched the passers-by. Sometimes the one or the other stopped for a moment, looked at the things in the window and then walked away. But the great day came when the first man entered. An elderly gentleman, immaculately dressed, stout and portly, had for a long time inspected an eighteenth-century walking-stick I had displayed. It was a beautiful stick with a chased golden knob. The door opened and the man came in.

"What is the price of the stick in your window?" he asked. "£14", I said, and brought it in. He examined it for a good while. "It is a

pretty thing", he finally said, "and I should like to buy it, but I'll have to ask the gov'nor".

'With that he left. I stood and pondered. In the evening I discussed the strange matter with my wife. Why should a man who wants to buy an old walking-stick have to ask the governor, and what governor could that be? My wife said that only the President of the Bank of England was called governor, and it could only be he. After long deliberation we reached the conclusion that the gentleman was a senior clerk in the Bank of England who was going to retire and was to be given a present by the bank. He was allowed to choose it himself, but of course had to ask the consent of the governor. It gave me quite a thrill that my first customer should be in such a distinguished social position.

'Several days passed without anything happening, but then somebody else enquired after the stick. A majestic looking lady sailed into the shop, asked to see the stick, and wanted to know how old it was. I explained everything as best I could and, in order to impress this new buyer, I mentioned with a certain air of importance that the purchase of the stick was already being considered by a very prominent person. Only a few days ago, I said, a gentleman had enquired after it but had said that he first had to ask the Governor.

'The lady looked coolly at me and then said without the trace of a smile: "I am the Guv'nor and that was my husband". She bought the stick and left me in a state of bewilderment.

Six talks given in the B.B.C. Home Service as part of the series for sixth forms of secondary grammar schools on religion and philosophy have now been published by the S.P.C.K. under the title *Jesus Christ: History, Interpretation, and Faith* (2s. 6d.).



Joe Hand of Carlisle breasting the tape to win the fell-walking race in Borrowdale

Science and the Nation

Government Science

The fourth of six Reith Lectures by SIR EDWARD APPLETON

IN contrast to my last lecture on 'Science for its Own Sake',* I am going to consider in this one and the next applied science—science for practical use. Scientific investigation of this kind is carried out both in government establishments and in the works of industrial firms. In this lecture I am going to deal with government; in the next one with science in industry. I have already explained that it is largely by way of government money that pure science can flourish in our universities. But the Government is also, and more directly, responsible for a great deal of applied science carried out by its own Scientific Civil Service or by research agencies receiving government funds. The first thing we must try to understand is why

the Government supports practical science in this way. One reason is that the Government needs the new results its scientists obtain to assist it in the discharge of its own responsibilities. Another thing is that the Government needs to have available a body of experts it can call on, from time to time, to give scientific answers to scientific questions. Also the Government has felt the need, at any rate in the past, to stimulate industry by example as well as by precept: though I should add that, in the last connection, the subjects chosen for scientific enquiry in government research institutions have usually been those likely to benefit industry as a whole rather than individual firms.

The Government's own science is perhaps best seen in the case of defence research in weapon development and design, where the Government is the sole 'user'. Work of this kind must proceed to a large extent in secret; otherwise it would be much of its value. Fortunately, there are many scientists, men and women, who are prepared to devote their careers to such work, even in peacetime. I am a great admirer of this particular group of government scientists for, in helping to maintain the nation in safety—safety from aggression—they are largely obliged to forgo the publication of their results for everyone to see. In this way they are apt to forfeit what a scientist appreciates highly: the recognition and esteem of the scientific world.

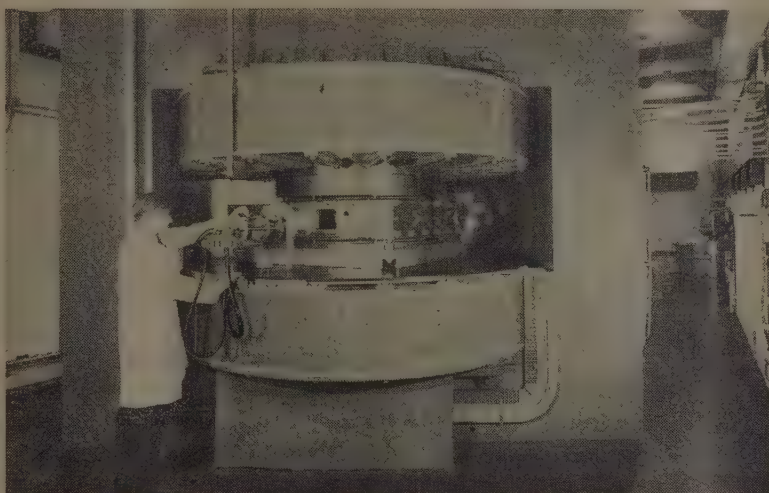
The practical use of nuclear energy is another branch of science which has been developed under government control, for here both the defence and civil interests are intimately associated. During the last ten years, successive British Governments have encouraged in every way possible research and development in this field. No one can say that nuclear investigation has suffered from malnutrition, either in men or materials. Last year the atomic energy vote was £51,000,000, a major item of government expenditure on research. The many progress reports issued by the Atomic Energy Authority have shown everyone the great advances that have been made. It is true that our intense concentration on nuclear energy has reduced the attention we have been able to give to other things, our manpower being limited. No one can doubt that the emphasis has been right.

But a modern government has other responsibilities than that of ensuring that its defence services have up-to-date equipment. Nowadays we expect it to try to ensure work, health, homes, and food for all of us. In discharging these civil responsibilities, scientific issues of all

kinds are constantly arising on which the administration requires both information and guidance. It might, for example, be some question of the efficiency of domestic fires for new houses, or some question of human safety in mines or on the roads. In addition, as I shall explain later, there is a large and important field of scientific research of general interest to industry as a whole, which must be regarded as a national responsibility.

Let us glance quickly at the history of the way the state has come to take part in scientific activity. The first state-supported institution was the Royal Greenwich Observatory, founded in the time of Charles II 'for the use of his seamen' to improve navigation. This was followed

by the Geological Survey, the first national institution of its kind in the world, and the Meteorological Office, this time 'for the safeguarding of seamen'. The first expression of official support for industry was the founding of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington. This famous institution has provided a centralised service to industry for the testing of instruments and materials; and it has also carried out a series of long-range researches on matters likely to have industrial applications. The Laboratory's certificate of accuracy appears on clinical thermometers bought in chemists' shops. The N.P.L. was followed by the Development Commission, this time to help British agriculture and rural industries. Then came the Medical Research Committee,



The forty-five-inch medical cyclotron which has recently been built for the Medical Research Council's radiotherapeutic research unit at Hammersmith hospital. It will be used for the production of special radioactive isotopes and will also produce a beam of fast neutrons for biological and clinical research

by the Medical Research Committee, a body attached to the organisation set up to administer the original National Health Insurance Scheme.

However, in the early part of this century, statesmen of imagination like Lord Balfour and Lord Haldane gave a good deal of thought to the manner in which science should be organised as part of the machinery of government. The kind of question discussed can be stated simply: should the Government's scientific research be carried out in central, and independent, research departments, or should each department of the Government carry out for itself the research appropriate to its own needs? To concentrate research for a number of departments in one place seemed likely to avoid duplication. But perhaps the greatest advantage of having a central scientific organisation was that it made sure that the research would be carried out independently and under no suspicion of being subject to any administrative pressure. It was felt that if a civil department carried out its own research it might be tempted to keep quiet about the results if they happened to be in conflict with its own policies. A transport department that had just approved the surfacing of roads with wooden blocks might, for example, be disinclined to admit that some of its later researches had shown wooden blocks to cause skidding.

It must have been ideas of this kind that led to the establishment of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research as a separate and independent government department in 1916, under the Lord President of the Council. Moreover, in 1920, when the Medical Research Council replaced the old Medical Research Committee, the new body was not made part of the Ministry of Health, but again was placed under the control of the Lord President of the Council. In the same way the responsibility for the Agricultural Research Council, founded in 1931,

was assigned to the same senior Minister and not to the Minister of Agriculture.

I have described the doctrines which were generally accepted in Whitehall when I joined the staff of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research before the war. They were undoubtedly doctrines of purism. Science with a view to civil applications was to be pursued independently. But, equally, the autonomy of a possible 'user' department was to be respected. In other words, the 'provider' of science had done his duty when he had 'provided'; while the 'user' alone decided whether he should 'use' or not. However, it was becoming clear to those of us who were anxious to see science more rapidly applied that there was a missing element in communications. The potential 'user' departments were often not well qualified to judge when scientific advice could be helpful, nor always able to appreciate its value when it had been given.

I remember once expressing the view, when giving evidence before a House of Commons Committee, that these potential 'user' departments did need scientists of their own—people who could identify the problems on which science could help and also advise on its application. War-time experience strongly underlined needs of this kind, and it was not long before many departments had appointed their own scientific advisers. In the last financial year the Government spent about £250,000,000 on research, the two most expensive items being nuclear research and aircraft development. Among the smaller items, we spend well over £1,000,000 a year on colonial research—on such things as new uses for colonial products and problems of pest control.

I have already mentioned defence research. This is mainly the province of the Admiralty and the Ministry of Supply. It is unfortunate that we have to devote so much effort to improving methods of destruction; but scientific effort is never completely wasted. I need only mention the subjects of radar, jet propulsion, computers, gas turbines, and nuclear energy to illustrate that swords can be ploughshares, too. But defence research provides other benefits not so obvious, for improved measurement techniques or new materials are equally important in war and peace. It is sometimes possible for a Ministry of Supply establishment, for example, to apply resources to peace-time work which are available nowhere else, as the work done by the Royal Aircraft Establishment during the Comet II investigations showed.

However, I propose to devote the rest of this lecture to some examples of what I have called Government Civil Science: science which bears directly on our lives, our homes, our jobs. The Medical Research Council's responsibilities are wide: they cover both the investigation of illness and the maintenance of health and efficiency. The Council's researches range from practical matters like the investigation of epidemics and the design of deaf-aids to severely scientific work on the chemical mechanisms of life. Two recent activities of the Medical Research Council are the control of the safety of polio vaccine, and work on the danger of atomic radiations to human beings.

When we come to agriculture we come to a large and important national industry. But it is an industry chiefly made up of many small firms—there are 300,000 farmers in Britain. That is why the Government takes responsibility for its scientific research. For that purpose there are as many as 1,500 scientists working in special research institutes and in university departments all over the country, under the guidance of the Agriculture Research Council. These men and women are attacking a wide range of problems, from the study of the viruses which attack our crops and stock to the design of a new machine for clearing ditches. Sometimes it may be a simple everyday problem—to find out whether a break in the regular feeding of pigs at the weekend,

when the pigman wants his half-day off, will affect the rate of growth of the pigs; or it may be a highly scientific study of the passage of phosphorus from a fertiliser to the soil, then to the plant and then to the animal (using radio-active phosphorus as a tracer element). But, as elsewhere, passing on new knowledge to the user is vitally important; and there is an extensive advisory service to ensure that scientific advice reaches the industrial unit, the farm itself—and in a language the farmer can appreciate.

I now turn to the largest civil research organisation of the state, the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research—more generally known as the D.S.I.R. This Department does three things. It assists other people to do research; it does research itself; and it makes available to industry the vast amount of scientific information which already exists, at home and abroad. To support research outside its own borders, the Department gives grants to individual research workers in universities; it also assists, with maintenance allowances, the young graduates

who want to become research workers. As for industry, the Department has been responsible for developing the co-operative spirit both in industry and the Department. Great Britain is unique in having developed the co-operative research associations as a characteristic feature of our industrial scene. There are now forty-six of these associations, each serving its own industry, and receiving state support through the Department. But since these research associations are governed by the industries themselves, I shall be saying more about their activities in my next lecture on 'Science in Industry'.

The research work of the D.S.I.R. is extremely varied, but we can conveniently divide it into two types. There is the scientific work of longer range character, likely to improve our basic knowledge of matters of industrial importance such as corrosion, lubrication, and the properties and behaviour of materials. There is also the more applied work on direct matters of national importance, such as building, road safety, fuel economy, the preservation of food, and so on.

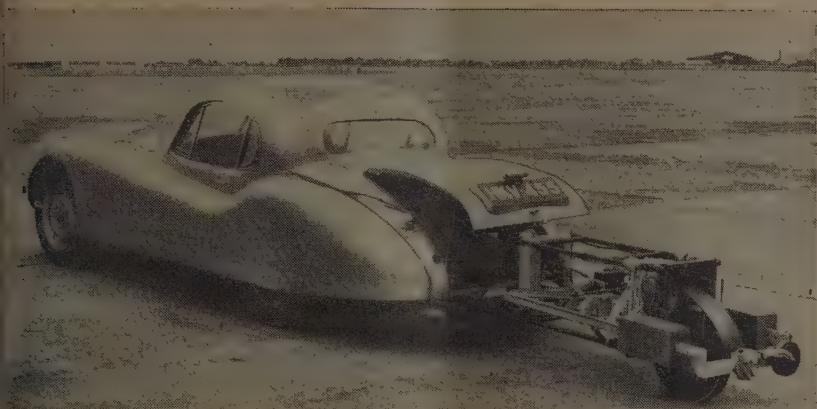
I want to illustrate both types of the Department's work. Some years ago, two of the Department's chemists—quite young men—made the far-reaching discovery that synthetic resins could be used to extract, one at a time, certain chemical elements out of solutions. We require to do this, for example, in

softening water or in making sea water drinkable. Let us take the second example—that of taking the salt (the sodium chloride) out of salt water. By passing the salt water through one of these resins in powdered form, the sodium can be extracted, while, by passing it through another, the chlorine can be taken out, leaving pure water. You can mix the two resins and extract the salt from the solution in what seems like one operation, though in fact it proceeds in the two stages. The types of synthetic resin which have these remarkable properties are now manufactured all over the world. Further research on the subject is going on in many countries. They have long been used for water softening and for providing drinkable water for shipwrecked persons. More recently they have been used in mining operations—in the recovery of gold and uranium from low-grade ores. I must add that although the start of all this was a British discovery, its practical significance was at first more quickly appreciated in the United States and Germany than in this country.

One of the central tasks of the D.S.I.R. is to provide all the radio services of the country with forecasts—forecasts of the best wavelengths for use in long-distance short-wave communication. For this purpose the staff of the radio research station of the Department collect scientific information from all over the world about the electrical state of the upper atmosphere. With their own observations, and their knowledge of the way radio waves travel, they can then predict what I may call the



A research worker giving chicks food which contains a drug that is being tested for the prevention of the poultry disease coccidiosis



Apparatus used by the road research laboratory of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research for measuring the resistance of road surfaces to skidding at high speeds

radio weather at great heights, some time in advance. I have been looking into this subject myself recently, and make out that the people in the U.S.A. who have been trying to receive British television direct will have their best chance of success if they try again next February.

Take now another industry largely made up of small firms—the building industry. The Department's building research station does research on its behalf at the national level—on building materials and methods of building construction. A few years ago the staff of this station tried to find out if mechanisation could help in the building of ordinary two-storey houses. They concluded that the first mechanical need in work of this kind was a simple one—a machine that would lift materials, not only up and down, but also horizontally. For this purpose they imported a type of tower-crane from the Continent—there was none in this country—and, in a pilot trial, were able to demonstrate that by means of it the time taken to build a house could be reduced by 1,000 man-hours. There are now more than 200 of these tower-cranes in use in this country and firms here are now making them.

Let me mention another type of problem examined by the building research station, this time a national problem of making some use of embarrassing waste material. Electric power stations rid themselves of their waste heat by means of cooling towers, but they have also a problem in getting rid of the ash from their boilers. The older types of power station boiler use lumps of coal as fuel and their ash becomes fused as clinker, which can be used in making concrete. But, in the newer type of power station furnace, a mixture of finely powdered coal and air is burnt as fuel, so that the ash itself comes out in powdered form. It looks like cement and is called 'fly ash' because, when it is dry, it is easily blown about. Over 2,000,000 tons of fly ash are produced each year, so the problem of getting rid of it has been troubling the Central Electricity Authority for a long time. The problem was passed to the building research station a few years ago, and the result has been rewarding. The station first found that the ash had a chemical composition similar to that of burnt brick and this has led it to experiment with adding fly ash to the clay used for brick-making. It has been found that bricks of acceptable quality can be made with as much as 85 per cent. of fly ash, and only 15 per cent. of clay in their composition.

Another subject of research at the national level is road safety. This is the province of the road research laboratory of the D.S.I.R. Let me mention one or two aspects of their work—taking first the investigation of skidding. Obviously this depends on the slipperiness of the road. But the scientist wants to be able to assess, in numerical terms, the slipperiness of particular stretches of road, before skidding accidents tell him that something is wrong. For this purpose the D.S.I.R. scientists have used a motor-car with a fifth wheel—independently sprung—touching the ground and set at an angle to the direction of travel. The sideways force exerted on the wheel by the road, tending to bring it back into line, is measured and gives a numerical estimate of the skidding resistance of the surface for the particular tyre and car speed used.

The outcome of these researches has led to important road safety improvements. The resurfacing of stretches of roads which are discovered to have a low skidding resistance has been found to reduce the number of skidding accidents by as much as 70 to 100 per cent. The cost of resurfacing a dangerous stretch of road is, in fact, often less than the material cost of a single accident.

Some aspects of road safety require only observation and statistical study. Take the problem of getting pedestrians safely across the road. By counting the number of pedestrians crossing the roads at various places and the accidents occurring at those places, three important results have been obtained. First, it is safer to cross at a zebra crossing than at most other points on the road surface; and, second, it is safer still to cross at a traffic light. It has also been found that, where there are many pedestrians, the delay to motor-cars is less at traffic lights than at zebra crossings. The statistics of the way people use overhead bridges or subways for crossing the road show, mathematically, much the result we should expect. The pedestrian seems to weigh up in his mind the extra time it will take him to use such a facility, and the greater that time the less he uses it. These may sound simple results, but if we can make use of them in practice we can save lives.

I mentioned at the beginning of this lecture how science is coming more and more to influence government policy and official regulations. Some scientists, however, are inclined to be a little impatient about what they consider to be the slow rate at which science influences these official decisions. They are inclined to think matters would be improved if, in the application of any scientific discovery, the discoverer himself had some say in its administration. Such people often forget that any administrative decision must take account not only of science but also of economics; it must also have regard to the customs, the preferences, and even the prejudices, of the people who are affected by it. (Some of you will remember how John Jorrock, in the novel *Hillingdon Hall*, when addressing his fellow farmers on the merits of 'nitrate of sober', declared 'science is the ticket. . . . Everything now should be done by science'. But that is going too far.) Science can provide only part of the basis of government policy.—*Home Service*

This Coast

Waves reach for boughs of sunlight
As shells fall from a child's hand
Like leaves. How white the hill. White;
And long ago. Seagulls pebble the sand.

Cliffs make sure the sky;
Seaweed trails home. Fish pray gold.
Once again dear heart whisper to me why
Stars, though a sun beckons, die cold.

Fishes take evening back to the rocks;
Children like gods are no more.
Dearest come. The hour knocks
And waits at the cottage door.

Other lands are for the lonely;
Come. This is our godward day,
Our unbruised, untroubled memory;
My love, let the ship sail away.

GLORIA EVANS DAVIES

The Orphans

I groan for them,
the orphan band,
dear little ones with souls unformed,
with gentle gestures, wheedling eyes,
attired in fustian, cotton bleak,
and newly born in this fresh breeze.
In rags of wool, like white dolls seen,
unconscious of their destiny,
they go where pity leads them. How

I pity them,
the orphan band . . .

DWIGHT SMITH, *after the French* of AMÉLIE MESUREUR

What Is Religion About?

The first of four talks by JOHN MACMURRAY

ONE possible answer to the question 'What is religion about?' is that it is about the salvation of the world. If I begin with it, this is not merely because it is familiar and has the authority of the New Testament behind it, but even more because it is so pertinent to the present condition of human society. We live on the brink of disaster. Any morning we may wake to find that armies are on the march, and a war that may end our civilisation has begun. If ever the world needed saving it is today.

We all know this: but we also think of it as a political problem, to be solved, if it can be solved, by political means. We look, if not with much confidence, to statesmen as possible saviours. This is a mistake. The salvation of the world—as has been common knowledge in wiser ages than ours—is not the business of politics, but of religion. The salvation of the world is indeed the present-day problem; but it is a religious, not a political, problem: and religious problems can no more be solved by political action than a broken bicycle can be mended by prayer. Religious problems need religious solutions. Perhaps this is why all the energy and intelligence and goodwill that have been mobilised since the end of the first world war to create peace and security have seen our situation grow steadily worse.

Where Rousseau Went Wrong

There is a historical reason for our tendency to seek political solutions for religious problems. The Romantic movement, with its doctrine of the natural goodness of man, taught western Europe to look to a change in social conditions for the abolition of evil. Rousseau, glorifying the natural and the primitive, set going a programme of salvation by political revolution. To preach that man is good at heart, that human nature does not need changing, is not merely to deny a traditional Christian doctrine; it is to imply that there is no need for religion at all. But, by and large, we accepted the Romantic teaching, and the result has been twofold. It suppressed the sense of sin; and it set religious objectives for politics. Freedom, equality, brotherhood, for instance: these are religious notions. To set political machinery at work to realise them is to make certain of failure; and the more wholeheartedly a government devotes itself to their pursuit the more likely it is to achieve their opposites. By what laws can men be constrained to love one another? What political compulsion will make us lay aside self-interest and suspicion, and treat one another as equals? A state with religious objectives is a totalitarian state. In one of his more candid moments, Rousseau admitted that in the society of his dream those who would not obey the general will would be forced to be free. We have seen recently what this means in practice in Hungary.

It seems to me a matter of great urgency that we should recover our sense of proportion and our sanity by discovering afresh what religion is about. By this I mean that we should bring to mind again that aspect of common everyday human experience from which religion arises and to which it refers. For then there is a chance that we shall cease to thrust upon politicians—or on scientists or business magnates—tasks which neither politics nor science nor industry is capable of performing; and look in the right direction for our salvation.

To discover what religion is about, we must look at what is characteristic of all religions at all times. We must disregard the things that belong only to some religions under particular circumstances. Such notions, for example, as these: that religious experiences are mystical; that religion is concerned, essentially, with the supernatural, or with another world, or with a life after death; that it consists in a set of beliefs about the world which may conflict with scientific knowledge. These ideas are true of some religions at some times; and we have a natural tendency to identify religion with the particular forms and associations of religion which we ourselves have known, particularly when we were young. We must try to counteract this tendency by looking for what is characteristic of every form of religion at any stage of human development.

I should like to direct your attention, therefore, to four general characters of religion, all of which are related to its universality. First:

religion is a universal human activity. No society is known, however primitive or however developed, which is innocent of religion. In the history of civilisation religion has played the role both of an integrating and of a disrupting force; and has proved its power as both a warmaker and a peacemaker. In our own time, the partition of India, like the partition of Ireland, has its source in religious differences which the plainest dictates of political desirability and of economic self-interest have been powerless to overcome. We may welcome this or deplore it; but we cannot ignore it. Only one inference is permissible. The fact that religion is a universal human activity must mean that it is rooted in some universal human deed and expresses some feature of human experience which is common to all men under all conditions.

Secondly, and closely associated with this: religion is uniquely human. It has no proper analogue in animal behaviour. Analogies there are of our arts and our technologies, like the blackbirds' singing and the engineering of the beavers. But religious behaviour is peculiar to man. This must signify—must it not?—that the universal experience which gives rise to religion must itself be uniquely human. It must be an aspect of our experience which we do not share with the animals. If it is true that what distinguishes man from the animals is rationality, then religion must be an expression of reason: by no means, as some have thought, irrational.

Consider now, in the third place, another side of this religious universality. Religion is the original matrix from which all the varied aspects of culture and civilisation have been derived. In primitive society the elements of law and politics, of the arts and the sciences, of industry and technology, of morals and manners, are all fused together. They form a single system of custom in which the different elements are inseparable. And this unity of common life is expressed and conserved by religion. Primitive religion is the original, all-embracing expression of man's capacity to reflect. It is, that means, the primary expression of reason. We might state this in a historical form. All the various aspects of human activity, we might say, are derived from religion. In the process of social development these aspects of life grow distinct and strong within religion, and ultimately, one after another, they break loose, and establish their own autonomy. Usually the first thing that happens is a distinction between the material life of the community and its spiritual life. Originally there was one leader who was both priest and king. Now there are two; a priest to direct its spiritual activities and a king to rule its material ones. Religion then becomes one aspect of life instead of the unity of all the aspects.

Unifying Function of Religion

Even so, religion continues to have a unifying function so long as it remains vigorous. A true community is not held together by force. It has an inner, spiritual unity. A common temper and attitude pervades every aspect of its life, both private and public. It is the business of religion to express, and so to maintain and strengthen, this inner unity. If religion weakens and loses its influence, then this unity of spirit is gradually dissipated—though the force of habit may sustain for a time its outward show—and, with the loss of the unity of its aspects, society loses its sense of significance. People no longer feel that their community means anything or stands for anything in particular. This, indeed, is what we mean when we talk of a loss of faith; and this is why the decline of religion is the surest sign, as it is the natural accompaniment, of social decadence.

There is yet another aspect of the universality of religion to be noticed, which we might describe as a universality of intention. The religion of any human society is for every member of its group, and every member is compelled, or at least expected, to participate in it. Contrast this with science, for example, or with art. The people who take part actively in producing one science or one art are a small number of peculiarly gifted, and therefore unusual, individuals. Ordinary folk may be moved—to delight or repulsion—by the productions of the artists; they may be much affected, whether as beneficiaries

or as victims, by the discoveries and inventions of the scientists; but they are not expected, nor indeed are they able, to participate in such doings. But every single person, from childhood onwards, can partake and is expected to partake in the religious ceremonial of his community. Thus religion has a democratising influence. It makes all men equal before God. In most historic communities every member must participate in the established religion. Where religious toleration has been secured, everybody is still expected to participate. Moreover, in the development of religion there comes a point where it is recognised that only a universal brotherhood of mankind can satisfy the religious

need. From that point onwards, the great religions appear, with a world-wide appeal, and seek to incorporate all men everywhere in their communion.

These are the four general characters of religion which we should bear in mind when we ask, 'what is religion about?' and set out to discover the aspect of common experience from which religion springs and to which it refers. They set the conditions which the answer to our question must fulfil. For any answer which is incompatible with them must be false; and any answer which fails to account for them must be at least inadequate.—*Home Service*

Is the Bolshoi Ballet Old-fashioned?

By ARNOLD HASKELL

CONTROVERSY about the Bolshoi Ballet may continue for a very long time and it will most certainly be constructive. There are three points which interest me: one, particularly, whether the ballet is in the direct line of succession to the Imperial Russian Ballet; then, whether it is old-fashioned because it was not influenced by Diaghilev and Fokine; and, finally, how it compares with our own ballet, which, because of a certain similarity of outlook, is the only other company where any such comparison could profitably be made.

We in western Europe have known the Imperial Russian ballet through single dancers: Pavlova, Karsavina, Trefilova, Spessivtseva, and Lopokova; and through the classics of Preobrajenska, Kchesinska, and Egorova. The difference between the present Russian dancers and these is great. The grand manner so typical of the Maryinsky ballerina has entirely vanished, the dance is fluid instead of being accented, the *port de bras* has changed considerably, there is much movement of the arms and wrists, and the small, brilliant foot movements of the women have given way to tremendous elevation. The men, as always, are magnificently virile but in classical work they tend to athleticism rather than nobility. These changes are partly due to the Moscow School rapidly replacing the classical St. Petersburg School with which we are familiar. There is also more than a trace of Duncanism. It can be seen not only in the fluidity of movement but also in the draperies favoured by Ulanova as Juliet, so out of the period picture.

Another reason for the change is the influence of Russian oriental dancing. It is a law that the folk dance of a country feeds its ballet, and in this case you have a company, isolated from the rest of the world, subjected to a strong oriental folk influence. The final reason for this departure from the classicism of the Imperial Ballet is the trend of the Bolshoi choreography with its suspicion that brilliance of technique interferes with the smooth flow of the narrative. There are many paragraphs in the writings of the wisest author on ballet — Noverre — to



Ulanova in Act I of 'Giselle' at Covent Garden, and (left) Margot Fonteyn in the leading role of 'The Firebird'



substantiate this view.

The Moscow company is composed of superb dancers, admirably disciplined and with such complete conviction in what they are doing that they compel conviction in the audience. Stylistically, however, our dancers are far closer to the tradition of the St. Petersburg School. This was underlined in the Bolshoi 'Swan Lake', excellent as narrative but choreographically poor in comparison with the familiar Petipa-Ivanov version. I must make it clear at this point that Ulanova does not come into this discussion. She is a dancer of genius, and genius cannot be analysed in this manner. Lavrovsky and others assured me that Ulanova today was a more complete artist than she had ever been. I can well believe it.

She brings reality to the dance, not only subordinating technique to interpretation more completely than I have ever seen before but going beyond the great interpretation of a role to express a universal truth. She will no doubt disagree with me profoundly when I say that no other dancer has re-established so completely the original relationship of religion and dance.

Is the Moscow Ballet old-fashioned? The Lavrovsky-Prokofiev 'Romeo and Juliet' can be taken as an example of the modern Russian trend, though fifteen years old. The fact that it is a full-length ballet is irrelevant. We in England have come back to the full-length ballet with 'Cinderella', 'Sylvia', and the new work by Benjamin Britten. On seeing 'Romeo and Juliet' for the first time, I found the choreography undistinguished because I was looking for brilliance of detail. It was only after repeated visits that I became impressed and deeply moved by the whole. It was a 'recitative' ballet where our eye was tuned in to the 'aria'. There is a close parallel between 'Romeo and Juliet' and the opera 'Pelléas and Mélisande' to which, outside France, the public reaction is similar. Such 'recitative' has a cumulative effect especially



Scene in the palace of Khan Girei in the Bolshoi Ballet's production of 'The Fountain of Bakhchisarai'

when the performers believe so strongly in what they are doing. The detail in the crowd scenes was astonishing because there was that rare theatrical happening, the suggestion of a crowd composed of individuals. Lavrovsky told me that in Russia, too, dancers and public took time to see 'Romeo and Juliet' as a dramatic whole. It is in fact neither old-fashioned nor modern but follows closely the eternal rules of Noverre, the first to translate high tragedy into movement and, in 'Jason et Medée', to make people cry at ballet. There was one exception: André Chenier, who wrote:

*'Jusque dans les ballets il faut de la raison.
Je n'aime point à voir les enfants de Jason
Egorgés en dansant par leur mère qui danse
Sous les coups mesurés expirer en cadence'.*

But even Chenier could not have taken exception to the skilled naturalism of Lavrovsky's ballet, although my colleague James Monahan seems to have done so*. Only the costumes and *décors* would support the charge of being old-fashioned; they were 'old-fashioned provincial' where so many alleged *avant-garde* western settings are 'old-fashioned chi-chi', and at any rate they left plenty of room for the dancing.

'The Fountain of Bakhchisarai', on the other hand, apart from a first act of which any company could be proud, was dated, its orientalism a *cliché*: shades of Bakst. It is significant that in all my talks with the Russians they seemed surprised and even a little hurt at the numerous references in the press to Diaghilev; Fokine they knew and valued, they even stressed the fact that there was much to be learnt from him; from what they had heard they were interested in Balanchine's work, but they had no conception of what Diaghilev had done. To them he was an intruder. It is in the masterly production of 'Giselle' that the Russians showed that a well-established classic need not become a museum specimen. I had a long discussion with Ulanova on her very original interpretation. The essence of 'Giselle' has always been the contrast between the acts; Elslser and Tagliioni, body and spirit. Ulanova saw it as a whole, the complete development of a personality in its reaction to love. Hilarion is no longer a stock figure of melodrama and the ballet is given a subtlety unique in a romantic work, without losing its period flavour. I was especially struck with the manner in which Ulanova overcame the greatest difficulty of all, the suggestion that the graceful ballerina of Act I was in fact a peasant. She told me that the essence of characterisation in ballet was to know how and when to break the rules. In this case she broke them by a deliberate gawkiness of the arms and hands—slight but completely convincing—and also by the way in which she used her eyes.

'I first get the idea', she said, 'and then adapt my dancing to it'.

This she had done in 'The Dying Swan', making it not the pathetic and romantic figure of Pavlova and her followers, but the very essence of defiance and courage, triumphant even in the moment of death. Ulanova is definitely a modern dancer, if to be modern is to seek the reinterpretation of accepted roles, and she has had an enormous influence on Soviet Ballet, just as Pavlova has had on ours. I do not believe that the Moscow Ballet is old-fashioned; what it has is a certain provincialism because it has worked out its problems in isolation.

My last point, the comparison between the Russian Ballet and our own and what, if anything, we have to learn, is a subtle one. In the middle of the Russian season, I went to see Sadler's Wells at Croydon. I was deeply impressed by two things: how very right we were and how very right they were, considering our respective backgrounds. It would be ridiculous to expect our dancers to perform as Russians, and the slogan that the dance is an international language does not mean that there cannot be a number of valid accents. I once asked the great Khesinska the essence of dancing a mazurka. 'It is simple', she told me, 'you must have at least one Polish grandparent'. There are, of course, many technical points that a trained ballet mistress could study to advantage.

The main lesson for us lies in the realisation that 'the play's the thing'. These Russians believe in the stories that they are telling and use technique far more as a means than we do. They have in a way a greater maturity of approach even though some of the story-telling may be naive in itself. It is a tragedy that events have made our visit to Moscow impossible, because I believe that we have much to offer them in exchange, especially by the example of the essential poetry of Fokine now so much a part of our tradition. I learnt from my talks with the Bolshoi Company that they believed this.—*Third Programme*

'A FILM DIRECTOR can certainly take his subject wherever he pleases', said VERA TRAILL, speaking in 'Comment' in the Third Programme on the film of 'War and Peace'. 'He can take a historical theme or something he read in the newspapers, or a classic of world literature. But the choice he makes must be free and personal, determined only by what he thinks is the right subject for the sort of film he would like to make. After that, ideally, he ought to write his own script, because he alone is capable of putting down on paper the preconception of the film he is going to make.'

'But King Vidor did not choose "War and Peace": it was he who was chosen to direct the film. When he signed up he had not even read the book. As to composing his own script, this might be perhaps asking too much, King Vidor is a superb craftsman, one of the best in Hollywood, but his mind is instinctive rather than analytical, and it has often been said that what he needs is a first-class script-writer. Such team work is being done all the time. Directors who write their own scripts are rare exceptions indeed. In fact, there are not even many writers who can produce a whole script single-handed, and multiple collaboration is common practice. But this is no excuse for the unbelievable chaos in which the "War and Peace" script was hurled together, by eight or even more writers of four different nationalities, half of whom were dismissed half way through and replaced by others.'

'It would be fascinating to read the minutes of the script-conferences of this production, but these unfortunately are never published, so we can only guess from what we see on the screen. And it seems to me a safe guess to say that there was no single controlling mind behind all that agitation, and that the only thing the script-writers had in common was that they were all working under two conflicting pressures—the box-office and Tolstoy's prestige—whereas the only legitimate pressure should come from the director who tells them what he is looking for. The central place given to Natasha, for example, is clearly a box-office requirement; while the unnecessary and undistinguishable young people of her entourage were left in solely out of respect for Tolstoy. The chief preoccupation should have been not to rescue as much as possible from the book, but to provide only what is absolutely necessary for the film; in other words not chopping off but building up, from a centre determined in advance. But such a centre, the initial impulse, the preconception of the director is precisely what seems to me missing in this film.'

'King Vidor has been one of the first champions of the wide screen, and had he chosen his own subject-matter, it is fairly obvious that he would have gone for the tremendous panorama of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. He would have limited himself ruthlessly and called his film something like "Napoleon and Kutuzov" or "The Retreat from Moscow". This might have been a beautiful film. But it is too late to think of that now'.

* In a talk printed in THE LISTENER on November 22

University Education in Breadth and Depth

W. A. CAMPBELL STEWART on the University College of North Staffordshire

THE two most elastic-sided metaphors in any discussion of university education are 'depth' and 'breadth'. Of the two, the one that causes the sagest rumbles of approval is 'depth'. You will never be drummed out of a Senior Common Room if you say that you aim at developing depth of knowledge. But if you say that you want breadth of knowledge, then a glint of alert scepticism begins to appear; and I would suggest to our linguistic philosophers that there is material for several absorbing and maybe even useful articles in *Mind* on the metaphors of breadth and depth in educational discussion.

The University College of North Staffordshire began in 1950 as an institution in protest, as a college with a criticism to make and an argument to back it. The criticism is that university education has become so departmentalised for most undergraduates, so much the victim of an informational spiral, that it does not educate at all; and the educational argument behind the new college is that a university ought to offer excellence in specialised knowledge, of course, but, in addition, it should in its teaching give a broader cultural preparation. In other words, we at Keele (the college is situated near the village of Keele) want to have both depth and breadth in our university course.

The teaching given in the college falls into groups of studies which roughly correspond to faculties in some other universities, and we have three—humanities, social sciences, and experimental sciences; and we want all our undergraduates to be aware of the characteristics of study in each of these approaches to knowledge.

After the first year of general education, which we call the Foundation Year, an undergraduate reads two principal subjects for three years, and two subjects which we call subsidiaries for one year each. Of the four, two principal and two subsidiary, at least one has to be chosen from the sciences and at least one from the humanities, and social sciences combined. Usually the spread is, in fact, over all three groups of subjects. For example, some undergraduates are reading history and English in the humanities as principal subjects, politics from the social sciences, and biology from the experimental sciences as subsidiaries.

The degree (our own degree) can be awarded as an honours degree with the usual first, second, and third class honours, or as a pass degree. The class a man gets is awarded on his performance in his two principal subjects. It is of no use his doing really well in chemistry in the hope that this will pull him up to a good class of degree despite a poor performance in biology. If a First is awarded, one subject must be clearly in that class and the other in the first class or right at the top of the second class. The standard of excellence demanded in both subjects ensures that the degree has a consistency and a rigour of its own. Incidentally, Keele can offer unusual and useful combinations of subjects which are likely to be of increasing value as time passes. Think of

chemistry and economics, of physics and geology, of geography and history, of philosophy and mathematics. So, then, the standards demanded in the degree are high and there are good possibilities for productive combinations in principal subjects.

The college is probably best known because of its first-year course. This Foundation Year assumes that the university in its curricula should give standing and place to general education, and it compels an undergraduate to look round the cultural landscape more widely. In lectures not only does he hear something of the subjects he hopes to go on to study for his degree; he also hears something of those he stopped studying at sixteen or earlier; and he meets for the first time subjects

he has never had to deal with at school at all, like philosophy, or economics, geology, and those subjects he did not for one reason or another study in school, though other people may have—maybe Greek, or historical theology, or biology.

Nobody in his senses would claim that this Foundation Year by itself represents a comprehensive and civilising education. However, it is based on the belief that the university should teach all its undergraduates, as part of its courses, something about the past and present of the society in which we live. It is a year of orientation, of exploration and discovery. We ask undergraduates to decide what they wish to read in the three years of specialist study which follow only after they



Students of the University College of North Staffordshire in front of Keele Hall. On the left is the prefabricated building which houses the geology laboratory

have seen and heard for themselves in this Foundation Year what all the subjects taught in the college are about.

There are about 300 lectures in the course, in which every department in the college takes part. This sounds a large number, but they are not arranged just by asking the professor of physics to give a group of ten or twenty lectures, the professor of geology to give another group of ten or twenty, and the professor of politics to give another ten or twenty, leaving them to decide what they shall say about their subjects. We have, at present, a programme planned and co-ordinated, lecture by lecture, as the argument develops.

The structure of the lecture course in the first term is historical, to present some notion of the development of western civilisation from the ancient world to the period of the French Revolution. This synoptic view is not provided only by historians. We discuss the literature, the science, the politics of a period, and while we do not wish to present a new orthodoxy, we do want our undergraduates to have a distinct idea of continuity of transmission in the development of western civilisation. The second term's work is on man and his environment; and, using the scientific knowledge presented, we try to show what kind of questions scientists ask, what kind of data they call evidence and the methods they follow in getting and testing this data. Through the biological and social sciences we try to see man in relation to this environment and to assess the philosophic problems which arise. The theme of the third term is industrial society during the last two centuries, and here we are

at grips with the problems of the recent developments in knowledge and organisation and, indeed, of survival itself.

The intellectual scope of this course is enormous and we have to help undergraduates to get their bearings. For example, we have strategically placed review lectures, which show where we have come from and where we are going in the general development of the whole course. Then we have a weekly discussion in which groups of about six undergraduates meet with three of their tutors, one from the humanities, one from the social sciences, and one from the experimental sciences, to raise questions or discuss points from the week's lectures, and this has proved to be most valuable. These discussions draw in all the undergraduates in the Foundation Year and all the teaching staff, and they offer excellent chances for clearing up difficulties, for following important arguments, for guiding reading, for making the cross-references which are so necessary.

But besides the breadth provided in the lecture course, we think it is necessary in addition to get students down to detailed work in small groups, so that they can all gain first-hand experience of the three approaches to knowledge and not just listen to lectures. These tutorials are not directly linked with the lectures; they have a course of study and a course of written work arising from the discipline of the subject concerned, and in the sciences this includes laboratory work, both for those who are going to read science later and for those whose interests lie mainly in the humanities or in the social sciences. The Foundation Year is, in fact, planned with one eye on general education and the other on making sure of continuity, with the school on the one hand and with the coming three years of specialist studies on the other.

Criticisms of the Four-year Scheme

What have been the common criticisms of this whole four-year scheme, and what kind of answers are we prepared to give to them? Some people have said that in the Foundation Year we are trying to do too much. This criticism is based mainly on the assumption that the lectures are the only method of teaching in the Foundation Year, but, as I have said, there is detailed study in the tutorial groups and there is a serious attempt to develop coherence in the lecture course itself. One of the features which is most important for the success of this Foundation Year is the insistence on residence. The college has, at present, about 600 undergraduates, and both they and their tutors live on the same estate. Living together in this way is immensely important for taking it further in talk and argument outside the classroom.

Another criticism has been that this Foundation Year programme, to be successful, asks for such an effort of integration that it needs a very mature mind. It should come at the end, people say, rather than at the beginning of a university career. There are two main lines of reply to this. The first is that we obviously do not expect all the teaching in the Foundation Year lectures to remain as furniture of each student's mind. Instead we are relying on special interests growing out of the more generalised background. The other reply is that it would be far more difficult for a student to adjust to the variegated pattern of general education after the greater concentration of degree studies. To our way of thinking, this year of general education is, on the one hand, a valuable introduction to degree studies, and on the other, a corrective to early specialisation at school.

There is a further criticism which is a little more difficult to answer. You cannot guarantee general education, so it is said, simply by teaching a wide range of subjects, for by doing this you may only be encouraging students to be more competent intellectual confidence tricksters. A student with a firm hold on a core of specialised knowledge should be able to develop it more organically than one who has studied a number of subjects not necessarily closely related to one another. So the argument runs, and to it I would say two things: first, that this question of the kinds of knowledge and ways of interpreting them arises in many different forms in the weekly discussion groups in the Foundation Year; and, second, general education as we have tried to plan it is not to be found only in separate subject teaching in academic courses but in the synoptic view implicit in the planning. But in the end this *speculum mentis* has to be in terms of what one student can come to know and not what a staff of specialists may plan.

Some critics have feared that the Foundation Year course as a whole is trying to present an agreed interpretation of the development of western civilisation. They think that there is an implicit assumption in the whole scheme of the oneness of knowledge which scholarly study of the separate subjects would not at present justify. While I think this is something of an intellectual bogey, I am sure that no simple orthodoxy

could possibly arise from the planning of this Foundation Year as it now exists.

I have heard it said that in our zeal for the general education of the undergraduate we have sacrificed research and that our standing as a university is bound to suffer. Those of us teaching at Keele are as interested in carrying out research as any group of university dons—maybe more interested to do so because we know of this criticism. Besides the work we do, a number of our own graduates each year go on to research studies in other universities as well as our own, and research students from other universities come to work at Keele. In any case, because our students graduate in two subjects, their research will often be in the territory between subjects and for that reason will be especially valuable.

Cross-fertilisation between Courses and Subjects

Are there any problems that I think particularly important for us? I am speaking here, as I have been throughout this talk, for myself only. In the degree studies there is a temptation for undergraduates who may prefer one principal subject to the other (you will remember they read two principal subjects) to try to avoid developing the intellectual relationships in both directions. Arising from this, a major problem for those who teach at Keele is to see how to develop cross-fertilisation between courses and subjects and how to teach the subsidiary subjects so that they are not academic chores to be got through in the first year, but genuine examples of the kind of study appropriate to the humanities, the social sciences or the experimental sciences.

So much of this strategy of general and special education depends on a common concern in the teaching staff. It is rare for university teachers to think about the whole education of their undergraduates. About their own subject, yes, and the best ways to teach it and to develop knowledge within it, and, of course, we are at one with this idea; but it is not unusual for university teachers to regard those in other departments (and maybe even in their own) in a xenophobic way. Making every allowance for eccentricity, which is the spice of university life, intellectual autocracy would be disastrous for the kind of thing which we are trying to do at Keele, and we know we must avoid it.

Sociologically minded critics have said from time to time that it will become increasingly difficult to keep the idea of general education lively and supple as our university regulations become more definite, because when you institutionalise an ideal you run the risk sooner or later of reaping a dogma. I am not going to try to offer a confident assertion that we know how to deal with this danger; it is obviously something which can be answered only in terms of the quality of intellectual and personal life lived by this academic community. But just as residence is a great advantage for the Foundation Year, it is also a great advantage for the interchange of ideas among the academic staff. I know my colleagues in a way that was not possible at other universities at which I have served, and I am sure that we could not have worked out our kind of course so quickly if we had not been in residence.

We are, however, constantly under the scrutiny of different university traditions, as we should be, particularly through our Academic Council, representatives of Birmingham, Manchester, and Oxford Universities, who have sponsored our beginnings and have thus enabled us to award our own degree.

Morals for Other Universities?

Recently a well-known headmaster interviewed one of our undergraduates in mathematics and physics for a post at his school. He asked the candidate what he had been reading coming up on the train, and the man replied Joyce's *Ulysses*. 'If this were true (and in his case it clearly was)', said the headmaster, 'and that his university education had opened up literary interests of this kind, as he said it had, I was impressed. Even if it had not been true, there is something to be said for an education which can teach you to tell such interesting lies'.

Here are many of the arguments for and against Keele neatly summed up, and we accept them. But do you detect, as I do, morals lying about in this anecdote for other universities?—*Third Programme*

The Dominici Affair, by Jean Giono, translated from the French by Peter de Mendelssohn (Museum Press, 10s. 6d.) contains M. Giono's notes and comments on what he heard and saw during the trial of Gaston Dominici for the murder of the Drummond family in 1952, as well as a description of the country and people of Upper Provence, the background of the tragedy. In his introduction Mr. de Mendelssohn gives a brief summary of events leading up to the trial and a short account of the proceedings themselves. The book is illustrated.

The New Profession of Management

By T. T. PATERSON

IT was in Elliot Jaques' book *The Changing Culture of a Factory* that I came across the first clear statement of doubt in the minds of managers about their rights. The senior managers in the enterprise he described were concerned with what he called democracy in industry. They were wondering how far the men on the shop floor had the right to take part in controlling the business; that is to say, how far the existing absolute powers of management in governing were to be limited by those governed. There was sincerity in their doubts; their managing director, who gave fullest expression to their questionings, is one of the most sincere men it has been my privilege to meet.

From Compulsive to Persuasive Authority

Another well-known industrialist who seems to have doubts of a comparable kind is Sir Frederic Hooper. On the Home Service recently he spoke of the change in the character of authority in industry,* and argued that this change is from what he calls compulsive to persuasive authority. Managers nowadays have lost their autocratic power because of over-full employment—they cannot compel a man to obey by threatening the sack. So they have to persuade him to comply by making him aware of his responsibilities through such techniques as joint consultation. This point of view is fairly common among British managers today.

Immediately, one must ask the question: Does this mean to say that previously men obeyed only out of fear of the sack? In other words, does the manager feel that removal of this fear has removed his right to command? We may put the argument this way. When an operative joins an enterprise he undertakes to do a particular job. He agrees tacitly if there is no contract of work, overtly if there is a contract. If management changes its policy, say to one demanding greater effort on the part of the operative, in effect it asks of the operative that he enter upon a new contract. In the past the manager was meaning, when threatening the sack, 'I have dismissed you and I am now offering to re-hire you on a new contract'. He did not need to persuade the man, he could compel him—or rather, and this is the proper point of distinction, the fear of losing a livelihood could compel the operative—to enter into a new contractual obligation to work harder. Nowadays, that fear is no longer so imperative; hence managers must indulge in more persuasion. But it still does not mean that managers have lost their authority, their right to command.

If we take the definition of authority provided by my colleague Dr. Hight, 'the right to command and to expect and enforce obedience', we see that a manager who threatened the sack was using despotic power and not authority. In the absence of precise English terms we could best use the Roman equivalents here. The manager was employing *potentia*, not *potestas* as arising out of *auctoritas*. Authority involves the right of morality; power may not necessarily involve this morality. Not that I am saying the manager previously did not have a right to sack. He had, but it was a right based upon laws of property which are not necessarily moral; though that is a point for moral philosophers and not for me to discuss. What I am contending is that, if a manager is perfectly clear about the morality of his right to command, then he need have no doubts about his right to expect and to enforce obedience. If he is vested with *auctoritas*, then he has *potestas*.

Two Changes in Industrial Economics

This search for a new managerial ethic has obviously been stimulated by the advent of full employment. But this has been by no means the only factor. It has been accompanied by two other major changes in industrial economics. First, management is less and less being hired by capital. More and more management is tending to hire capital for the purpose of conducting a profitable enterprise. The second change is that the manager is now more concerned with profitable-running as such, and less with profit-making, the profits to go into the pockets of the owners. He conducts the enterprise to maintain himself and his men on a livelihood, to reward the shareholders for risking their money in

the enterprise, and as a national duty—for management sees that the economy of its enterprise is integrated with the national economy. Those of us who are engaged in training management regard this latter as vital in teaching.

The change, of which managerial doubts are a symptom, may be described as a professionalising of management: the manager is beginning to recognise that he has a service to give to his men and to the nation. But this coming new profession is not the profession of technocrats, as Burnham would have it in his *Managerial Revolution*. The new managers' authority is not based on technical expertness. Their right to manage stems from their investment with and acceptance of moral responsibilities of the widest nature. They are becoming industrial humanitarians.

I have been constantly struck by this developing sense of service in the management of some large concerns. Take I.C.I., for example. It is an enterprise which could easily exert a monopoly pressure. It does not. It seems to go out of its way to create the well-being of its workers, to satisfy its customers, and provide a service to the state—and its shareholders benefit as well. It is not technical expertise which these firms seek for in their new managers, it is not ruthless aggressiveness which commends an applicant for managership, it is the 'human touch', the mark of a moral man. Though I sometimes wonder if these firms really know why they do this.

The Total Good

Sir Hugh Beaver, a prominent industrialist, has said that what a manager requires most of all is 'to be a citizen'. Here we might well paraphrase Aristotle on such matter. 'It is not the quantity or value of the work produced that ought to form the main object of management's care but the effect which producing of that work naturally creates on the mind and body of the workmen'; and again: 'the knowledge of the manager is the proper use of his operatives, for the office of a manager lies in the employment not in the possession of operatives'. It seems to me that our managers are more and more reverting to this fundamental truth in citizenship—the enterprise exists for its members, members do not exist for the enterprise. Management must take into consideration the total good of the enterprise, a good which applies to all its members, and if it makes a decision which fails to achieve that total good then it must be held responsible.

In order to implement a decision, management must tell the active members, the operatives, what the decision is. First, as members, the operatives must sanction the decision; they may refuse in one way or another to accept the new contractual obligation. Secondly, as operatives, they must know their duties to the enterprise in order to carry them out. This is what is often thought to be the whole aim of joint consultation. But the essence of joint consultation is that it enables a man to identify himself with his enterprise. Especially is this necessary in large concerns; in small firms immediate, informal consultation is sufficient. There is no desire on the operative's part to order the manager or to reject his orders; there is need to show the manager that the operative is an integral part of the enterprise. The man wants to know the status of his job, his relative importance to the enterprise, measured in wages and earnings. He wants to know that he is not a 'cog in a machine', not a chattel, but a citizen with management. Indeed, joint consultation, if properly used, clarifies and strengthens authority.

Given that the managerial right to command is not challenged where men and management are citizens it follows that, in commanding, the manager accepts responsibility for the results of those commands. He can be blamed or punished. If those inferior to him fail to carry out his commands and the enterprise suffers he is still responsible. He has no excuse in saying to his board of directors, or to the shareholders, or to the community, 'my enterprise (or my factory or my department) has failed because the men under me did not carry out my commands'. There is no such thing as delegation of responsibility, it is a complete and utter impossibility. There may be extenuating circumstances which can mitigate the punishment for failure, but his

* In a talk printed in THE LISTENER on July 19

responsibility is indivisible and cannot be passed to others. But, and it is a big but, it follows that if a manager is given responsibility for his enterprise by the community, by the shareholders, and by the operatives, he has the right to expect obedience. Those who take his orders have obligations, and this involves obedience to him who co-ordinates their functions. The judiciary agent deciding when the men have failed is the manager, for he alone can see how their failure affects the total enterprise. Has he therefore the right to punish, that is enforce obedience, as well as having the right to judge? There is more than one answer to this but I will select the most obvious.

For an enterprise to achieve its purpose, functions must be fulfilled. The members of the enterprise committed to that purpose have, as a whole, the right to punish its parts for failure to fulfil their functions. (That is basic political doctrine which I need not analyse here.) But punishment must be exercised through an agent. In the industrial enterprise the only agent who can be satisfactory to the community, to the shareholders, and to the men is the manager, for he alone is able to judge the effects of punishment upon the profitable running of the enterprise and therefore upon the total good. There have been attempts in some firms to set up a body of operative peers to judge and punish an operative for misdemeanours, but in such cases their powers are derived from the manager. They cannot judge adequately for they cannot know the total effect of failure of the operative, nor can they punish properly for, in punishing, they may harm the running of the business, being ignorant of it. It is the manager who has *auctoritas* and hence *potestas*.

In accepting authority the manager accepts complete responsibility and, as a corollary, the men must be prepared to accept enforcement of his commands. How then can we explain strikes and other demonstrations of refusal to obey the manager's commands? I might analyse one argument with the aid of actual examples in my own experience. In a factory a shop steward spent much time away from his bench attending to his stewardship of the men. The manager judged this loss of working time as detrimental to production and, after suitable warnings, sacked the shop steward. The men threatened to strike. In the same factory another shop steward, a turner, produced bad workmanship. Warned, and continuing to do bad work, he was sacked. The men did not strike.

'It's No' Right'

My analysis is this. In the first case the behaviour was not damaging to the enterprise as a whole, for the steward was fulfilling a function of looking after the interests of the men, and these interests are part of the total good. The men felt that the manager, in sacking the shop steward, was doing so not because the steward had failed to do his duty to the enterprise but because the interests of the men were being regarded by the manager as not part of the purpose of the enterprise. In the second case the steward's bad workmanship was damaging to their final interests as well as to production, so they did not strike. In that case the men actually used the words 'It's no' right' in judging the case against the steward. The 'right' was a moral judgement.

The sack is the extreme form of punishment; therefore we must recognise the difference between sacking because of voluntary damage to the enterprise and sacking because of involuntary damage, for example, redundancy—as in the car industry of late. Since the well-being of the men is part of this total good, the right to work becomes a managerial responsibility and the manager therefore must be perfectly clear in his mind that sacking is justified. This is what the Minister of Labour meant when he said recently that organising jobs for the men is a moral responsibility of management. Arbitrary dismissal, that is, dismissal without justification, without some care for the livelihood of the men, is a denial of the total good: it is despotism. But since retention of redundant men would endanger the survival of the enterprise, and therefore the total good, management must retain the right to sack them. For management is held responsible for survival of the enterprise and hence the livelihood of the men remaining.

If redundancy can clearly be seen to have arisen from incompetent administration, the management's responsibility for the men's livelihood is involved; hence a demand such as that for an inquiry into the administration of the car industry. The men accept redundancy dismissal if they think the management is not at fault; they seek to punish management if it is at fault. Management is here responsible to its operatives as well as to its shareholders.

Such arguments imply that the authority of the manager depends upon his competence, so it becomes his duty to be competent. But this

competence is not necessarily wholly technical know-how—his function is ordering and co-ordinating. To paraphrase Aristotle yet again: 'For what an operative ought to know how to do, that a manager ought to know how to order'. In the past, a manager could get away with despotic ignorance. Not only the Greeks had a word for such a person, our operatives have one as well. Nowadays duty has become more apparent and more pressing, and the result is a responsible striving to be competent in management. That, to my mind, is one reason why we have so many courses in management. It is an indication of the movement towards making managing a new profession. Some red-brick universities, however, still regard management as a technical skill—they appear to be wholly concerned with the question: 'What practical application is there in the teaching of management?' The proper question that has to be answered is: 'Does this teaching make of the manager a citizen?' Given that he is a citizen, he will, by reason of his sense of duty, become competent in technical skills. The function of a university is to teach the manager the 'why' of managing, the function of the technical colleges is to teach the 'how'. The manager can hire a technical man to help him in techniques; he cannot hire a man to decide his moral responsibilities.

A New Philosophy

To sum up: the change-over from owner-employee to manager-operative has demanded a new managerial philosophy. The manager has a duty: to conduct the enterprise for the total good. That total good will involve the nation, the shareholders, the customers, and his men. In order to exercise this duty he is vested with authority sanctioned by the members of the enterprise, shareholders, and operatives, and therefore he can expect obedience. He has power to enforce obedience, since the members sanction his punishment of another member; for when another fails to obey it is harmful to the enterprise. But the form of punishment is no longer expected to be the sack because the total good includes maintenance of livelihood. The sack of anyone who has not endangered the enterprise is a negation of the very purpose of the enterprise; but if the man has endangered the enterprise, the ultimate punishment may be used. The manager need not be deterred from sacking a man because of over-full employment, for there are other men to be found willing to take a job in an enterprise which is co-operative in character. Conversely, if over-full employment is the deterrent to sacking a man the manager is not conducting his enterprise properly. The fear is no longer in the minds of the men, it is in the mind of the manager. He must ask himself: is he right to sack the man? The manager must be sure that this ultimate punishment is justified in terms of the total good.

Finally, when all is said and done, a manager must be his own judge. If he is, he will be less concerned with what people think of him, that is, the idea of shame, than with what his conscience tells him is right and wrong, or good and bad. In other words, he will be concerned with the idea of guilt. This will be the final mark of management as the new profession.—*Third Programme*

The Miracles

Beneath a bit of dirty cloth a girl's
Thin severed hand; a portrait of a man
Streaming with blood from badly painted curls;
A withered heart just pulsing in a pan.

Even though these have been displayed to us
Can we believe them or the cause of their
Existence, comically anomalous?
Here under peeling walls, a sceptic stare,

The hand writes its seditious words of love,
Belief goes on being painfully expressed,
And pity flutters at its far remove
From the historical tormented breast.

Did God intend this squalid spuriousness
To mean both what it is and purports? Yes.

ROY FULLER

Art

Round the London Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

THE London Galleries this week contain a large number of pleasant and unpleasant paintings and in both categories there is much to admire. The Arts Council exhibition of Mr. Estorick's large collection of Italian work at the Tate is, on the whole, pleasant. It is impossible not to be impressed by the grace, vigour, invention and workmanlike qualities of Manzi, Marini, Greco, and especially Campigli. The more I see of this artist the better I like him and the more I enjoy the humorous, affectionate curiosity with which he investigates the odd puppet world that he has created. It is worth going to the Tate simply for the sake of the Campiglis. There are also some good pictures by De Pisis and a few very good ones by Morandi. The futurists, who were no doubt trying to make themselves unpleasant, succeeded, for the most part, in being uninteresting. Severini achieves prettiness while Boccioni, who is indeed unpleasant, seems inept; his 'Idolo Moderno' must surely be the worst picture now hanging in the Tate Gallery. It is perhaps to be expected that artists who shouted so loud should have had so little to say.

Mr. Bratby, whose paintings are to be seen at the Beaux Arts Gallery, shouts as loud as any futurist, but then, he has something to shout about and he does his shouting in paint. Not that he seems to like the stuff. He gets rid of a great deal of it, squeezing it on to the hardboard in great gobbets through which he carves his drawing with angry vigour. He seems also to hate nature; he lashes and excoriates her with brutal, repeated, sweeping curves of the knout. The assault is brutal, but it is not unscientific. There is order, a sense of space and movement, an air of careful intention in what he does. And the victim, bloody, mangled, and lacerated though she is, survives and with her a truth which, howsoever unpleasant, is not devoid of a certain beauty. There are even, amongst the strident dissonances, areas

of colour which come dangerously near to pleasurable harmony. A room full of pictures by Mr. Henry Lamb, such as may now be seen at the Leicester Galleries is, in its way, a pleasant sight and undoubtedly Mr. Lamb is a gifted artist. But it must be admitted that prolonged inspection brings diminishing returns; the artist observes dramatic juxtapositions of forms, felicitous passages of colour reminiscent of Duncan Grant; there is—nearly always—something good; but nearly always that goodness is lost by the intrusion of something else—perhaps too great a willingness to please—which produces a sweetening and a softening in which the original emotion is blurred. This, as might be expected, is most noticeable in the portraits.

Mr. Craxton's work in the next room provides a striking contrast. Here, there is certainly no false veneer of good manners between the painter and the public, which is at once faced by an enormous canvas

painted with such cruel art that the retina can barely endure the sight of it. There are some interesting passages of drawing in this work; nevertheless I would advise the sensitive visitor to turn his back on it in order to examine the drawings and paintings on the opposite wall. The drawings are best, and herein I think, lies Mr. Craxton's problem; he is a natural draughtsman who loves rhythmic patterns too well to risk losing them. As a result they lie bold and hard upon the paint, producing an effect which is decorative rather than pictorial (this is a problem

which Mr. Bratby has most cleverly resolved). Look at the portrait bust, in which the artist escapes from this dilemma; it is admirable and I hope Mr. Craxton will continue to experiment with sculpture. Mr. Ffolkes, whose work is also at this gallery, is, like Mr. Lamb, a charmer; but he does not pretend to be anything else. His water colours abound in romantic conceits, humour, imagination, and delectable colour. I have no doubt that they will sell like hot cakes.

There is a 'Christmas Present Exhibition' at Messrs. Roland, Browse and Delbanco, a very good collection of small pictures by English and French artists. It is inconceivable that anyone could wish to give a present to an art critic but, if I may for a moment indulge in so preposterous a fantasy, I should very much like Spencer Gore's 'Girl Acrobats—The Alhambra', one of that artist's most delicate theatrical fantasies. And if Father Christmas found the price too steep, I would settle for an excellent pencil drawing of a nude by Victor Pasmore, a reminder of the extent to which an artist may be entirely himself while remaining within an established convention. There are also some Sickerts, a Margaret Green, and a good many other things for which I would not be ungrateful. The Redfern Gallery also would be a good place for Christmas shopping, for here there is a very rich collection of lithographs. Picasso seems to me to score a complete

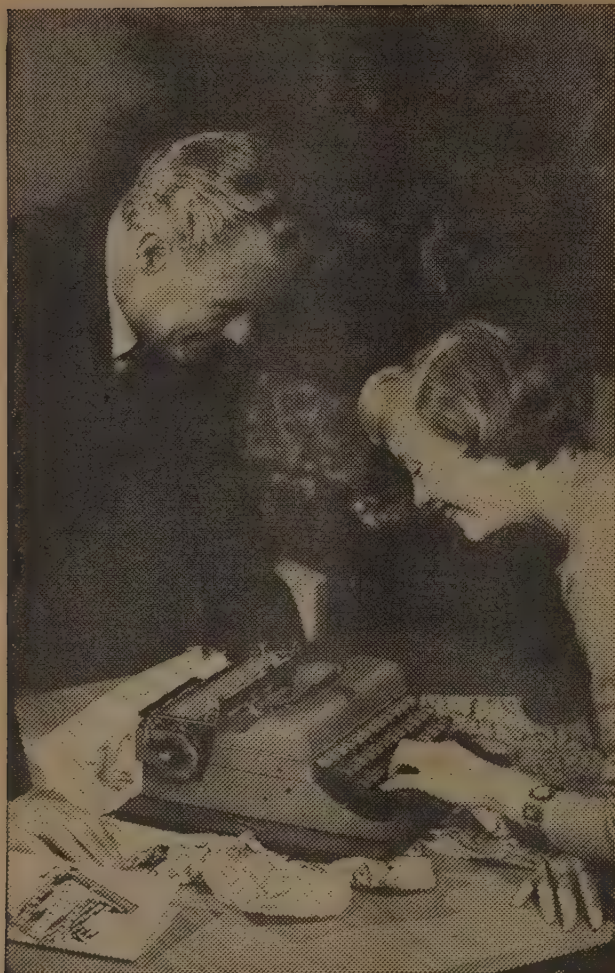
triumph—despite the competition of Braque, Dufy, Matisse, Rouault, and many other very gifted artists. His 'Minotauremachie' dominates the main room with the authority of a Michelangelo. It is perhaps worth observing that in this picture the two sides of his genius—the pleasant and the unpleasant—seem perfectly balanced.

A popular series of art books, 'Movements in Modern Art', each containing twenty-four colour plates, comes from Methuen at 6s. each. They are *Cubism and Surrealism*, both by Alfred Schmeidler; *Fauvism*, by Denis Mathews; *Abstract Art*, by Frederick Gore; *Impressionism*, by Peter de Francia, and *Expressionism*, by Edith Hoffman.

The third edition of *The Oxford Companion to American Literature* by James D. Hart has now been published (Oxford, 60s.). The work has eighty new entries and substantial changes in 480 old entries.



'Tower and Great Wheel', by Massimo Campigli: from the Arts Council exhibition of modern Italian art at the Tate Gallery



Imperial 'Good Companion' to the letter!

At last! The machine she's wanted for ages. Claire was always writing letters, keeping in touch with everyone. And since she took on the job of Club Secretary her correspondence has doubled. Father (Christmas) decided to ease things for her—and now says he expects a neatly typed thank-you letter on her new 'Good Companion'.

Imperial 'Good Companion' portables make excellent presents at any time. Two models, £26 and £29.10.0, complete with carrying case. Write for full details of Imperial portables and address of nearest stockists. Credit Sale Terms from £3.18.0 deposit and 8 monthly payments of £2.19.5.

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER CO. LTD., LEICESTER AND HULL

more than usual A matter of Interest

An investment in an old-established conservatively managed Building Society such as The Planet combines unquestionable security and liquidity and, in this case, an unusually generous return.

You can invest £1 to £5,000 in the

PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY

(Member of The Building Societies Association)

Interest payable from the first day of investment

3 $\frac{3}{4}$ %

NET PER ANNUM

equal to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ % on investments taxable at standard rate

The Society pays the Income Tax
Facilities for immediate withdrawal

Write for details, Accounts and Application Form to

Planet House, Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2. Tel: MONarch 8985

A Sound Investment

'WINDSOR'
RG10 RADIOGRAMPHONE
13 valves. Pre-tuned V.H.F. (F.M.)
reception. Full range bass and treble
controls. True high fidelity reproduction.
Vented air-loaded speaker
system. £148. 14s. 1d. (Tax Paid).



A sound investment indeed—the Dynatron 'Windsor' radiogramophone is a complete High Fidelity equipment of reasonable size and cost. It provides instantaneous selection of the B.B.C.'s V.H.F. programmes at the turn of a switch and incorporates the latest model automatic record changer with variable reluctance pick-up and vented air-loaded speaker system. The cabinet provides ample record storage space, and is finished in handsome walnut veneer.

Write for illustrated folders which give details of the entire range of Dynatron high quality instruments, and name and address of your nearest Dynatron dealer.

DYNATRON

.... for the discriminating

Dynatron Radio Limited, Dept. M 10, The Firs, Castle Hill, Maidenhead, Berks.
DRG 200

Six Virtues for Authors—III

Generosity in Literature

By J. MIDDLETON MURRY

YOU will remember how King Claudius and Laertes lay their plot to take Hamlet's life. They know their man. He will not look to see whether both the foils are blunted:

He, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils.

He trusts Laertes; he thinks him as free from all contriving as he is himself. Indeed, the real tragedy of Hamlet consists in a naturally generous and unsuspecting nature being compelled into suspicion. The world of mistrust is alien to him; the atmosphere is poisonous to him. And he dies.

Devastation of Innocence

That is the tragedy of Othello, too. The difference is that Hamlet's suspicions are just, while Othello's are kindled and fed by a demi-devil. I believe that even an Iago would have found Othello's heart invulnerable to suspicion, had Othello not been of another race. He is a simple soldier without sure bearings in the subtle Venetian society. When the demi-devil whispers that Desdemona's very choice of him points to a depraved appetite, straightway the awful possibility yawns before him, like the gulf of hell. And in that marvellous play we have a double and mutual devastation of generous innocence. It becomes almost unbearable when Desdemona, in the simple forthrightness of her good nature, presses Cassio's suit upon her husband and thereby helps with every word to destroy herself.

A minor but memorable instance of the same situation is the heart-rending incident in *David Copperfield* when David resolves to run away from his wretched life in London. He gives his box to the long-legged youth with a donkey cart to carry to the coach-office. The young ruffian neatly knocks David's precious half-guinea out of his mouth, and drives off with his box, leaving him destitute, to make that miserable and terrifying journey to Dover.

The pathos of trustful innocence falling into the clutches of evil through its trustfulness, occurs continually in Dickens: it is one of his favourite themes. Children or the childlike are always being caught in the toils. Tom Pinch's admiration of Pecksniff as the embodiment of the virtues is perhaps the most elaborate working of the theme. It was equally dear to Fielding. Parson Adams, his first great character, belongs to the same tribe as Captain Cuttle and Tom Pinch: and it is true of them all that, as Fielding said of Parson Adams, 'a hypocrite was a sort of people he never saw through'. That is true, likewise, of both Amelia and Booth. It is true, as I said, of Othello, and it is true of Imogen with Iachimo.

These three great writers—Shakespeare, Fielding, and Dickens—are at the very top of the English tree, and their fondness for this common theme is significant. Of course it is open to anyone to say that they were merely exploiting a situation which they knew would wring the hearts of ordinary decent folk. But, with all respect to those who hold as a matter of critical principle that we are not to look in a great author's works for a revelation of his character, I think it is impossible to saturate oneself in the work of any of these three great men and not emerge convinced that this sympathy with trustful innocence lay near the inmost of their hearts.

When 'Chaos Is Come Again'

There are various degrees of this innocence. I cannot imagine Hamlet deceived by Iago, or Tom Jones by Peter Pounce. But the basic disposition of Hamlet's soul is the same as Othello's. It is natural in him to be generous and free from all contriving; it is a terrible constraint upon his nature, almost a violation of his soul, to be compelled to think evil. And it is true of Hamlet's subtle nature, as it is of Othello's simple one, that when he is compelled to cease to trust, as he is at the very opening of the play, 'Chaos is come again'. Othello's heart is garnered up in the love and trust of one woman; Hamlet's faith in humanity is shattered comprehensively—in his mother, his uncle, and his mistress

all at once. Only one friend remains. But the bent of his nature is unalterable. When his native emotion speaks, he instinctively thinks that others are as generous as himself. When he has accidentally killed Polonius his appeal to Laertes for forgiveness reveals the man.

Let my disclaiming of a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.

How can Laertes fail to respond to that, we wonder? How can he go on with his dastardly contriving and not make a clean breast of it? But he can and does, and repents only when it is too late.

This generosity of soul, whether in simple or complex natures, cannot fail to recall the quality of love that St. Paul emphasises: it 'thinketh no evil'. That seems to me its essential characteristic. At one extreme, as in Parson Adams and Tom Pinch, we may call it naive. Too good for this world, as we say; yet we admire it. In our secret heart, most of us bitterly regret that we have learned by experience that sometimes we have to think evil of others. Nothing tastes so much like ashes in the mouth as the discovery that one cannot, one dare not, trust a man or woman. The strange thing about this horrible experience is that one feels so deeply ashamed for the person who lets one down. His actual deceit, the evil that he actually commits against us, seems trivial beside this strange feeling of shame within ourselves. It is very mysterious: I will not attempt to explain it.

But this feeling, as much as anything, compels one to the conclusion that there is no deeper or stronger desire in the human soul than the longing to trust. Therein lies the supreme significance of love. Love, at its best and truest—and it is only at its best and truest that it deserves to be called love—occurs when two human beings find the security of absolute trust in one another. The best name for the capacity for love is generosity of soul. Sometimes it finds its counterpart, and that is mutual love. In that relation it has the blessed opportunity to expand itself to the full. The need to trust and to be trusted is completely satisfied. But whether or not it finds this fulfilment, it abides, valid by its own intrinsic worth.

Spiritual Hero of an American Novel

Let me take a big jump—the biggest I can—from the acknowledged classics, from Shakespeare and Fielding and Dickens—to an ultra-modern novel, and that an American one: Mr. J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*. This is a strange and beautiful short novel. A young American high-school boy, who has come to a condition of nervous breakdown, tells the story of how he got to it, in the extraordinary uncouth slang of his kind. He has been taken away from three schools for not working. Now, at the end of term, he is to be fired from his fourth. He can neither face his parents nor stick out the remaining days at school. So he goes off with a pocketful of money to New York, where he proposes to lie perdu while he makes up his mind what to do. He has a succession of unpleasant and sometimes sordid adventures, culminating in a secret visit to his little sister who adores him and whom he adores. Gradually we are made to realise that this inarticulate, groping boy is a spiritual hero, the champion of the most exquisite human values, beautiful in his compassion and humility, the innocent protector of innocence, fighting yet forgiving the instruments of evil. From what seems at first a clumsy hotch-potch of approximate brush-strokes emerges the distinct and radiant figure of a lover of humanity, a nobly generous soul.

There is one and only one human relation in which the hero of *The Catcher in the Rye* is at rest: the love between his little sister and himself. The trust between those two is absolute, and by it are judged the other relations into which he falls: judged, yet at the same time irradiated. It is as if by virtue of the love between himself and his sister, though he has to think evil of some of the people with whom he collides, he cannot remember it. The phoniness of the phoneys—'phoney' is his key-word—has to be forgotten or forgiven.

It seems to me that the generosity of soul which these memorable

PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE



Perique—the subtle secret of Three Nuns



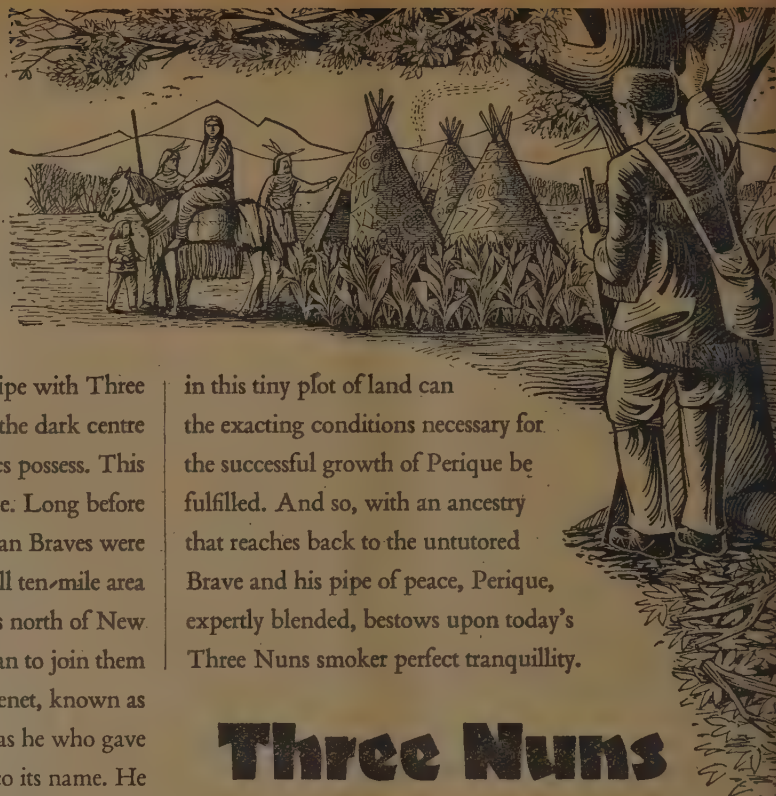
TN33G

When next you fill your pipe with Three Nuns Tobacco, consider the dark centre which those curious curly discs possess. This is the black heart of Perique. Long before the Boston Tea Party, Indian Braves were cultivating Perique in a small ten-mile area not more than 50 miles north of New Orleans. The first white man to join them was Pierre Chenet, known as 'Perique', and it was he who gave this unique tobacco its name. He found, like others after him, that only

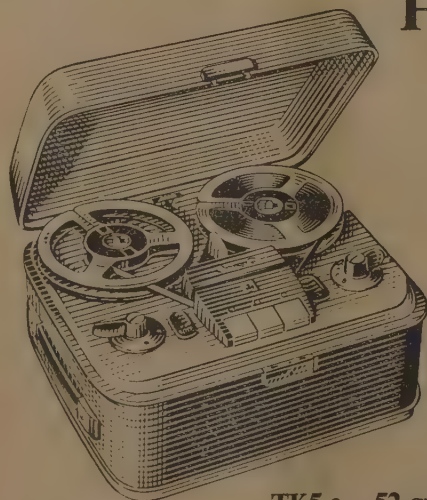
in this tiny plot of land can the exacting conditions necessary for the successful growth of Perique be fulfilled. And so, with an ancestry that reaches back to the untutored Brave and his pipe of peace, Perique, expertly blended, bestows upon today's Three Nuns smoker perfect tranquillity.

Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique



HOW MUCH... is a memory worth?



TK5 Price 52 gns.
including microphone

GRUNDIG

MIRROR TO A MILLION MEMORIES

What price could you put against the most pleasant of your personal memories? The dance tune that reminds you of your courting days, the songs they sang—and the way they sang them—when you were eighteen and all set to put the world to rights.

And what of your more recent memories? The day your youngster made a first attempt at conversation, the celebration you had at home when you got your first real promotion, the party you had when your wife won that (very small) dividend on the Pools.

Wonderful occasions, wonderful memories; some of them quite recent and yet already fading—there's the pity of it.

That's why owning a Grundig tape recorder is such an asset. Memories never fade with a Grundig. They're yours for as long as you want to keep them. There is a Grundig model designed to meet your specific need.

GRUNDIG (Great Britain) LIMITED. DEPT. L.6 Advertising & Showrooms: 39/41 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1
Sales Dept. & Works: KIDBROOKE PARK ROAD, LONDON, S.E.3

WRITE NOW FOR A COPY
OF FREE FOLDER OF THE
GRUNDIG TK5

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

(Electronics Division, Gas Purification & Chemical Company Limited)

writers—from Shakespeare to Salinger—plainly delight in portraying in their characters is related in some way to the inmost quality of their genius: In the first place, their genius is distinguished by an extraordinary openness to life. They register and receive into themselves the minute particulars of the world of men and things, in a way the average capacity cannot. The amount of sheer delighted observation in their work is astonishing. The aesthetic receptivity is not the same as generosity of soul, which is a specifically moral quality, but it is surely akin to it: a capacity which, when it is exercised in the field of human relations, becomes tolerance and then becomes charity.

In the second place, to pass from their receptivity to their creative power, it is impossible not to believe that they experience a peculiar delight in shaping the creatures of their imagination, and in contemplating the creatures themselves. They conceive a deep affection for their characters. This again is an aesthetic, not a moral, affection. If it were a moral affection, all the great characters of the novel and the drama would be predominantly good. But Keats was obviously right when he said that the true creative genius 'enjoys light and shade; it has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen: what shocks the virtuous philosopher delights the chameleon poet'. The delight in creating a villain shows through plainly enough. There is a lucid and extravagant perfection of evil about Iago, or Richard III, or Fielding's Jonathan Wild, which betokens enjoyment in his creator. In Dickens this particular delight attains a kind of ecstasy: the outpouring of creative humour over Squeers and Pecksniff and Sairey Gamp is such that towards these awful creatures we feel a curious affection. We murmur with Squeers: 'There's richness for you'.

But even though in the purely aesthetic sphere this delighted creative affection is often lavished upon creatures who would be odious and intolerable in real life, I believe it gives a profound emotional bias to the artist's representation of life. Mr. E. M. Forster, who is no ordinary novelist himself, has put his finger on this. In his *Aspects of the Novel*, he asks why love is so prominent even in the best novels. And he says it is partly because the mutual sensitivity of love is the nearest equivalent in ordinary experience to the affection the novelist feels towards the characters he is creating. Therefore, he is unconsciously drawn to depict a majority of them in that condition.

I feel sure there is something in this idea. It does not apply only to novels: when we think coolly about Shakespeare's plays, it is rather astonishing how much they are concerned with love; and we have an obstinate feeling that this is intimately connected with Shakespeare's

peculiar kind of creativeness, and that this compelled him to endow so many of his characters with a sensitivity akin to that which we imagine to have been his as an artist. He himself seems to have felt this lightly, heartedly, as a young man, when he bracketed together the lunatic, the lover, and the poet as 'of imagination all compact', and declared that love 'lends a precious seeing to the eye'. But, as he matured, he emphasised more and more the moral quality of love—the devotion and trust,

Outliving beauty's outward with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays.

Dr. Johnson said: 'Nothing can please many and please long, but just representations of human nature'. We feel that the only just representation of human nature is one which depicts it as struggling to achieve or preserve generosity of soul. If the writer shows us evil characters he must also show us the evil redeemed, as it were, by the incontrovertibly good: the mean and base redeemed by the generous and the loving. In most human hearts is a longing for a world of love and of the mutual trust which is perfected in love. When this desire to trust is denied and disappointed it brings consternation to the naturally generous soul. To have to think evil of others, to behave warily and on perpetual guard, is a constraint which becomes a nausea. The tragedy of Hamlet is the tragedy of that nausea.

We admire generosity of soul when writers set it before us because this is a condition to which we aspire. The greatest writers set it constantly before us not merely because they also admire it in virtue of their common humanity, but also because it is the counterpart in the world of living and action of that universal receptivity and delight in creation which is the endowment of their literary genius. Dryden said of Shakespeare: 'Of all writers, he had the most comprehensive soul'. That is not a moral virtue, but a literary one: but there is a connection. Great writers, being wise, do not make writers their heroes. Hamlet is the only one of Shakespeare's characters who might conceivably have written his plays; David Copperfield is the only one of Dickens' who might have written his novels. But they are irresistibly drawn to endow many of their characters with the quality most akin to their own. Their comprehensiveness of soul leads them to create characters with generosity of soul; their delight in creation leads them to emphasise characters whose morality is creative, as generosity and trust and love are.

It does not follow in strict logic that the great writer is necessarily a generous man. But it would be surprising if he were not.

—Home Service

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Science and the Nation—II

Sir,—Having considerable regard for scientists in general and Sir Edward Appleton in particular I cannot let a statement from the second Reith Lecture (THE LISTENER, November 22) pass without remark as it leads the uninformed reader to completely false conclusions.

Sir Edward gave an example of the way the scientist was able to suggest a change in tactics which reduced the losses of merchant shipping from U-boat attack. It was noticed, he said, that the proportion of merchant ships sunk decreased as the size of the convoy increased. Consequently convoys were increased in size with profitable results: 'The doctrine of large convoys, as expounded mathematically in the text-book of today, is now generally accepted'.

It so happens that I was the Convoy Planning Officer in the Admiralty in 1940-41 and commanded various escort groups in the Atlantic in 1942-43.

In 1940 our escorts consisted of a hotch-potch of ships insufficiently practised in working together and manned mainly by inexperienced officers and ratings. There would seldom be more than two or three guarding a convoy covering up to thirty square miles of ocean. Without being derogatory their general efficiency could not be

expected to be much higher than that of the present United Nations Expeditionary Force in Egypt. Consequently our losses were high.

In 1941 I attended several meetings presided over by Professor Lindeman, now Lord Cherwell, the scientific adviser to the Prime Minister. The general tenor of his suggestions was that it might be advisable to sail ships independently rather than in inadequately escorted convoys. This of course would have been fatal but sufficient pressure was brought to bear to induce the Admiralty to allow ships of twelve knots and over to sail independently. The limit had hitherto been fifteen knots, this being a speed at which it was considered ships were reasonably immune from submarine attack. This turned out to be an expensive experiment and so many twelve-knot ships were sunk that in a few months they were brought back into convoy.

By the beginning of 1943 the state of escort construction and the methods of training were such that we had sufficient ships to form stable groups accustomed to working with each other. In addition we had sufficient ships to form support groups which roamed the Atlantic and went to the assistance of any convoy that was threatened. We had small aircraft carriers to provide local air escort for convoys. The Royal Air

Force was persuaded to detach sufficient long-range aircraft from Bomber Command to flood the Atlantic and thereby make it difficult for U-boats to concentrate on one individual convoy.

The result of these measures was that to all intents and purposes the U-boat menace was defeated in the summer of 1943 and it did not matter one whit whether a convoy consisted of 10 or 100 ships. The only disadvantages of large convoys were the navigational hazards and the resultant congestion in terminal ports.

Science played a large part in our victory in the Battle of the Atlantic but not in the way Sir Edward Appleton suggests.—Yours, etc.,

Lee-on-Solent

G. N. BREWER,
Captain, R.N.

The Future of the Humanities

Sir,—In discussing the relation between *Literature and Science* Matthew Arnold could not be aware of the practical urgency of the present-day need for developed scientific and technological training. But his statements, if now utopian in respect of general policy, may be found helpful and suggestive by those inquiring into the function that can be carried out in our culture by the humanities, into the

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Fridays Ninepence

A mental tonic!

The New Statesman thinks before it says and then says what it thinks. It is independent of any political party or any newspaper group. It has easily the largest sale of its kind and its influence extends to every country in the world. Its reputation as a commentator on Home and Foreign Affairs, on sociological problems, on the best of the new books, on plays, films, and art shows is unique. In all its pages you will find this same refreshing outspokenness and authority. Other features include notes on new gramophone recordings, broadcasting and television, This England and Week-End Competitions in which wit and erudition are entertainingly blended.

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW READERS

If you are not already buying the paper we will post you a copy (to any address) for six months (26 weeks) for the special inclusive charge of TEN SHILLINGS—less than half the usual rate.

This is a very good moment for new readers to start a subscription. Fill in the form now.

To Publisher,
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

I am not already buying your paper and accept your special offer in *The Listener*. Enclosed find ten shillings. [65]

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

In the BOOK of a HUNDRED WATCHES

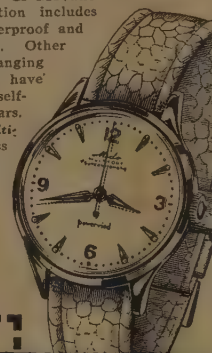


Mido

is one of the Great Swiss Houses
we are honoured to represent

Send the coupon for your copy of this remarkable book giving a choice of Switzerland's most famous names including: Longines, Rolex, Universal, Cyma, Marvin, Mido, Certina, Roamer, Rotary & Movado. This fine selection includes self-winding, waterproof and calendar watches. Other models at prices ranging

from £7.10.0. MIDO have specialized in waterproof and self-winding models for over 20 years. Illustrated here is the MIDO Multifort Super-automatic in stainless steel case. This is one of the handsome models illustrated in the free booklet.



THE PERSONAL PAYMENTS PLAN

Helps you to choose
the best you can afford.
Details on request.

WATCHES of SWITZERLAND LTD.

DEPT. LS 78, 15-17 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4

Please send me details of Mido and other famous names in the Book of a Hundred Watches.

Name.....

Address.....

LS 78

FREE

THE BOOK OF A
HUNDRED WATCHES

how to write and sell

free

Each month, THE WRITER publishes new helpful articles specially designed to achieve one aim—to enable you to increase your income by writing. Benefit, then, from the knowledge and experience of experts in every field of saleable writing. Increase your income by learning how to write effectively... for magazines and newspapers, for book publishers, for radio and TV.

Send now for free folder, "What's In It for You!"

THE WRITER, 124, New
Bond Street, London, W.1.

Write after reading
The Writer—and Sell!

ROBERT BEVAN

ARTS COUNCIL GALLERY
4 St. James's Square, S.W.1

Open till 19 January

Mons. Weds. Fris. Sats. 10-6:

Tues. & Thurs. 10-8.

(Closed Dec. 22-26 incl.)

Admission 1/-

(admits to Gaudier-Brzeska also)

HENRI GAUDIER-BRZESKA
ARTS COUNCIL GALLERY
4 St. James's Square, S.W.1

Open till 19 January

Mons. Weds. Fris. Sats. 10-6:

Tues. & Thurs. 10-8.

(Closed Dec. 22-26 incl.)

Admission 1/-

(admits to Bevan also)

HISTORIC CHURCHES PRESERVATION TRUST

Patron: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

Chairman: THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

Over 2,000 ancient churches are in urgent need of repair. The years of war and post-war conditions in which normal repairs could not be undertaken have converted a problem into a crisis. The sums needed are beyond the efforts of the parishioners. A Church Assembly Commission has estimated that £4,000,000 must be found within 10 years to supplement what the parishes can do themselves. The Trust has been created to save England's unique heritage of ancient and beautiful churches from falling into decay and ruin.

LEGACIES, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS

will be gratefully received by the Secretary

HISTORIC CHURCHES PRESERVATION TRUST

FULHAM PALACE, LONDON, S.W.6

Forms for covenanting subscriptions and further particulars will be sent on request

COLOURFUL BRITAIN

By

John Taylor

A beautiful colour book of
the most picturesque scenery
in Britain.

Price 8'6 plus 1' postage

From booksellers or direct
from:

JARROLD & SONS LTD.
NORWICH



CHOOSE

the perfect picture for a present

FROM THE

NEW

HOMEOVERS

BOOK OF FINE PICTURES

LATEST EDITION—NOW READY

300 pages (200 in full colour) lavishly illustrating the work of popular and well-known artists—full of interest and delight. Price 12/6 (post 1/6 extra) including FREE voucher worth 3/6 on purchase of print worth 3/16 or more. Offer closes 31st March, 1957.

Get your copy to-day
from any good print seller
or the publishers.

FROST & REED LIMITED
23 CLARE STREET, BRISTOL, 1.

ways in which they can present to the scientist challenging standards of humane intelligence and wisdom in their fruitful bearings upon problems of contemporary life. The very utopian air that this statement must now have for readers may be useful in suggesting the urgency of another need, the need for those studying the humanities (who will inevitably never again be anything but a minority) to make those studies at once both relevant to the contemporary world and strong in their resistance to the influence of a narrowing scientific habit of mind over fields of experience really beyond its range.

If then there is to be separation and option between humane letters on the one hand, and the natural sciences on the other, the great majority of mankind, all who have not exceptional and overpowering aptitudes for the study of nature, would do well, I cannot but think, to choose to be educated in humane letters rather than in theoretical sciences. *Letters will call out their beings at more points, will make them live more [my italics].*

Mr. Corbett does not attempt to meet what I wrote about Chaucer, More, and Shakespeare, or to suggest in what way the richness and fullness with which human life is present in their writings is something now irrevocably remote from us (readers may have been amused by the implication that the man who thinks D. H. Lawrence important today is thus necessarily the academic making the mistake of supposing 'that the walls of a study are the frontiers of the world'). Mr. Corbett gives an impressively long list of the things that, in his opinion, decisively separate us from Elizabethan England; but in *Culture and Anarchy* Matthew Arnold had a word which covers most of that list, 'machinery', and what would Matthew Arnold, surely very notably a 'pragmatist in education', have thought of the qualifications for discussing the face of the humanities of a man whose thinking ran so much within the narrow confines of machinery?

What has made me write again is a more important inadequacy in Mr. Corbett's letter of reply. Mr. Corbett writes of the 'open-mindedness' with which one should approach 'the present problems of our education' and suggests that fresh approaches should be considered carefully and without prejudice. Yet not only does he not refer to my main charge, that of ignorance or of impertinence towards the present-day Matthew Arnold, Dr. Leavis, but he persists in dogmatising from his own experience as a philosopher at Oxford about the limited value of an 'advanced literary education' without giving any consideration to the very careful argument of *Education and the University*. A reading of the book might, for one thing, have suggested to Mr. Corbett that the phrase, 'specialised literary study', was not an adequate or fair description of the kind of education in the humanities to which I was referring; and my reference to the actual and potential value of the study of literature at the university was wholly in terms of that one book (which probably bears little relation to any 'specialised literary study' that Mr. Corbett may have encountered at Oxford). *Education and the University* is thought of by many people as being the most courageously intelligent and practical fresh attempt that has been made this century to deal with the problems referred to by Mr. Corbett: the book has been a formative influence at one university, Nottingham, and is coming to be looked to by an increasing number of students at Cambridge and other universities.

I may possibly have been too sharp in making my original comment on Mr. Corbett's omission; I may not have allowed sufficiently for the unfortunate magnitude, multiplicity and dis-

jointedness of our present cultural life and for the way in which, as a consequence, serious and interested people just do not hear of books which they ought to read. But, when his attention had been drawn to this serious omission, was it responsible of Mr. Corbett, let alone open-minded, to persist in what I am now confirmed in calling his ignorance or impertinence?

My intention in writing was not to be obstructively conventional and academic, as Mr. Corbett seems to think it was: it was to suggest to readers that before they allowed Mr. Corbett's talk to close their minds on the subject they ought to consider an argument that was far from being covered by that talk (and readers already informed will be further amused if Mr. Corbett replies with any suggestion that the argument of Dr. Leavis' book also is obstructively conventional and academic).

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

J. M. NEWTON

Sir,—I did not intend to trouble you again on this subject, but Mr. Newton's direct questions to me, in his second letter to you, compel me to do so.

I am very glad to find myself so far in agreement with Mr. Newton, especially in view of his disarming confession about minute and (as I would prefer to say) *unpractical* linguistic scholarship, in his last sentence. I do not know how far I should disagree with Mr. Corbett's views if I knew more about them, and the question is not, perhaps, of cosmic importance. Where I do agree with Mr. Corbett, and hope that Mr. Newton does too, is in his concern about how little our education is concerning itself with the understanding of recent developments outside Europe, the understanding of which is going to be of major importance, not only to our capacity to pay for luxuries (politely called our standard of living) but for our survival. I also deplore, as Mr. Corbett does, the fact that so many students and school pupils, and not only those destined to specialise in history, are still spending so much time on the study of history of a kind still not so very different from 1066 and *All That*. If there were more teaching of the history of art, science (and its effect on society), and religion, all of it European rather than insular, and less about our rough island politics before 1485, it would be an improvement.

About literary culture, as a Hellenist I could find it in me to regret the days when 'everyone' studied Greek; but our economic situation no longer permits that, and so long as we train enough specialists to maintain the contact and to check the accuracy of each other's translations, all is not lost. Perhaps there may be joy in heaven over ninety-nine scientists and other citizens who read the Penguin classics, more than over one scholar who gets alpha plus for Greek prose. About English as a university subject (a matter about which I would not have presumed to speak if I had not been publicly asked), I feel the gravest misgivings, and would like to see specialisation in English at our universities confined by statute to those who had already got a degree in something else. In one's own language, as a young first-class Oxford historian once said to me, the trouble is that one reads too many books too fast. The study seems to me (an outsider) to lack the 'guts' which the difficulty of the language gives to Latin or Greek studies. Surely the time to read the literature of one's own language is in one's leisure; though here, too, there must be some specialists. Shakespeare was not a university-trained scholar. Also, specialisation in English is the most literally insular of all specialisations, and, in our time above all, we need to look outwards.

Incidentally, I relate with pride that, after

reading my former letter, one of my Greek history pupils asked me: 'Is not the understanding of science by humanists just as important as humanism for scientists?' Certainly it is; or was; but since scientists are now the 'coming race', I was concentrating on that side of the question.

Lastly, I refuse to be frightened by the term 'marxism'. I never felt the least inclination to join the Communist Party, and in any case saw enough in Greece twelve years ago to inculcate the lessons which some western communists are belatedly learning from Hungary. But we have much to learn from Marx, especially his dialectical method; the materialism is almost incidental, a result of Marx's environment in the mid-nineteenth century and his reaction from Hegel. To be deterred by the savageries of militant communism (though Marx's tone encourages this) is not much more reasonable than to be deterred from having anything to do with Christianity by the savageries of Christian persecutions. Christians and liberals should absorb marxism; they would be all the stronger for the meal. But to go into the reasons why, in detail, would require a broadcast to itself.—Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.2

A. R. BURN

Reflections on the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet

Sir,—Mr. Monahan's broadcast on the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet aroused much passion among his listeners. Now that we have read it calmly, some weeks after the departure of the Russian dancers and immediately after renewing acquaintance at Covent Garden with our own company, the volume of disagreement has not diminished.

Like every other person who saw the Bolshoi Ballet, Mr. Monahan is entitled to his own opinions, but they are only opinions and should not be stated as categorical facts. His cheerful assertion, for instance, that the Sadler's Wells Ballet has more to teach the Bolshoi than it has to learn is staggering. It is staggering, moreover, to a very large number of people who presumably come within Mr. Monahan's category of 'knowledgeable' spectators as opposed to 'the public'.

We have accomplished a great deal in the past twenty-five years and there are some things we do very well, but we are amateurs in ballet-making when compared with the artists of the Bolshoi. Dancing, we would all agree, is the heart of a good ballet but dancing does not always mean the showy solo or spectacular *pas de deux*. Lavrovsky's 'Romeo and Juliet' is brimful of dancing, but it is dancing so perfectly welded into the action that individual episodes cannot be detached for separate comment. I have seen Ashton's version of this ballet both in Copenhagen and in Edinburgh and have admired it, but whereas I would in every case award the palm to his *pas de deux* I have to admit that as a ballet, as a completely integrated collaboration between musician, choreographer, and designer, Lavrovsky's version is infinitely superior. The total impact of this ballet (whether danced by Ulanova or Struchkova) can be as deep and as emotionally satisfying as the best productions of Shakespeare's play.

This question of depth in the emotional impact made by the Soviet ballets is one which Mr. Monahan has ignored. Those of us who derived the greatest happiness from the Bolshoi season (and they included Madame Rambert, who is surely knowledgeable in matters of ballet-making and who wrote to me afterwards that the season had been her 'honeymoon with ballet') would, I think, place above all other things the fact that when we emerged from the theatre at the end of a performance we took with us that sense of fulfilment and emotional satisfaction which we are accustomed to take from a play, but seldom from a ballet. Mr. Monahan

Where your money does its job

—and brings you a full
4% TAX FREE

Equal to £6.19.2 PER CENT GROSS
where the standard rate of Tax of 8/6 is payable

STATE
BUILDING SOCIETY

MAXIMUM SECURITY

- ★ Easy withdrawals
- ★ Income Tax borne by the Society
- ★ Any amount accepted up to £5,000
- ★ No depreciation

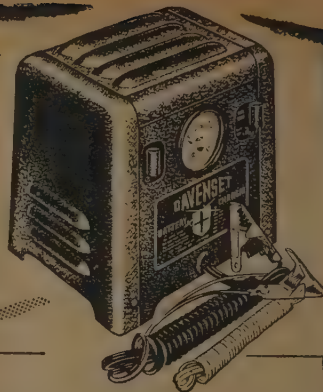
25 years of progressive expansion

JUNE 1931—JUNE 1956
ASSETS NOW EXCEED
£4,500,000

Full particulars from the Secretary:

STATE BUILDING SOCIETY
9, State House
26, Upper Brook Street, Park Lane
London, W.1 Telephone: MAYfair 8161

Motorists buy the Davenset Model 'H' Battery Charger for its 3 amp. output will keep car batteries brimful of quick starting energy. Suitable for 6 and 12 volt batteries from 200/250 volt A.C. mains.



Price **£6 - 9 - 6**

*A Happy Christmas
— and motoring too!*

Stuck for that last minute gift? Whether you are or not, all your motoring friends will agree that a DAVENSET Model 'H' is a jolly good idea—especially if they receive one.

TO GIVE THE FINEST IS TO GIVE A

DAVENSET HOME BATTERY CHARGER

PARTRIDGE, WILLSON & CO., LIMITED
DAVENSET ELECTRICAL WORKS, LEICESTER

1/6d. monthly



REGINALD NETTEL

author of
"Sing a Song of England"
"Seven Centuries of Popular Song"
"The Orchestra in England"



FRANCIS ANTONY LTD. (Publishers)
EAST HILL, ST. AUSTELL, CORNWALL

ENGLISH COX
Dessert Apples



Direct from the grower,
Individually wrapped.
Packed in British Standard half
bushel wooden box (nominal 20 lbs.)

32/6 per box

Carr. paid home. Cash with order

CHIVERS FARMS

Dept. 8

Estate Office, Histon, Cambridge

BM/BOOK

STORIES WANTED

by the British Institute of Fiction-writing Science Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. Suitable stories are revised by us and submitted to editors on a 15% of sales basis. Unsuitable stories are returned with reasons for rejection. Address your MS. to Dept. 32.

WE TEACH ONLY FICTION-WRITING

Criticism and Courses for the discerning by specialists. For 16 years we have been receiving testimonials from full- and part-time authors, professors, doctors, high-ranking officers and officials—all types. Many of the authors you read are ex-students. Our unique system of taking 10% of your sales monies ensures our maximum efforts on your behalf. Fee returned if unearned.

The Professional Touch is FREE from Dept. 32

The Sign of SCIENCE & SALES

A Best Seller:

HEINZ EDGAR KIEWE
**HISTORY OF
FOLK CROSS STITCH**

With 278 coloured charts,
quarto, 80 pages, linen
bound. (Retail at 16/6).

"Fills a need for a reference book of
Folk Cross Stitch design."
—Daily Telegraph.

Second revised edition
just out.

From A.N.I. LTD.,
7 St. Michael's Mansions, Oxford



TRAVELLING PRISON...

Driven through the restless night, jolted over byways and showgrounds during the day, the travelling circus is on its way to provide yet another town with an hour or so's amusement... Pent in cages just large enough to satisfy the too-modest requirements of the law are captive creatures from the jungle and the spacious sunlit plains—bewildered, raging or resigned. The bear on the motor cycle, the lion who leaps through a flaming hoop—wretched prisoners forced to perform to a timetable. Forever caged, for them there is no appeal, and no release until death. When we attend their performances, WHAT are we condoning? ... Please help the RSPCA to prevent this exploitation of wild animals. Gifts for sale, donations and legacies will be gratefully received. Write to the Chief Secretary, R.S.P.C.A., Dept. L, 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.



Remember the
RSPCA

MORRIS

For the NURSERY, BATHROOM
or BEDROOM

Warms the room and airs the clothes.

- ★ 12 hours heat for 3d.
- ★ 3 days continuous burning.
- ★ Morris Blue-Flame paraffin burner.
- ★ Odourless and safe.
- ★ 40" high, 36" wide, 7½" deep.
- ★ Finish—Chrome rails and white or cream, or all white, or all cream.

OUR SPECIALITY
Every space heater is specifically designed to give the widest possible distribution of heat.

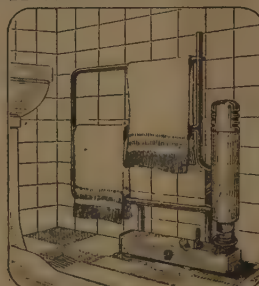
YOUR SAFEGUARD
Our experience as portable Space Heating specialists for over 24 years.

Please write for leaflet and name of nearest stockist in U.K. to:

MORRIS HEATING APPLIANCES LTD. (DEPT. L.)

Head Office: Morris House, 74 York Road, Batter. 98, London, S.W.11. Telephone: BATtersea 3312/3

DUAL-PURPOSE HOT WATER TOWEL RAIL AND HEATER.



Patent No 650493

believes that the Soviet trend towards 'wordless drama' is essentially a misguided one and is due to the fact that Soviet ballet knew not Diaghilev. Yet had the Bolshoi company presented 'Petrouchka', and had Mr. Monahan never heard of this ballet before, might he not have dismissed that too as being wordless drama? 'Romeo and Juliet' fulfils all Fokine's requirements of ballet-making (as listed in his famous letter to *The Times* in 1914) and it is as perfect a unity as anything presented by Diaghilev.

I do not wish to belittle Diaghilev or the achievements of our own ballet. Diaghilev gave us much, but his influence was not wholly good. After seeing the Bolshoi we are more than ever aware of the legacy he left of sophisticated unbelief. We are afraid of the simple human values. The quality of absolute goodness (as personified so convincingly in the character of Maria in 'Fountain of Bakhchisarai') occurs in our ballets only under the cover of 'period style', in the old ballets, or in an abstract form, for instance in 'Symphonic Variations'.

The dancing of the Russians was absolute dancing, motivated from within and thereby rendering every part of their bodies supple and expressive. As important as the dancing, however, was the participation of every single dancer in every ballet. No frozen lines of dead-pan faces were to be seen among swans or wilis. In the crowd scenes of 'Romeo and Juliet' every dancer contributed all the time—whether that dancer was in full view of the audience or not. Our dancers lack this dedication and this belief and until they are encouraged to acquire it we cannot hope that our big productions will even approach those of the Bolshoi in theatrical conviction. Last week's 'Cinderella' at Covent Garden drove home the lesson with frightening clarity.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

MARY CLARKE

[Mr. Monahan writes:

May I, in mild answer to Miss Mary Clarke's 'staggered' indignation about my 'Reflections on the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet' (*THE LISTENER*, November 22), re-affirm the fairly plain distinction which I thought I had made in that broadcast between a ballet company's proficiency in a particular kind of work and the merits or demerits of that kind of work in itself? Of the two companies under discussion (the Bolshoi and the Sadler's Wells), the Bolshoi, as I said in my talk, is the more proficient, but the less proficient company (the Sadler's Wells) is, in my opinion, pursuing a more fruitful course of artistic development; and that, very simply, is why, in my view, it is the Sadler's Wells which has the more to teach, the Bolshoi which has the more to learn. May I add that one of the differences between 'Petrouchka' and Lavrovsky's 'Romeo and Juliet' is that 'Petrouchka' is older by nearly thirty years? What seems to me to be impressive about 'Petrouchka' (or about 'Scheherazade' for that matter) is that it was devised before the war of 1914-1918; what is sad about 'Romeo and Juliet' is that this dreadnought of silent drama is the most recent of the major works in the Bolshoi's repertory. Lavrovsky's 'Romeo and Juliet', according to Miss Clarke, 'fulfils all Fokine's requirements of ballet-making', but, at the same time, even she (in comparing Ashton's 'Romeo and Juliet' with Lavrovsky's version) 'would in every case award the palm to his (Ashton's) *pas de deux*'. I have not, unfortunately, seen Ashton's version but I am pretty certain that had Fokine seen Lavrovsky's *pas de deux* he would not have thanked Miss Clarke for linking Fokinesque theory with Lavrovsky's practice. As to 'the quality of absolute goodness' (as exemplified by Maria in 'Bakhchisarai'), I do not know what Miss Clarke means—unless she regards as 'absolute goodness' the quality shown by a Walt Disney heroine.

And may I, returning to 'Romeo and Juliet', quote Miss Clarke once more? 'The total impact of this ballet', she says, 'can be as deep and as emotionally satisfying as the best productions of Shakespeare's play'. I may have staggered Miss Clarke; this expression of her Bolshoiolatry (which seems to me to be a new spasm of that familiar

epidemic, balletomania) has certainly staggered me.

A word, please, on the talk in the Third Programme [printed on page 917] by my friend Mr. Arnold Haskell. There he raps my knuckles, amiably, for 'taking exception' to 'the skilled naturalism' of Lavrovsky's ballet ('Romeo and Juliet' again). But only on October 4 he himself had written: "'Romeo and Juliet' is, in fact, the most reactionary ballet it is possible to imagine. Its virtues and its faults are those of half a century ago'. Mr. Haskell, in the meantime, has changed sides; and he has a perfect right to do so. But it is a little hard when so very recent an ally joins, however amiably, in the vociferations of the foe.

By the way, I greatly enjoyed the Bolshoi Ballet in London and I think I learnt a lot from it.]

A Myth of Catastrophe

Sir,—Commenting on my talks entitled 'A Myth of Catastrophe' (*THE LISTENER*, November 8 and 15), Mr. Jack Lindsay falls into an error I had already identified as characteristic of arguments for 'dissociation'; or at least it must seem so to a non-marxist, who will characterise the marxist hypothesis of 'alienation' as *a priori* and not as pragmatic. Mr. Lindsay himself allows that the notion starts from 'immediate things'—the sense of contemporary loss and division—and proceeds to find in history a catastrophic period when the loss and division occurred. The explanations may be economic, but the feeling of loss is not.

I cannot, therefore, agree that it will mend my thesis to start afresh from economics instead of aesthetics. Mr. Lindsay cites Carlyle; I might have done so myself, for Carlyle was an honoured progenitor of French Symbolist aesthetic. Much more decisive is the case of Blake, who also refused to believe in the possibility of 'unorganised innocence', but habitually treated economics, like theology, as a mere subdivision of aesthetics. He was the first, I think, to speak of division in the modern way; but for him the Fall into division, though it had social and economic aspects, was to be redeemed by Imagination, which would end the divorce of man 'from nature and from his sensuous self'. Urizen's book of brass is not the special law of a capitalist economy, but the general law of the Universe of Death.

Now Blake, the herald of the 'dissociationist' age, seems to me to have got this the right way round. Our modern explanations of 'dissociation'—which have proliferated in almost every sphere of thought, offering a substitute or a support for the older Fall—perhaps stem, all of them, from the positive revaluation of imagination in English and German thought. This revaluation produced a parallel distrust of the 'reflective faculty that partakes of death', but which is nevertheless the ordinary function of the human mind anytime; anywhere. Consequently a dissociation between what is known, and what is felt about what is known, is everywhere observable; but only in the light of this *aesthetic* doctrine. I remain convinced that 'the notion of a historical dissociation is posterior to and dependent upon the notion of aesthetic dissociation'.—Yours, etc.,

Reading

FRANK KERMODE

Aspects of Africa

Sir,—I have been following with much interest the series 'Aspects of Africa', and should like to add one small stone to this curious pile of evidence—one which was, apparently, rejected by an early contributor.

In his talk 'The Abilities of Africans' (*THE LISTENER*, April 19) Mr. Biesheuvel stated:

Recent research work on mental and physical development in which use was made of the Gesell Baby Tests showed that the African baby was far in advance of the European baby at birth. This advantage is gradually lost and, from the second year on, the European child develops

more rapidly. Substantially the same result was obtained in areas as far apart as Dakar, Kampala and Johannesburg. One can only speculate concerning the causes of this phenomenon.

A report of the research carried out at Kampala was published in the journal of the International Children's Centre, Paris. *Courrier*, Vol. VI, No. 1, January 1956: 'Développement Psycho-moteur de l'Enfant Africain' by Marcelle Geber. An extract from the English summary reads as follows:

The psychomotor development of 131 African children, aged from six months to six years, was measured by Gesell tests. The children came from families of various social levels and of several different tribes. There were four groups: children from Kampala who had come to Mulago hospital for treatment of minor ailments, children of students of theology living together in a village near the town, children of agricultural workers unused to contact with many Europeans, and children who had taken part in a social-psychological study in villages near Kampala.

After describing the precocious development of the African children with regard to standing and walking, the handling and enjoyment of unfamiliar toys, etc., their interest, friendliness, and ability to use and understand speech, the reports continues:

After the age of three years, the development of the African children was in nearly all cases below that of European and American children: *exceptions were found in the group of children of the theological students [my italics].*

The discovery of penicillin stemmed from consideration of why the exceptional occurred. Perhaps it is worth while trying to do so here. The author discusses the 'exceptions' more fully in the text—I have attempted a translation from the French:

The children of the group of theological students attend the 'jardin d'enfants' (nursery school) and do not appear to suffer to the same degree the loss of this advance, nor the lag in physical development. The total number is small, and would need to be larger to be significant, but only in this group were there several children over three years of age with a development quotient over 100. It is impossible to separate out the various causal factors—the higher intelligence of the parents, their educational standard (especially that of the fathers, the mothers were less sophisticated), the good nutritional and general standards of living all have their influence and add to the stimulating effect of the nursery school. It would be interesting to consider each separately. One thing is certain, however, that most of the children of the fifty-five families who lived in the college had distinguished themselves in other schools by their advance. Some had to be admitted before the usual age; the majority had immediately gained the first place in their class, others had been put in classes for children older than themselves. The teacher at the nursery school told us that at first the children are apathetic, sit motionless or cling to their mothers, but after a few weeks they become active, lively, and bursting with health. They learn to play, to live together as a community, and to understand their responsibilities towards each other. Naturally, therefore, they become the leaders in the other schools.

Medical students of my generation and school were taught, by one of our more endearing professors, to look for 'first the sparrows and then the canaries' in our attempts at diagnosis. We already know the prodigious 'sparrows' a child needs for the full development of its genetic inheritance. When every African child is well nourished physically, emotionally, and intellectually we can indulge in the luxury of speculation about the 'canaries'—genetic differences and their influence on the abilities of Africans.

Yours, etc.,

Geneva

ANNE BURGESS



The man you'd
expect to smoke
a top-price tobacco
often turns out
to be smoking...



4/4 the oz.
and vacuum-fresh
at that!

'Saddest baby I've ever seen'

"Joan, 2, was the saddest baby an N.S.P.C.C. inspector had ever seen, he told a court.

"There were bruises on her back and legs as though violence had been used on her.

"She was so hungry that she took a loaf of bread from the kitchen to eat in bed.

"Instead of an average 32lb. Joan weighed 18 lb. 12 oz., and was 4 in. under average height. The Inspector added; "Joan was the absolute picture of misery. I have never seen a child look so sad."

★ Extract from a newspaper report.



But just look at her now!

A photograph of Joan taken a few weeks after coming under the notice of the N.S.P.C.C. Joan is only one of nearly 100,000 children helped by the Society every year. On its efforts depend the health and happiness of thousands of children.



Please send your
donations,
however small,
to Room No. 65.

N · S · P · C · C

Victory House, Leicester Square, London W.C.2

*When making your will, please remember
the N.S.P.C.C.*

Gardening

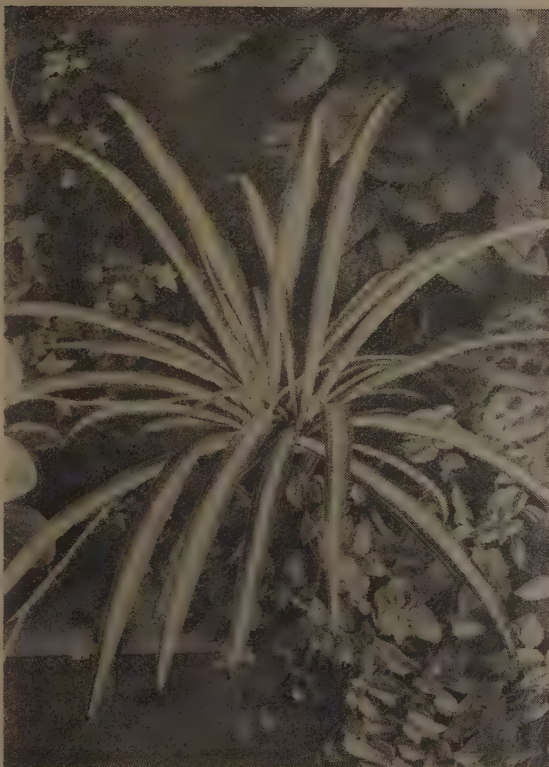
Looking After Room-plants

By P. J. THROWER

IT is plants in pots that I want specially to deal with today because during the next few weeks so many will be bought, and, as always, so many will be lost before they have given of their best.

Those plants on sale this month can be divided into two main groups. The first includes the flowering plants which need light and warmth, and among them are cyclamen, primulas, begonias (the winter-flowering species), azaleas, heathers, bulbs of various kinds, poinsettias and cinerarias, and, although not a flowering plant but needing the same treatment, the orange-berried solanum. The second group is the foliage, or true room-plants, which have become so popular during the past few years. These include ivies of various kinds, with both green and variegated foliage, ficus the large-leaved indiarubber plant, philodendron, more commonly known as Jack and the Beanstalk, chlorophytum which has strap-like leaves with a creamy-white streak running down the centre of each, maranta with beautiful maroon markings on the attractive green leaves, the variegated tradescantia or snake wort, begonia rex, ferns, and a whole host of others.

Both these groups will in many ways need totally different treatment, and if they are looked after properly the flowering plants will last and continue to flower for weeks, or perhaps months, and the foliage or room-plants will live and grow for years and should improve as they grow. Many of them will be small when they are bought, and with care they will grow into fine shapely specimens. Some of them, such as the ivies, can be trained into attractive shapes.



Chlorophytum

One of the main requirements of the flowering plants is light. They must be kept as near to the window as possible and moved away only on cold, frosty nights. Another important thing is to turn them round each day so that both sides of the plant get the benefit of the direct daylight. They do not like cold draughts and they must be carefully watered. Watering should be done only when the soil in the pot is dry. This may be every few days, it may be once a week or even every fortnight; so much depends on the room temperature and weather conditions outside. You can feel when the soil is dry or not; or if you tap the pot with a piece of wood, if it is dry there will be a clear ringing sound.

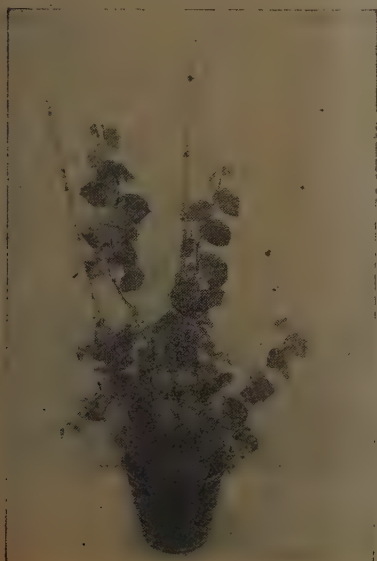
Azaleas and heathers are usually grown in pure peat, and they must be stood in a bowl of water to give them a thorough soaking; by pouring water on the top of the peat it will not soak right into the ball of soil round the roots. To water cyclamen or other plants, fill the pots right to the top and allow the surplus water to drain away and then put the pots back on their saucer; never leave them with the bottom of the flower-pot standing in water. There is no need to give them any fertiliser at this time of the year, and keep all the plants with the exception of the azaleas and heathers on the dry side rather than keep them too wet. You can leave them almost to the point of flagging before you give them any water, and then give them enough to soak the soil in the pot right through, and no more until the soil is dry again.

The foliage or room-plants need exactly the same treatment as far as watering is concerned, but the difference is this: they can be kept back in the room away from the window and they will be quite happy. My wife has three fine plants which she has had in the house for over two years. There is an ivy, a chlorophytum, and a philodendron. Each one is standing in a container, and at the bottom of each container is a pebble or a piece of wood to keep the flower-pot off the bottom of the container. A little water is allowed to remain in the bottom of each container so that there is moisture rising round the plants the whole time, and they seem to be thoroughly enjoying it. I notice they are watered only when the soil feels dry and are never allowed to stand with the bottom of the flower pot in the water. There is no doubt that, if a plant in a flower pot is properly looked after it will give you pleasure for months or even years.

These plants should not be repotted at this time of the year; this should be done during the spring or summer when the growth is more active. Never be tempted to repot them into too large a pot.

You will probably be thinking of Christmas decorations. If you have in your garden the yellow jasmine, cut some of the sprays with buds on about a fortnight before Christmas, put them in water, and keep them in a moderate room temperature. They will be in full flower in a fortnight. The pink, winter flowering prunus will come out in water, too, and so will *Viburnum fragrans*.

—From a talk in the Midland Home Service



Philodendron



A variegated form of ivy

NEWS DIARY

November 28–December 4

Wednesday, November 28

U.S. State Department expresses concern about delivery of Soviet arms to Syria. Syrian Prime Minister says that reports of deliveries of Soviet arms are untrue

Government announces plans for reorganising the electricity supply industry

More British ships sail to Port Said for salvage work

Thursday, November 29

Mr. Menderes, acting Foreign Minister of Turkey, arrives in London to discuss Middle East situation with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd

Egyptian Government refuses to allow thirteen ships trapped in the Suez Canal to leave through channel cleared by the Allies

Claim for a 10 per cent. wage increase for engineering workers is rejected by employers

Friday, November 30

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has talks with the French and Turkish Foreign Ministers in London

U.S. Government waives anti-trust laws to allow American oil companies to co-operate in supplying oil to Europe

Saturday, December 1

Cabinet holds its fifth meeting of the week. French Foreign Minister reports to M. Mollet, the French Prime Minister, on his talks in London

It is reported from Hungary that many factories are still not working

British boxers win two gold medals and a silver medal in the Olympic Games

Sunday, December 2

Mr. Dulles, American Secretary of State, flies to Augusta to confer with President Eisenhower. Democratic Party leader says there must be international agreement over the Suez Canal before the U.N. force leaves

Egyptian Foreign Minister again insists that the Suez Canal must be administered and operated by Egypt

Monday, December 3

Foreign Secretary announces that British and French Governments agree to withdrawing forces from Egypt without delay

Iraq Government denies that Turkish troops have arrived

American company buys Bristol Britannia turbo-prop aircraft

Tuesday, December 4

Gold and dollar reserves fall. United States is asked to waive interest on loan due at end of month

Chancellor of Exchequer tells Commons it is his aim to maintain exchange value of pound sterling

Petrol duty to be increased and the price raised by 1s. 5½d. per gallon



Sir Winston Churchill celebrated his eighty-second birthday on November 30. He is photographed, accompanied by Lady Churchill, leaving his home in London to travel to Chartwell for a family dinner party

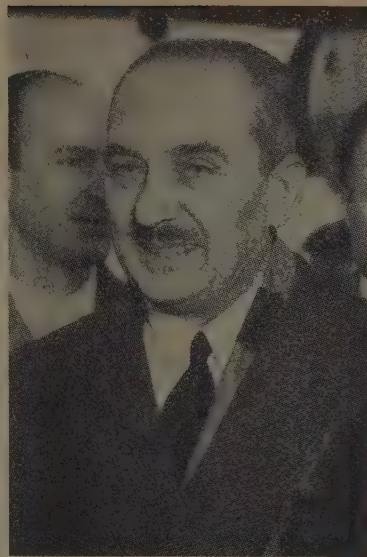


C. W. Brasher taking the water jump on the last lap of the 3,000 metres steeplechase which he won for Great Britain in the Olympic Games at Melbourne on November 29. Behind is S. Rozsnyoi (Hungary) who was second. This was Britain's first individual gold medal on the track since 1932. The following day another gold medal was gained for Britain when Miss Gillian Sheen won the women's individual foil fencing event



The Queen was on November 2

Left: two Germ
Por



Mr. E. Menderes, acting Foreign Minister of Turkey, arriving at London Airport on November 29. During a three-day visit he had discussions on the Middle East situation with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the British Foreign Secretary

Left: repairing a road in shell-torn Budapest. In spite of efforts by the Kadar Government to revive the economic life of the country, passive resistance by the workers is reported to be continuing



Mr. Chou En-lai, the Chinese Communist Prime Minister, who is making a tour of Asian countries, being greeted by a shower of flower-petals on his arrival in Delhi on November 28 for a twelve-day visit. On his right is Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister (see page 906)



honour at a dinner given by the Army Council and the Army at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, yesterday was accompanied by the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, and other members of the Royal Family. The photograph shows the royal procession up the Great Hall

Eider and *Trave*, which are on a training cruise with officer cadets on board, arriving in November 28. They are the first German warships to visit Portsmouth since the war



A scale model of a guided missile on view last week at Horse Guards' Parade, London, as part of a mobile exhibition illustrating the work of the Royal Artillery. This is the first of a series of mobile displays, aimed at interesting young people in army life, which are to tour the country

Book here for Christmas

The Saturday Book edited by JOHN HADFIELD [30s.]

For Some We Loved R. H. MOTTRAM [21s.]

Challenge to Poseidon Cmdr. ERROL BRUCE [18s.]

Noble and Manly GUY DEGHY [25s.]

This Delicious Land Portugal
MARIE NOELE KELLY [25s.]

Denmark: Land of Hans Andersen
STEPHEN CLISSOLD [15s.]

Road to Ophir REX TREMLETT [16s.]

Hutchinson

MEMORY TO MEMORY

Sir Arnold Lunn

In these fascinating memoirs the author shares some of the experiences and reflections of fifty years lived with prodigious zest and the widest possible interests.

2 illustrations

21s. net

THE HAVEN-FINDING ART

A HISTORY OF NAVIGATION FROM
ODYSSEUS TO CAPTAIN COOK

Professor E. G. R. Taylor

With a Foreword by THE HYDROGRAPHER OF THE NAVY

Arthur Ransome writes: 'For years I have been badgering publishers to produce such a book as this . . . There will be plenty of readers to rejoice in this entrancing history of the most magical of human skills.'

Very fully illustrated

30s. net

MALAGA FARM

Marjorie Grice-Hutchinson

Not a guide book or a sociological study, but a delightful personal account of everyday life, local characters, beliefs and customs in an unspoilt part of Spain.

29 illustrations

21s. net

A STUDY OF GEORGE ORWELL

THE MAN AND HIS WORKS

Christopher Hollis

'The best contribution to the Orwellian problem that I have read.'
— Kingsley Amis in the *Spectator*.

18s. net

HOLLIS & CARTER

Mrs. Gladstone

GEORGINA
BATTISCOMBE

"A beautifully written book distinguished by a rare insight which makes it a delight to read. I warmly commend this charming portrait of an ideally happy and perfect marriage."

SIR PHILIP MAGNUS
(*Birmingham Post*)

2nd Imp. Illus. 21s.

Bernard Shaw

ST JOHN
ERVINE

"It is an intimate, candid, detailed, witty, discursive, idiosyncratic, critical and entertaining book, built to last, and last it will, I think, as one of the greatest biographies of our time."

DANIEL GEORGE
(*Books*)

Illus. 50s.



The Long Walk

CONSTABLE

SLAVOMIR RAWICZ

"The best adventure story that I have read for years."
HAROLD NICOLSON
(*Observer*)

"No modern adventure can compare with this."
R. L. WEST
(*Manchester Guardian*)
7th Imp. 15s.

Book Society Recommendations

THE NUDE

KENNETH CLARK

As in all Sir Kenneth's writings, art is not considered in isolation but as a necessary part of life. In his latest book a wide range of learning is presented with warmth and clarity, and the reader is swept along in an exhilarating adventure of ideas. In addition to the main theme, the book contains a timely evaluation of Greek art and the author throws a brilliant light on individual painters and sculptors from Botticelli to Henry Moore.

298 illustrations

63s. net.

Coming December 10th.

ROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DISHES

LESLEY BLANCH

The theme of this original book is the world through the kitchen window: the delectable survey of exotic perspectives rising out of the steam. Each of these eighty delicious recipes is prefaced by an account of where it was tasted or some episode in the author's life of travel.

Illustrated by the author

18s. net.

THE PIKE IN THE REEDS

JAMES KINROSS

An unusual and powerful novel of an ex-prisoner of war who returns to present-day Germany, haunted by his love for a woman who had nursed him, and steadfast in his belief in the Germans. It is an astonishing tale of disillusionment in which pity proves the tragic undoing of an honourable man.

16s. net.

JOHN MURRAY

Christmas Books

The Naked and the Nude

The Nude. By Kenneth Clark. Murray. 63s.

Reviewed by ANDREW FORGE

THE subtitle of Sir Kenneth Clark's long awaited book is 'A Study of Ideal Art'. The ideal is, of course, that formalisation of the human body evolved in Antiquity which has been the basis of almost all western figure art since. This is what the author means by the nude, a form of art; the naked body is merely its point of departure. What is the nature of this ideal by which the subject-matter of the naked is transformed into the nude? The author points out that the traditional notion of the ideal as a compound of perfect details offers no answer but merely passes the problem from the whole to the parts. Rather, he tells us, we must compare the ideal to 'a myth, in which the finished form can only be understood as the end of a long process of accretion. In the beginning . . . there is the coincidence of widely diffused desires and the personal tastes of a few individuals endowed with the gift of simplifying their visual experiences into easily comprehensible shapes. . . . The resulting image, while still in a plastic state may be enriched or refined upon by succeeding generations'.

Two factors have weighed most heavily in the formation of this ideal: the Greek's pride in the body and their belief that it was one with the spirit, and their passion for geometry. It was sustained by a total state of mind, and succeeding generations have enriched it not by classicism or academism, but by an inherent sympathy for that state of mind.

In his six main chapters Sir Kenneth Clark pursues 'the long process of accretion', the enrichment and refinement of the ideals of the male and the female nude (Apollo and Venus) and the nude as an expression of Energy, Pathos and Ecstasy. A further chapter is about the ideal evolved by Northern artists, and the book ends with a chapter on that tradition in which the nude is not seen as an expression of certain ideas or states of feeling but as the source of forms which were excellent in themselves. This has been the basis of academic teaching, of the art school study from life, parallel to the study of Perspective and the Antique.

What is this book? Somewhere the author says that art historians only accept those facts that suit their purpose. His purpose has been to deploy his apparently endless knowledge to give body to a connoisseur's rhapsody, a poetic generalisation spanning two thousand five hundred years. I suppose that few other art historians will favour this form. Nor I think will so polished a version of the past be of great interest to artists. Its proper target is the cultured gallery-goer in whom a feeling for art rises to the highest level of affection and respect but falls short of love.

To explain the last sentence I must consider the manner of the author's narrative. It goes swiftly with the smoothness and glitter of a well-controlled river. Sometimes the sleek flow appears to be an end in itself so that we have to brace ourselves against its momentum to be sure whether a certain transition from one work to another, a certain link in the narrative, really means anything at all. Frequently its course

brings us to places of great beauty: the author's remarks on Botticelli and the Celestial Venus, on Correggio, or, in particular, his reassessments of the great hulks of antiquity, the Cnidian Venus, the Esquiline or the Apollo Belvedere. He is unrivalled when he is filling in and embroidering the cultural connotations of a single work. Here his observations, soothing yet epigrammatic, flattering yet astringent, are in one of the best traditions of English writing on art. Like Pater at his best, he combines an extreme accuracy of impression with a sense of

fantasy as though the work he is describing were some exotic arrival, unprecedented yet bearing sufficient links with the world to give a broader importance to his wonder.

And yet, to return to the river, there are certain obstructions to the flow. Neither Michelangelo nor Rembrandt will dissolve beneath its surface. Above all there is the recurrent problem of the subject itself. The nude, he tells us, is art: the naked merely embarrassing flesh. 'A mass of naked bodies does not move us to empathy but to disillusion and dismay. . . . Yet as to the content of the nude, he rightly emphasises that 'no nude, however abstract, should fail to arouse . . . some vestige of erotic feeling'. In fact the boundaries between the naked and the nude are indistinct and never more so than when we try to describe exactly what we feel in front of a particular nude. The only way in which the position can be made clean and tidy is when taste is applied and both work and subject are held between the poles of embarrassment and delight. This is broadly what Sir Kenneth Clark does.

I believe that the true justification of literary studies of art's history (the justification that places them once and for all beyond the criticism of academic art historians) is that they can enlarge the present subject-matter of art. One thinks of Ruskin, Malraux, Stokes, writers who have seized upon art as the most meaningful subject available to them and have used it to increase their grip on the world. In doing so they have gained whole areas for art. 'It is always at the call of living forms that dead forms return to life', says Malraux, and the nature of this call is determined by our deepest needs; no writer can characterise this need except in terms of his own particular need. Taste, the L.C.M. of the exchanges that we have already had with the past, is in the end a feeble tool.

Although not many new drawings by William Blake have been found since Blake's *Pencil Drawings* was published nearly forty years ago by the Nonesuch Press, there was already more than enough material for a second volume, and this has now appeared, *Blake's Pencil Drawings, Second Series*, edited by Geoffrey Keynes (Nonesuch Press, 84s.). As before, these seventy-six drawings range from Blake's earliest to his latest work, the preponderance being again given to the latter. The reproduction of each drawing is accompanied by a brief commentary. The book is printed on Dutch mould-made paper and bound in Holland, and the edition is limited to 1,440 copies.



Marble figure from the Acropolis known as the Ephebe of Kritios, c.480 B.C.
From 'The Nude'

FABER & FABER

Grand Deception

ALEXANDER KLEIN

A first-rate Christmas book—a collection of the world's most spectacular and successful hoaxes, impostures, ruses and frauds. 21/-

Christopher Columbus Mariner

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

★BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION. A striking portrait of Columbus emerges from this absorbing book. The author not only studies the great mariner historically; he has also made three sailing voyages to the West Indies himself.

With 12 plates and 12 maps 21/-

A. G. Street

MASTER OF NONE

A fresh and thoroughly enjoyable new book of his inimitable writings. 12/6

The Story of Ireland

BRIAN INGLIS

A lively and informative book by the Assistant Editor of THE SPECTATOR.

With 9 photographs and 2 maps. 16/-

Ask the Fellows Who Cut the Hay

G. E. EVANS

★“A revealing book about rural England of an almost vanished age.” FIELD. ★“A mine of information [yet] it reads as easily as a quiet book of memoirs.” ECONOMIST. ★“A fascinating book.” A. G. STREET, *Country Fair*.

With 22 plates and many Bewick engravings. 25/-

Young Seeley-Bohn

DONALD GILCHRIST

A glorious novel about a small boy's exploits at his prep school. ★“Quite delectable . . . fresh and enchanting comedy.” JOHN CONNELL. ★“The real thing . . . in the tradition of Ian Hay's *Lighter Side of School Life*.” JOHN BETJEMAN. 12/6

Best Flying Stories

edited by J. W. R. TAYLOR

A varied and exciting collection of stories, both fact and fiction. 15/-

Through Wooden Eyes

JAN BUSSELL

His colourful and entertaining new book about visits to many countries, with descriptions of their puppets and theatres.

With 17 photographs and 4 drawings. 18/-

Play that Music

edited by SINCLAIR TRAILL

A musician's book about playing jazz by 10 of the country's leading jazzmen. Packed with information and practical hints. Illustrated with musical examples. 12/6

The Visiting Moon

CELIA FURSE

Lady Furse's delightful reminiscences of Christmas as it used to be spent when she was a little girl. With 15 evocative drawings by Charles Stewart. 21/-

The Italian Journal of Samuel Rogers

edited by J. R. HALE

The full text of Roger's Journal—upon which his celebrated poem *Italy* was based—is introduced by Mr Hale with an account of the poet's life and of travel in Italy generally in the early nineteenth century.

With 23 plates. 42/-

The Art of Sculpture

HERBERT READ

Sculpture considered from the aesthetic rather than the historical or technical points of view.

With 225 superb photographs. 52/6

A Cycle of Goya's Drawings

J. LÓPEZ-REY

In this handsome volume Dr López-Rey describes and illustrates the sequence of drawings composed by Goya when he was in hiding during the suppression of the Spanish liberals.

With 134 plates. 70/-

Dutch Still-Life Painting of the 17th Century

INGVAR BERGSTROM

A scholarly monograph presenting a wealth of new and little-known material. The reproductions provide the most extensive survey of key pictures in the history of the subject.

With 253 plates, 8 in colour and 19 diagrams. 84/-

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The Story of Archaeology

AGNES ALLEN

With over 80 drawings of ancient sites and finds. 15/-

The Little Red Engine and the Rocket

DIANA ROSS

Illustrated, partly in colour, by LESLIE WOOD. 10/6

The 6d that Rolled Away

LOUIS MACNEICE &

EDWARD BAWDEN

A distinguished book in every way. Illustrated, partly in colour. 10/6

The Animals at Number 11

DORIS RUST

★“Exactly what animal loving children will want.” TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. ★“Just right for reading aloud to the very young.” NEW STATESMAN. With drawings by SHIRLEY HUGHES. 7/6

Portrait of Pius XII

Nazareno Padellaro

A full-length study of the Sovereign Pontiff: his origins, his upbringing, his labours for the Church of Christ, the surroundings in which he lives and works, and his work as one of the leading figures in Europe's struggle against the new barbarism.

16 pages of photographs. 25s.

The Yorkshire Dales

Marie Hartley & Joan Ingilby

“A guide book in the finest sense. At every step the authors are with us, speaking out of personal knowledge of the scene and out of a deep love of the Ridings. The geology, the birds and beasts and flowers, the historical facts and the legends are all here.”

HOWARD SPRING, *Country Life*. 40 drawings and colour frontispiece by Marie Hartley; 25 plans. 21s.

Second printing ready!

The Constance Spry Cookery Book

“Fat, full, delectable opus . . . the range is extraordinary.”

Sunday Times
“The presentation volume par excellence . . . Everything is here.”

The Lady
1,280 pages, fully illustrated. 50s.

BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMEND

The Valley, the City, the Village

A Novel by Glyn Jones

“This novel is an almost unique blend of comicality and prophetic prose (says Jack Jones of Rhondda Roundabout). Better writing than is to be found in Anglo-Welsh literature from its beginning.” 15s.

FOR YOUNG READERS

The Bookshop on the Quay

Patricia Lynch

A vivid story in a Dublin bookshop-setting, with Dean Swift and the misty spire of St. Patrick's in the background. “A warm, homely book about warm-hearted people.” B.B.C. Northern Children's Hour. 11s. 6d.

The Lost Ship

Richard Armstrong

“A tense, exciting yarn” (Sunday Times), told by the master in the subject, author of *Danger Rock* and the Carnegie Medal Award book *Sea Change*. 10s. 6d.

DENT

Egypt and Britain

The Sphinx Awakes. By Gerald Sparrow. Hale. 21s.

A WORD OF WELCOME should be given to any book that helps to dissipate the fog of ignorance and prejudice surrounding Egypt in the minds of too many people in this country, and particularly a book about recent developments written with some sympathy and goodwill.

Mr. Gerald Sparrow has evidently no very profound first-hand knowledge of Egypt, but he has absorbed a great deal of information about it. Readers with more knowledge of the country than he has may be irritated by a number of inaccuracies, many of which could perhaps have been avoided by better proof-reading. Fault could also be found with an account of the Suez Canal which makes only passing reference to its closing by Egypt to Israeli shipping.

He rightly emphasises the deep-seated loathing of Israel he found among Egyptians. There is no doubt whatever that the inhabitants of all the Arab states are unanimous in regarding the creation of Israel as the greatest crime that has ever been committed against the Arab peoples. But it is difficult to believe that they had, or have, any intention of going to war to 'blot out the State of Israel'. Their 'blockade' which was slowly but efficiently strangling her and their incessant frontier raiding were quite sufficient. Of course all this might at any moment provoke Israel into bursting out, as indeed it has done. She would then technically be in the wrong. But an aggressive war by the Arab states would not have paid.

It might be argued that Egyptian purchases of arms from Czechoslovakia proved Colonel Nasser's aggressive intentions. What their actual amount was will probably never be known, but it is a fact that all concerned are interested in putting the figures as high as possible. In any event, Colonel Nasser has no illusions about the efficiency of the Israeli armed forces and he felt that the western arms policy of preserving a 'rough balance' and preventing an arms race worked unfairly in Egypt's case and hampered her legitimate defensive precautions. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that the present Egyptian regime is a military dictatorship which up to now has largely depended for its stability on the armed forces. Colonel Nasser could afford no longer to keep his main supporters on what they considered a starvation diet in the matter of arms. From his point of view his purchases were fully justified, but it is clear that he gravely underestimated their psychological effect on the Western Democracies.

Anyone who has had experience of Egypt and of past Egyptian Governments will share Mr. Sparrow's enthusiasm for the internal achievements of the regime. It was faced with almost insoluble economic and demographic problems and deserves credit for the courage with which it has tackled them in the face of great political difficulties.

Egypt with her dependence on a one-crop agricultural economy and with her rapidly growing population in the inelastic Nile delta is, as Mr. Sparrow emphasises, in a precarious situation and it is indisputable that agriculture alone cannot save her even though every drop of water that comes down the Nile is used. In this connection many will disagree with Mr. Sparrow's views on the High Dam. In particular, the estimate that the irrigated area in Egypt will be doubled is far outside the most optimistic forecasts made in 1955 when it was hoped that between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 feddans would be added to the cultivable land in the delta.

Mr. Sparrow's picture of Colonel Nasser himself is fair and unbiased. But the latter's impetuosity and lack of political experience are insufficiently brought out. There is no doubt, for instance, that his comprehensible disappointment and frustration over the sudden withdrawal of western aid for the High Dam on which his dearest hopes were placed caused him to act precipitately over the Suez Canal Company. Had he given himself time to think he would have realised that he was killing the goose that would have laid so many golden eggs for him.

On the other hand, his actions in the past show that he should be given credit for more hard-headed realism than might be deduced from Mr. Sparrow's emphasis on the visionary side of his character. Perhaps this has been stressed to support Mr. Sparrow's main and very interesting thesis, that we are witnessing the conception of an Arab Commonwealth. Maybe he is right. The linguistic and religious bases of a federation are there; but too much cannot be made of them as yet. Internecine jealousies and mutual suspicions are still strong and, up to now, the only apparent bond of unity among the Arab states is their

common hatred of Israel. I would like to think he is right and that an Arab Federation is a foreseeable possibility. I very much doubt, however, whether Colonel Nasser really believes in it or in the acceptance by the other Arab states of Egypt's leadership to the extent foreseen by Mr. Sparrow. But all this does not mean that we on our side should not do our best to bring about closer co-operation in the area. Indeed, we should follow up our original promotion of the idea of an Arab League by helping them first to solve the difficult problem of co-existence with Israel and then to use their growing wealth wisely and for the common good.

Sooner or later we must accept the truth that in our dealings with Egypt force is not the solution. So long as Egypt exists the Suez Canal cannot be a satisfactory international waterway without her co-operation. The sullen acquiescence of a defeated and humiliated country is no kind of a basis on which to build the relationship between the users and owners of the Canal. In 1954 hopes of better Anglo-Egyptian relations were high. Since then another dark chapter of the story that began in 1882 has opened. How long and how dark that chapter will be will depend on whether we can, as Mr. Sparrow urges, drop our prejudices.

RALPH STEVENSON

The Hovering Fly

Critical Approaches to Literature. By David Daiches.

Longmans. 25s.

The Man of Letters in the Modern World. By Allen Tate.

Thames and Hudson. 12s. 6d.

'I AM CONCERNED with methodology', Dr. Daiches announces with italic emphasis in his introduction, 'with the varying ways in which the art of literature can be profitably discussed . . .'. Profitably to whom? Dr. Daiches, who now teaches at Cambridge, has served an apprenticeship in two American universities, and his book follows the usual pattern of the transatlantic seminar—introduction, quotation, analysis, discussion. It is a neat piece of pigeonholing, and the profit was surely the crew-cut sophomores'. The untidy English (Dr. Daiches is a Scot) will (and should) resist such a regimentation of taste. They might admit the broad distinction between philosophical criticism, which is concerned with the ends of literature, and practical criticism, which is concerned with its means. But the best criticism is always sadly composite, as Dr. Daiches finds De Quincey's; and it is the man rather than a method that survives.

Dr. Daiches must have found himself at home in the United States, where the New Criticism, as this analytical approach to literature is called, is an academic industry. But the mechanisation of a personal craft has produced a few independent rebels, critics who insist on being personalities and on expressing their composite reactions to the complicated experience of literature. Foremost among these is Allen Tate, who was born in Kentucky fifty-seven years ago and is known in this country chiefly as a poet. Rather late in life he became a professor, for in America the universities are the only sanctuaries available to the serious writer. His criticism, however, is not the product or even the by-product of his academic activity; it is the witness of a mind and a sensibility functioning freely and with great distinction. Not counting either Mr. Eliot or Henry James as Americans, I would say that Mr. Tate is the best American critic since Poe, with whom he has a certain affinity, not solely regional. What, we might ask (with Dr. Daiches' pigeonholes in mind), what kind of critic is Mr. Tate? He does not call himself a critic, but rather 'a man of letters', and he begins by telling us what he conceives to be the duty of the man of letters. For example, 'he must recreate for his age the image of man, and he must propagate standards by which other men may test that image, and distinguish the false from the true'. But in the present age he has a more immediate responsibility, a responsibility for the vitality of language. 'He must distinguish the difference between mere communication . . . and the rediscovery of the human condition in the living arts. He must discriminate and defend the difference between mass communication, for the control of men, and the knowledge of man which literature offers us for human participation'.

Mr. Tate, therefore, is a humanist. But he is also (as perhaps all

Best for Presents — Batsford Books

Architecture

A Portrait of English Churches

A. F. KERSTING
and EDMUND VALE

A splendid pictorial record with
113 photographs of the parish
church since Saxon times. 30s.

Portrait of Oxford

A. F. KERSTING
and MARCUS DICK

A new survey of City and Uni-
versity. 121 photographs. 30s.

Topography

The Heritage of England in Colour

The Heritage of Scotland in Colour

Two remarkable volumes of
colour photography, each with
40 plates. Each 16s.

Travel

The Mediterranean

JASPER MORE

A comprehensive tour brilliantly
illustrated. 93 photographs. 25s.

Versailles

IAN DUNLOP

The only descriptive and histori-
cal work in print in English. 50
illustrations. 30s.

Denmark

SACHEVERELL SITWELL

A travel book for the connoisseur.
42 illustrations. 21s.

Sport

The Racing Car Development & Design

CECIL CLUTTON, CYRIL
POSTHUMUS & DENIS JENKINSON
An essential historical work of
reference for the car enthusiast.
105 illustrations. 25s.

Ghosts and Kings

Haunted Houses

JOSEPH BRADDOCK

A new collection of ghost stories.
21s.

The First Four Georges

J. H. PLUMB

This shrewd, entertaining study
has been one of the successes of
the autumn season. 21s.



Wyndham Lewis CHILDERMASS

The brilliant first novel of *The Human Age* is now
republished, illustrated by Michael Ayrton. It in-
troduces the two ex-human beings, Pullman and
Satters, waiting in the camp outside the Magnetic
City. It is in this book that the Bailiff, Mr. Lewis's
most extraordinary creation, holds his disorderly
court among the recently dead. 25s

Harold Acton THE BOURBONS OF NAPLES

Since the unification of Italy that remarkable dynasty, the
Bourbons of Naples, has been systematically damned, but
Mr. Acton has provided at last a fair and comprehensible history.
'Valuable and in detail fascinating.' (*Time & Tide*)
Recommended by the Book Society. Illustrated, 50s

Chiang Yee THE SILENT TRAVELLER IN PARIS



'After so many stereotyped conducted tours it is a pleasure to ex-
plore Paris, and to rediscover some of its aspects, in the company
of such a cultured and yet unspoiled Oriental guide.'
(*The Economist*) Illustrated in colour and line, 30s

Methuen

British Military Administration in the Far East

BY F. S. V. DONNISON

How the Army inherited responsibilities from civil authorities
that were swept away by the Japanese advance; how they
acquitted themselves of these additional duties; and how the
return to civil administration was complicated by the upsurge
of nationalism in former Allied dependencies. 40s. (post 1s. 6d.)

English Watches

BY J. F. HAYWARD

A brief survey of the history of watch-making in England
with illustrative examples from the collection in the Victoria
and Albert Museum. 7s. 6d. (post 3d.)

London Airport

BY JOHN CHANDOS

drawings by Cullen and Topolski

Whether your approach to air travel is romantic or prosaic,
you will find this well-produced souvenir of the new world
air centre both fascinating and informative. 4s. (post 3d.)

HMSO

from the Government Bookshops or through any bookseller

STORIES FROM CHUKOTKA

By RITKHEYU



These stories are among the first ever
to be penned by a member of this
recently primitive community of the
far North. The crisp clarity of the
author's style, coupled with his
humour and natural instinct for
characterisation, derive from a heri-
tage of hunter's tales told in the
flickering light of a whale-oil lamp.
12s. 6d.

LAWRENCE & WISHART

British Table and Ornamental Glass

L. M. Angus-Butterworth

... an attractively produced volume
lavishly illustrated. *County Express*
(Stourbridge) 42s. net.

From Broad-Glass To Cut Crystal

D. R. Guttery

... though much has been written
in general terms about English glass
no attempt has been made until
now to cover the whole 350 years
and tell the story in detail. The task
could hardly have been performed
by anyone better qualified than
Mr. Guttery. *Express and Star*
(Wolverhampton). 35s. net.

Eric Mendelsohn

Arnold Whittick

... an excellent biography, as
sympathetic as it is lucid. It is well
documented and fully illustrated
with reproductions of the architect's
fascinating sketches. *The Times*
Literary Supplement. 46s. net.

Private Architectural Practice

Maurice E. Taylor

Written particularly for the young
architect and architectural assist-
ant. Ready shortly. 15s. net.

LEONARD HILL
[BOOKS] LIMITED

humanists should be) an anti-Cartesian, conscious that there are at least two modes of cognition, and that the abstraction of the modern mind has occulted one of them—the gift for concrete experience.

Taste is the discipline of feeling according to the laws of the natural order, a discipline of submission to a permanent limitation of man; this discipline has been abrogated by the 'material reasoning' whose purpose is the control of nature. Here we have the Cartesian split—taste, feeling, respect for the depth of nature, resolved into a subjectivism which denies the sensible world; for nature has become geometrical, at a high level of abstraction, in which 'clear and distinct ideas' only are workable. The sensibility is frustrated, since it is denied its perpetual refreshment in nature: the operative abstraction replaces the rich perspectives of the concrete object. Reason is thus detached from feeling, and likewise from the moral strength, the third and executive member of the psychological triad, moving through the will.

Mr. Tate is a Catholic, and admits the profound influence of Jacques Maritain on his thought. But in his literary criticism he is far more concrete and 'practical' than Maritain has ever been, and though the two most important essays in this volume, 'The Symbolic Imagination' and 'The Angelic Imagination', belong to Dr. Daiches' philosophical category, it is the essays on poets such as Poe, Emily Dickinson, Yeats, and Hart Crane that reveal the superiority of a humane mind, commanding 'the imaginative power of the relation of things'. The best essay in the volume (which is a representative selection from a much greater body of criticism) is possibly 'The Hovering Fly', which seizes on a detail from Dostoevsky's *The Idiot* to reveal the infinite significance of a single image isolated by the sensitive perception of a great literary talent. This essay has a predecessor in De Quincey's essay 'On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth', which Dr. Daiches, while admitting the effectiveness of the method, calls 'a highly sophisticated piece of practical criticism'. But it is not the method but the motive that gives each essay its significance; leading, in the case of Allen Tate, to one of the most positive statements of the anti-positivistic position in modern criticism that I know:

The dead woman and the fly are a *locus* of the process of decomposition. But, of course, we cannot imagine it, unless like a modern positivist we can imagine ourselves out of our humanity; for to imagine the scene is to be there, and to be there, before the sheeted bed, is to have our own interests powerfully affected. The fiction that we are neither here nor there, but are only spectators who, by becoming, ourselves, objects of grammatical analysis, can arrive at some other actuality than that of process, is the great modern heresy: we can never be mere spectators, or if we can for a little time we shall probably, a few of us only, remain, until there is one man left, like a solitary carp in a pond, who has devoured all the others.

HERBERT READ

King and Parliament

A History of the English-Speaking Peoples. Vol. II: The New World. By Sir Winston Churchill. Cassell. 30s.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S FIRST VOLUME had a favourable but uneasy reception; historians seemed aware of the writer rather than the writing and could not always disguise an almost patronising surprise at 'seeing it done at all'. Despite their fine words—indeed, because of them—some of them gave the impression that they could not take Sir Winston's incursion into their sphere quite seriously. To the present reviewer this seems totally unjustified. The work most certainly deserves to be judged as a genuine piece of historical writing, to be subjected not to the easy and meaningless superlative but to the criteria of proper appraisal.

The book covers the years 1485-1688 in a continuous narrative, interrupted here and there by reflections but never by analysis or summary. But the treatment is strikingly disproportionate. One third of the volume rushes through the 120 years of Tudor rule; two thirds march sombrely through the remaining eighty-five. In fact, two very different books are here bound up as one. The treatment of the Tudor period is not only compressed; space is further taken up with a good deal of anecdotal and trivial matter, some of it (for instance Henry VIII's habits of popular conversation or Mrs. Cranmer's box-trunk) of doubtful authenticity. It has to be confessed that there is a certain

flatness about these chapters, most marked perhaps when Sir Winston is called upon to deal with the religious Reformation. Though the constitutional problems of an age of good government and the economic problems of an age of inflation receive insufficient attention, what is said on them is marked by clarity and sound sense. But one does wonder at the absence of fire. Even the Armada year, even the exploits of the Elizabethan seamen (very shortly dispatched), do not entirely arouse the author's concern. A feeling of gratitude to Sir Winston for avoiding yet another distorted eulogy of the reign of Elizabeth cannot prevent disappointment from predominating so far.

And then, as Sir Winston strides into the seventeenth century, all is changed. He has come home. Some may question his harsh judgement on Oliver, others his chivalrous kindness to Stuart errors, others again his views on the origins of party, but no one can doubt for one moment that this majestic, forceful and breath-taking account bears the stamp of the larger truth. Scrappy detail is replaced by the well-composed and yet riotous canvas, uncertainty of touch by the master's assurance. Narrative now rests on a foundation of full understanding: much of what is said on the character and ambitions of the gentry—all by the way, but memorably—reminds one that Sir Winston's ancestors were part of that order. The effect is made not by flamboyance or the painting of set scenes, but by the true historical virtues of full knowledge, sober relation, and certain judgement.

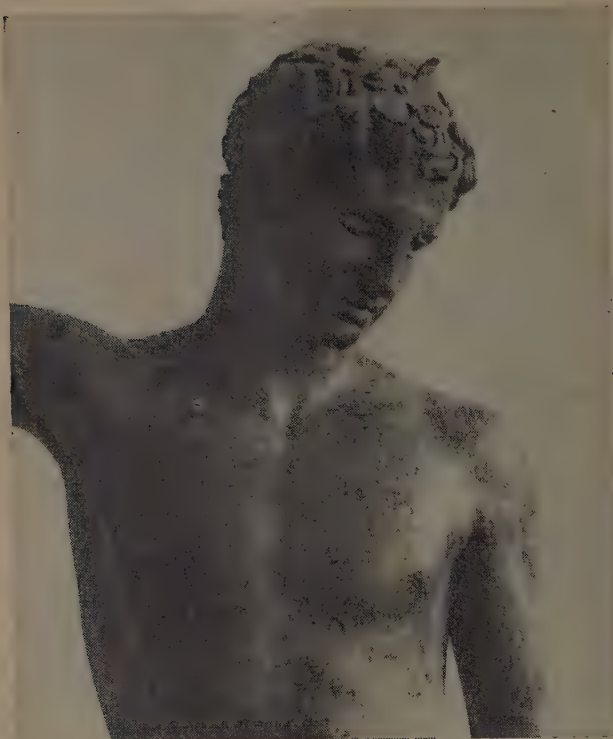
These differences between the book's two parts are most revealing. It is true that nearly everything was apparently written more than eighteen years ago, before the war, and Sir Winston may well feel differently about some points today. But he has chosen to let his judgements stand, and for a good reason: he never was that 'new Elizabethan', the buccaneer and roysterer delighting in the company of dubious if vigorous characters, whom some have thought him throughout his career, but rather the parliamentary statesman deeply devoted to the scene of his life's labours in the House of Commons. The men he thinks did well are not the men of action like Oliver, but the parliamentarians of genius like Pym. Constitutionalism, and especially the ascendancy of Parliament, command his allegiance; and he therefore finds more to attract him in the political upheavals of the seventeenth century than in the relative order established (as he mistakenly thinks) by despotic means in the sixteenth. Over the whole volume broods a full awareness of what dictatorship means. Yet with the twentieth century so clearly in his mind, Sir Winston has nevertheless deeply comprehended the seventeenth and written truly historical history.

No book covering such a stretch of time could be entirely free from erroneous or doubtful statements, and there are a few of little significance here. The structure of the story has not been affected by post-war research, but some points have been neatly inserted here and there to keep the record straight. One major criticism might be offered: Sir Winston seems to have missed the chance of giving reality to a truly important strand in the story which, as his title shows, he knew to be there. The new world—could he not have written his book around the expansion of England? Even if that be thought extravagant, it is a pity that except for one excellent chapter on the founding of colonies and a few scattered remarks he should have neglected that theme. This is really still a history of England, not of the English-speaking peoples—where is Scotland?—though the next volume may alter that. Some regret remains that a man of such unusual equipment, allying a powerful historical imagination to a quite unconventional arrival among the historians' ranks, should not have broken the mould and recast the story upon a less insular scale.

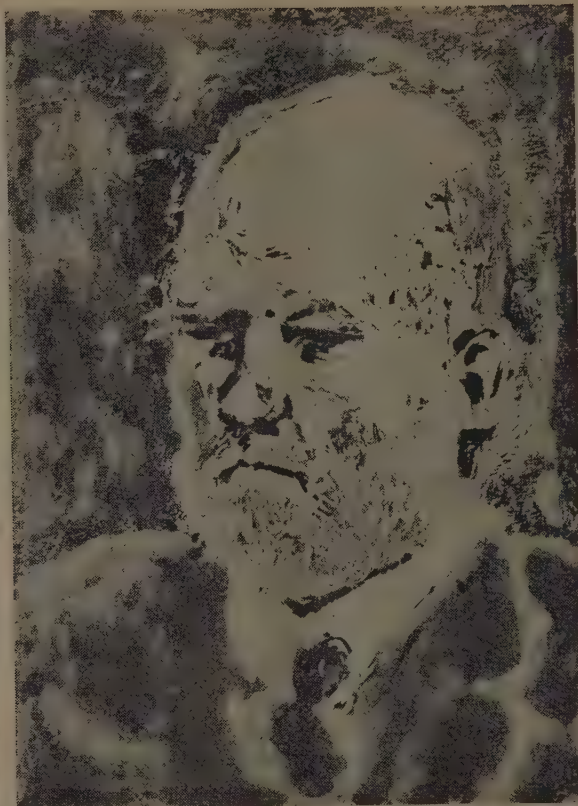
But it is surely enough to have this sweeping narrative of Sir Winston's great century put before us with quite a few of those Churchillisms that make one so insistently ask for more. 'The people looked in anger upon the new nobility, fat with sacrilegious spoil but greedy still'. '... complete religious toleration. This noble cause was sustained by the distilling and sale of spirits, on which the colony thrived'. 'There is no surer way of rousing popular excitement than the holding of General Elections in quick succession' (how many historians would have inverted cause and effect?). 'Both sides confidently appealed to Jehovah; and the Most High, finding so little to choose between them in faith and zeal, must have allowed purely military factors to prevail'. These are not the *obiter dicta* of the professional writer, but the distillations of the enquiring and noble mind at work upon a particular problem. They remind us that Sir Winston, whom we have here had the effrontery to treat as just another historian, is after all also a very great man.

G. R. ELTON

PICTURES FROM FOUR ART BOOKS



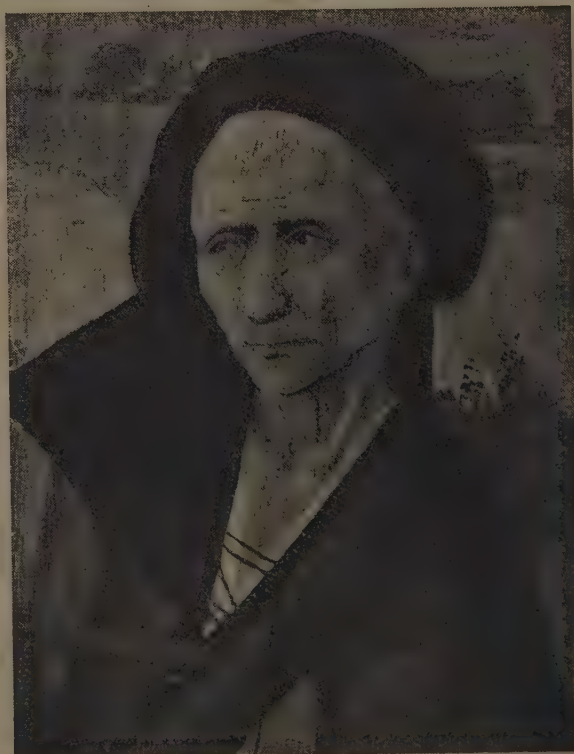
Above: 'Head of Bronze Statue of a Youth, found in the sea off Marathon', from *Greek Sculpture*, by R. Lullies and M. Hirmer



Right: 'Portrait of Volland' (1937), from *Picasso's Vollard Suite* (both Thames and Hudson, £3 3s. 0d. and £2 10s. 0d. respectively)



'Tête de Femme' (1929), by Braque, from *G. Braque*, by Maurice Gieure (Zwemmer, £5 10s. 0d.)



'The Prodigal Son': detail from the 'Hay Wagon' triptych by Hieronymus Bosch (Prado, Madrid), from *From Leonardo to El Greco*, by Lionello Venturi (Zwemmer, for Skira, £9 9s. 0d.)

THE OXFORD Nursery Rhyme Book

Assembled by IONA and PETER OPIE

'This is the sort of book that easily becomes part of life itself, to be recalled when the history books of our time lie dusty and forgotten.' COUNTRY LIFE
Over 600 illustrations 21s. net

Three Medium Volumes in the
WORLD'S CLASSICS

Selected Letters of Sydney Smith

Edited by NOWELL C. SMITH

'... a book that deserves to be in every library and on the table beside every bed. It is full of shrewd observations and memorable phrases, and contains, incidentally, some prophetic glimpses of the future.' PETER QUENNELL in THE SPECTATOR 6s. net

Modern English Short Stories

SECOND SERIES Selected
with an Introduction by DEREK HUDSON

These nineteen short stories show that the art still flourishes in England and that some of the most vivid and sensitive contemporary writing has been in this form. Mr Hudson takes 1930 as an approximate starting-point. 6s. net

Welsh Short Stories

Selected with an Introduction by
GWYN JONES

'Here, at less than threepence a tale, are 26 of the choicest stories that have come out of Wales since the Welsh took over from the Irish the writing of English literature.' WESTERN MAIL 6s. net

Around the World in Wanderer III

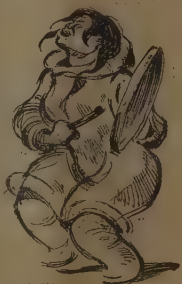
ERIC C. HISCOCK

Eric Hiscock and his wife sailed round the world, with no crew to help them, in an 8-ton sloop—the smallest vessel to have achieved this feat. Here is the exciting story of their 33,000-mile, three-year voyage in *Wanderer III*. Illustrated 25s. net

Ayorama

RAYMOND DE COCCOLA & PAUL KING

As an Oblate missionary among the Eskimos of the Canadian Arctic, 'Father de Coccola came to know them far better than most who have come in contact with them. He shared their life, travelled and hunted with them, with the result that what he has now written of those twelve years makes a record of Eskimo life unequalled, so far as one can recall, by any previous writer.' BIRMINGHAM POST
Illustrated 32s. net



One of Lynton Lamb's illustrations from
GILBERT WHITE IN HIS VILLAGE
by Cecil S. Emden 15s. net

Rebuilding St. Paul's

AFTER THE GREAT FIRE
OF LONDON

JANE LANG

'The dome of St. Paul's and its attendant bell-towers are so wonderful a feature of the London skyline, the idea of them, dominant on their hill over a forest of lesser towers and steeples, so happy a product of the amiable genius of Wren, that their story needed telling in human and non-technical terms. Jane Lang... has done this once and for all. Her book will long be read and I do not see how anyone reading it can fail to be moved and thrilled.' JOHN BETJEMAN in the DAILY TELEGRAPH
Illustrated 42s. net

Gardener to Queen Anne

HENRY WISE AND THE FORMAL GARDEN

DAVID GREEN

'... Gardener to Queen Anne has just the right amount of personal history and descriptions of contemporary houses, people, tastes and customs.' THE SPECTATOR. 'With many fine illustrations, this is a book for the student and for every gardener interested in the history of gardens and gardening in England.' COUNTRYMAN
Illustrated 70s. net

THE LIFE OF Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

ROBERT HALSBAND

'This life of one of the first and most eminent of our intellectual women bristles with incident and interest. Lady Mary was an aristocrat of strong character, great mental gifts, and a marked contempt for reputation in the conventional sense of the word... Mr. Halsband's is the first adequate life...' THE TIMES
Illustrated 30s. net

THE DIARIES OF John Ruskin

1835-1887

Volume I: 1835-1847

Selected and edited by

JOAN EVANS and the late J. H. WHITEHOUSE

'... an important literary event—particularly important since they [the diaries] illustrate his progress at a stage when the pleasure of seeing, learning and communicating still exceeded the satisfaction of drawing moral inferences... Many of the passages published here deserve a place in any future anthology of English nineteenth-century prose writing.' PETER QUENNELL in THE SPECTATOR
Illustrated 70s. net

Shelley at Work

A CRITICAL INQUIRY

NEVILLE ROGERS

'... Mr. Rogers feels his way, by an uncannily perceptive scrutiny of documents, into the genesis and development of the poet's ideas. The basis of this work is sheer detection, on an exalted level, conducted by a master sleuth... this magnetic and important critical work.' THE TIMES
Illustrated 35s. net

Oxford Junior Encyclopaedia

This family encyclopaedia for all ages is now complete. Volumes I-XII, 35s. net each; Index and Ready-Reference Volume, 30s. net. Set price for the 13 volumes, £21 net, or with an attractive bookshelf, £22. 10s. net.

Once in Royal David's City

KATHLEEN LINES and
HAROLD JONES

The compiler and illustrator of the memorable book of nursery rhymes *Lavender's Blue* have now produced a lovely picture book of the Nativity, with full-page illustrations accompanied by a brief Biblical text. The ideal Christmas present for a small child. 10s. 6d. net

OXFORD

UNIVERSITY PRESS

an outstanding travel book

TUPARI

by FRANZ CASPAR

The Tupari are a remote Stone-Age people in the heart of 'the Colonel Fawcett country'. This book—a most fascinating close-up of primitive people—is the story of the author's life alone with them as an accepted member of the tribe. The general reader will find it fascinating, enthralling—and touching, for the Tupari were doomed. *Illustrated. 18s. 6d. net*



AN APPROACH TO MODERN PHYSICS

by E. N. da C. ANDRADE, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.S.

GLASGOW HERALD: 'a well-lighted pathway to some of the most fascinating regions of contemporary knowledge'. *Illustrated. 25s. net*

THE ELEMENTS OF CHESS

by J. du MONT

A new edition of one of the best introductions to the game, going well beyond the bare elements. *15s. net*

ROMAN SPAIN

by F. J. WISEMAN

The only book in English on the splendid monuments and history of the Romans in Spain. *Illustrated. 18s. 6d. net*

EVERYBODY'S BOSWELL

A new edition of this famous abridgement of Boswell's life of Johnson and of 'The Tour to the Hebrides'. 50 full-page illustrations by E. H. Shepard. *18s. 6d. net*



★ FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ★ SIGNPOSTS TO THE WILD

written and illustrated by E. D. TINNE

True animal-watching adventures in Britain with many how-to-do-it tips. 50 fine drawings.

'charming'—TIMES LIT. SUPP. *11s. 6d. net* [Age 11 up]

The Chemicals of Life

by ISAAC ASIMOV

For scientifically minded teenagers. The first popular-science book on biochemistry. 'excellent'—TIMES LIT. SUPP. *12s. 6d. net*

the original and genuine

MERRIAM-WEBSTER dictionaries

WEBSTER'S

New International DICTIONARY

It is claimed that the great *New International* is the most generally useful English dictionary. It has the largest vocabulary of any dictionary of the English language: 600,000 entries, of which thousands are encyclopaedic in the extent of the information they give. 3,350 pages. Biographical Dictionary and Gazetteer. Thousands of illustrations. Two volumes each 10 by 12½ by 2½ inches or in one volume. *£14 14s. net*

WEBSTER'S

New Collegiate DICTIONARY

A dictionary of very convenient size, easy to handle but adequate in scope. Over 125,000 entries. The definitions are those of the *New International* modified to obtain greater brevity though still remarkably informative. 1,230 pages. 2,300 illustrations. *50s. net*

WEBSTER'S

Dictionary of SYNONYMS

It would be difficult to imagine a more complete or efficient guide to the precisely suitable word for a given purpose. The dictionary does much more than provide mere lists of synonyms. It gives full explanations of the exact distinctions between them, illustrated by quotations from standard authors. 944 pages, 7 by 9½ by 1½ inches. Thumb index. *57s. 6d. net*

G. BELL AND SONS, LTD., LONDON

CHRISTMAS, 1956

There is no doubt that
the first two volumes of
Sir Winston Churchill's
*A History of the
English-Speaking Peoples*
will be the finest of all
Christmas presents in the
world of books

Volume I: THE BIRTH OF BRITAIN

Volume II: THE NEW WORLD

Now on sale, each 30/- net

F. M. Sir William Slim DEFEAT INTO VICTORY

The story of the Burma War. "Must surely remain one of the most enduring books of military history."—*The Times*. 576 pp., 20 maps. *25/- net*

The Gilbert and Sullivan Book

LESLIE BAILY

A revised edition of the most magnificent book ever produced on Gilbert and Sullivan has just been published. There is a completely new chapter discussing the future of D'Oyley Carte operas on the expiration of copyright, and many new illustrations. 458 pp., Cr. 4to., 10 col. plates, over 400 illustrations. *50/- net*

The Spanish Riding School

MATHILDE WINDISCH-GRAETZ

An unsurpassed collection of photographs of the world-famous Lipizzaner horses, with an introduction by Princess Windisch-Graetz. One of the loveliest books published this Christmas. 128 pp., 10" x 7½", 4 col. plates and 112 photographs. *42/- net*

CASSELL

Lest We Forget

The Vanishing Hero. Studies in Novelists of the Twenties.

By Seán O'Faoláin. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.

ODYSSEUS OF MANY WILES, it will be remembered, having for ten years undergone privation and violence, excess and seduction, the spite of gods and the stupidity of men, eventually returned to his own dear land and his faithful wife. This makes him a prototype of what, according to Seán O'Faoláin, every hero of the English novel used to be. More or less virtuous himself, full of entertaining weaknesses but fundamentally 'on the side of the kirk, the church and the headmaster', the hero of the English novel went banging round the bars, battlefields, and bedrooms of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, only to wind up, four-square and godly, in the arms of Sophia Western or Mary Graham. But what, insists Mr. O'Faoláin, do we find in the novelists of the twenties? We find heroes who, *qua* heroes at any rate, are unrecognisable—young men who 'wanted to live with Negresses, or develop tender homosexual attachments, or conduct tense *ménages à trois*, or drink too much . . .'. What is worse, they don't even do this out of viciousness, for if they did an appropriate formula could easily be found. They do it 'to make some gestures of defiance at the hypocrisies that had given them a world unfit to live in'. So far, in fact, from being fundamentally virtuous, they are so mixed-up it is difficult to see that they are fundamentally anything. They protest, they vacillate, they then turn merely passive: in fiction at least they are punished or rewarded gratuitously and without any regard for their admittedly rather dubious merits: some of them, notably the heroes of Hemingway, have no origins or destinations, but simply, with brevity and violence, exist: and still others, such as those of Huxley, do not even, except as mouthpieces, do that.

Now *The Vanishing Hero* is an expansion of a series of lectures given as part of the Christian Gauss Seminars in Criticism. The novelists under discussion, with the exception of James Joyce, all started work in the twenties; and Mr. O'Faoláin's connecting link and proposed theme, indicated above, is 'the virtual disappearance of that focal character of the classical novel, the conceptual Hero'; a hero, that is to say, who obeys and profits by the good-form dictates of public morality. These make a generous allowance for wild oats but equally insist, in the long run, on a respectable purpose unequivocally fulfilled. Hence, of course, the break with tradition. If Gumbriel, to take just one example, had confined himself to making money out of his Patent Small-Clothes, he might conceivably have passed into the canon. Even his association with Mrs. Viveash could have been pardoned. But his frivolity was fatal. Classical heroes may be naïve but they are never frivolous for long, and Gumbriel's total lack of remorse puts him forever beyond the pale.

So far, so good. It is an amusing and even significant notion, and in Mr. Faoláin's introductory chapter it is put across with clarity and wit. So also is a partial explanation which attributes the decline of the Hero to Bloomsbury influence. (If one's chief good is to be found in 'states of mind', then of course Tom Jones or David Copperfield are crude and irrelevant figures.) But when Mr. O'Faoláin goes into the matter in detail, which he does in six longish chapters covering in all eight novelists, then I am afraid the whole affair becomes tedious. Roughly, what happens is this: in any one chapter Mr. O'Faoláin gives us a stiff and not very original dissertation on the aims, excellences, methods, and philosophies of the novelist in question, and then observes how out of place a classical hero would be in all this. We entirely concur. We do not see Emma *chez* Mrs. Aldwinkle or Johnny Eames at Crome. But however varied the reasons for this, let them be social, moral, or literary, they are all really very simple and can be largely taken as read. Mr. O'Faoláin, however, is quite ruthless in the matter. He enumerates, he enunciates, and he complicates. He is repetitious, he is tendentious—he is dull.

But with all this there are occasional, and indeed far more than occasional, felicities which make up for a very great deal. It is always something to hear, in the same person, a Catholic on Greene, an Irishman on Elizabeth Bowen, and an obviously vigorous and adventurous man on Hemingway. Myself, I never want to hear the word Faulkner again as long as I live, but there are some spicy comments on Waugh the Convert and Huxley the Mystagogue, and the equation of Virginia Woolf with Narcissa should give a lot of happiness this Christmas.

What it comes to, in fact, is that Mr. O'Faoláin has written a witty and general little essay on the Passing of the Hero from Modern Fiction, accompanied by some rambling but often enlivening pieces on certain modern novelists, in which, unfortunately, he keeps harking back to explain how dead the Classical Hero is. I regret the Classical Hero myself, and could do with less nagging about his demise. But I quite see he would be no match for Mr. Cardan.

SIMON RAVEN

The Unlucky Poet

The Prose of Rupert Brooke. Edited with an Introduction by Christopher Hassall. Sidgwick and Jackson. 15s.

WAR, AND CONSUMPTION, make havoc of the generations. It is difficult not to think of Brooke as, in a confusing way, both earlier and later than he is. Because he died so long ago, it is with an effort that one reminds oneself that Brooke alive would be one year older than Mr. Eliot, two years younger than Mr. Pound. Because he died so young, one is surprised to find him reviewing Mr. Pound's *Personae* or discussing the pictures of Van Gogh and Matisse. And yet in another sense, because of his traditional 'three C's' upbringing ('Classics, Cricket—and, of course, Christianity'), rather than because of his early death, he is infinitely removed from us, a late-Victorian product instead of a creature of the contemporary world.

If Brooke died in an unlucky hour, it must also be said that he was born in one. Abundantly intelligent and inquiring by nature, he lacked all directional guidance. He made a false start in the Dowson manner; looked around, at his contemporaries and found them wanting; dived back into the past and came up with Donne and Webster—a couple of 'ancestors' that signally illustrate his natural good taste and judgement; and eventually put his hearty shoulder to the 'Georgian' wheel, a movement that, while valid and logical enough in a purely insular connection, bore about as much relevance to the reality of the contemporary European cultural situation as the pre-Raphaelite movement had done before it—a movement to which, incidentally, it has many other points of resemblance. The only body of recent English poetry that might have rescued him, the verse of Gerard Manley Hopkins, lay locked up in the laureate's study.

Thus we are not surprised to find him both patronising and impercipient over Ezra Pound:

He has fallen, it appears, under the dangerous influence of Whitman, and writes many poems in unmetrical sprawling lengths that, in his hands, have nothing to commend them. . . . He rather wantonly adopts them, no doubt, in youthful protest against the flood of metrical minor verse of today. A little quiet reasoning is all he needs. For the truth of the matter is very clear. . . .

His comments on the post-impressionist exhibition of 1912, on the other hand, still make most acceptable reading:

The great glory of this exhibition is that it gives us at length a chance of judging and appreciating Matisse. . . . There are moments in the life of most of us when some sight suddenly takes on an inexplicable and overwhelming importance—a group of objects, a figure or two, a gesture. . . . Matisse seems to move among such realities; but lightly and dispassionately. . . . His world is clean, lovely and inhuman as a douche of cold water. He paints dancing; and it is the essential rhythm of dance that, with a careless precision, he gets. God certainly does not paint like Matisse; but it is probable that the archangels do.

Brooke could 'see' Matisse, and not Pound, one feels, partly because he was not in painting foxed by preconceptions, but also because in painting he had proper guides to direct him—his personal friends Duncan Grant, Eric Gill, Stanley Spencer. And so he wrote three or four masterpieces of 'serious light verse', more in the manner (as Mr. Hassall acutely points out) of Marvell than of any other predecessor; one or two disturbing success-failures like 'A Channel Passage'—whose 'realism' nevertheless seems to hark back to the sinful 'nineties rather than forward to the world of 'Prufrock'; and went to his death off Skyros. If he had lived? He might have turned out more like Mr. Robert Graves (seven years his junior) than anyone else: but that is only private fancy.

The present volume consists of excerpts from his *Letters from*

BOOK SOCIETY CHOICE
FOR DECEMBER



MADAME Solario

AN ANONYMOUS
NOVEL

"It is a novel in the classical tradition: an enthralling story that is also a major work of art... one cannot read many pages without becoming excitedly aware that one is in the hands of a master... it is incontestable, I think, that nothing of comparable quality has appeared for many years."—GERALD BULLETT, *The Bookman*. 16s.

MY HUSBAND Cartwright

OLIVIA MANNING

A book of stories, strikingly illustrated, which have appeared in *Punch*. "Cartwright", the Eternal Husband, is a bedside "must" for all wives—and husbands. 12s. 6d.

A CENTURY OF Punch



The thousand best humorous drawings from a hundred years of *Punch*; a superbly produced and irresistible volume. 30s.

HEINEMANN

China's Courts and Concubines

BERNARD LLEWELLYN. The rich, colourful lives of fifteen men and women take us into the eunuch ridden harems of the Chinese court. 18s.

Birth of the Ballet-Russes

PRINCE PETER LIEVEN. Diaghileff, Nijinsky, Pavlova—the great figures of the early days move through this lively and charmingly illustrated history. 2nd Printing. 30s.



TOLKIEN

The Lord of the Rings

A superb story, enthralling imagination and heart-warming characters engulf the reader. A tale which all ages will enjoy and remember. *The Fellowship of the Ring*; *The Two Towers*; and *The Return of the King*. 3 volumes. 21s. each

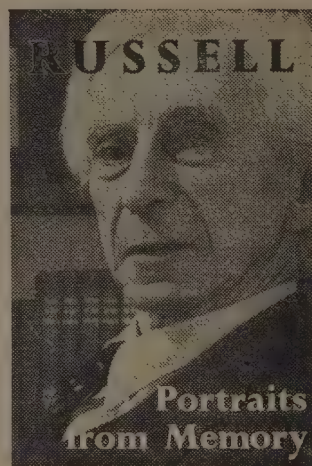


The Wisdom of Winston Churchill

A magnificent gathering of epigrams, paradoxes and opinions from our greatest statesman.

"an unusual sort of book, full of enlightenment, inspiration, and entertainment."—*The Scotsman*.

"impressive conspectus of a rich yet essentially simple mind."—*Evening Standard*. 25s.



"The nearest thing to an autobiography which we are likely to have during his lifetime."—*Listener*. 16s.

The Last Kings of Thule

JEAN MALAURIE. An intimate picture of the life, legend and beliefs of the Eskimos of Thule before they were swamped by a vast air-base. Illustrated. 21s.

The Nature of Passion

R. PRAYER JHABVALA. Subtly, with wit and charm, Mrs. Jhabvala paints the restlessness of Indian youth—their longing for western sophistication and their vague conflict with the older tradition. 13s. 6d.

Love in the South Seas

BENGT DANIELSSON. An entertaining and carefully accurate account of the free and light-hearted love life of the Polynesians on Kon-Tiki Island.

2nd Printing. Illustrated. 16s.

ALLEN & UNWIN BOOKS

can be bought at all bookshops

Society and Knowledge

V. GORDON CHILDE traces the growth of intellectual traditions and predicts the traditions of tomorrow. —*World Perspective Series*. 12s. 6d.

Nationalism and Liberty

Professor HANS KOHN. A fine effort to describe and explain the democratic development of Switzerland. 13s. 6d.

MACMILLAN

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

The Last Resort

"A remarkable novel without a superfluous word, hard-headed yet moving and inventive to the end."—V. S. PRITCHETT, *Bookman*. 15s

PAUL HORGAN

The Saintmaker's Christmas Eve

The author of *Humble Powers* tells with warmth and understanding the story of a double miracle in New Mexico at the beginning of the 19th century. Illustrated. 10s. 6d.

IVAN BAHRIANY

The Hunters and the Hunted

Set in the Siberian forests this is the love story of a young Russian engineer, hunted by the OGPU, and the daughter of a family of tiger hunters. 15s.

WINTER'S TALES

2

"An excellent collection... No complaints here about slightness of material: substance and variety in plenty."—*Evening Standard*. Illustrated 16s.

R. F. HARROD

Foundations of Inductive Logic

Mrs. Harrod demonstrates the validity of inductive inferences—arguments based on experiences—with the full cogency and rigour to be found in deductive logic, yet without depending on any *a priori* first principles of suppositions about nature. 24s.

A. J. AYER

The Problem of Knowledge

"Has all the virtues of its famous predecessors: clarity, concision, intellectual rigour and elegance."—*Sunday Times*. 18s.

ALLEN & UNWIN : MUSEUM ST., LONDON

America and *John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama*, together with previously unprinted material. Judgement on this production must be mixed. Mr. Hassall's long introduction is excellent and does both economically and elegantly all that it should do. On the other hand, the method of excerpting could not be more deleterious: instead of selecting whole sections complete, the editor has picked paragraphs here and there and run them together without even the customary dots of omission. This must always destroy the flow and balance. At times the effect is more sinister. For instance, in the original *Letters from America* Brooke writes: *i*, a paragraph on the theatrical splendours of American fire-engines; *ii*, a paragraph on the automatism of commercial travellers in an hotel lobby; *iii*, a paragraph beginning 'It all confirms the impression that grows on the visitor to America that Business has developed insensibly into a Religion'. The effect on logical continuity of silently dropping the entire second paragraph can be imagined. And for the reader who has not the original editions to refer to, the only clue that all this is going on is the single word 'excerpts' in an already misleading footnote.

The word 'selected' appears neither on the cover nor on the title-page. And when we read in the blurb that 'The entertaining and instructive pages of this selection omit nothing of his work in prose which would repay study', the kindest word that springs to mind (and even this is a curious one to use in connection with so old and respectable a firm as Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson) is 'impudence'. Rupert Brooke himself would no doubt have had no hesitation in using a harsher one.

HILARY CORKE

She Chose Freedom

The Victorian Heroine: A Changing Ideal 1837-73

By Patricia Thomson. Oxford. 18s.

SOCIAL HISTORIANS have never made full use of the wealth of information about the nineteenth century lying entombed in the forgotten minor fiction of the Victorian period. Dr. Thomson, in her study of the changing position of women as mirrored by contemporary novelists, does not neglect the giants, but her book's chief merit lies in its range, which takes in not only such authors as Dickens, Trollope, and George Eliot, but the lesser and today unread writers like Lady Blessington, Mrs. Craik, Charlotte Yonge, Rhoda Broughton, and even Rosina Bulwer Lytton.

Her survey begins at the accession of Queen Victoria and ends with the death of John Stuart Mill in 1873. In 1837 the doctrine of what G. M. Young has called 'The Two Spheres' was firmly established. Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Women* (1792) had proved a damp squib, and the rising tide of evangelicalism had ensured that women kept in their proper place, the home. Business, politics, the professions were the preserve of men: women were better employed as guardians of the family, protecting society from engulfment by the moral anarchy of the expanded urban underworld. Even the existence of a Queen regnant, on any logical ground the doctrine's embodied refutation, served ultimately to strengthen its hold. Queen Victoria frankly admitted that she was an anomaly, opposed unrelentingly what she castigated as the 'mad, wicked, folly' of women's rights, and scouting Georgian licence transformed the court into a haven of the strictest domesticity.

Married women could occupy themselves with their husbands and families, but what of the old maid? She had only two alternatives, to bury herself in works of charity or to become a governess. The typical philanthropic heroine of the 'thirties was the comfort-carrying lady visitor, threading her way through dismal slums with an incongruous load of packets of tea, pictures, flowers and pet canaries, an archetypal Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Within a decade heroines who organised their philanthropy on strictly rational grounds had all but displaced her. Lady Everingham in *Coningsby* (1844) or Honoria in *Yeast*, were the fictional equivalents of Octavia Hill and Harriet Martineau, with their housing schemes, discussion groups, and detailed knowledge of social science. Governesses underwent a similar transformation. The half-starved, downtrodden drudge Clara Mordaunt of Lady Blessington's *The Governess* (1839), has little in common with the spirited, passionate Jane Eyre or the wilful, ambitious Becky Sharp.

Eighteen-forty-seven was an *annus mirabilis* for the governess: *Jane Eyre* was her Magna Carta; henceforth she was a woman first, a dependant second. Good reason lay behind Lady Eastlake's ferocious attack in *The Quarterly*: governesses were displaying emotions and passions hitherto reserved for their employers. By the 'sixties Wilkie Collins was even offering Miss Gwilt of *Armada* cold roast chicken. Lady Eastlake's fears had been fulfilled.

An essential corollary of the 'Two Spheres' doctrine had been a dual standard of morality: women were obliged to be pure, but men could scatter wild oats with impunity. The unmarried mother had formerly been content to lurk in the background of novels; Mrs. Gaskell made a heroine of her in *Ruth* (1853), and was deluged with anguished abuse. In *Oliver Twist* (1837) Dickens had shrouded Nancy's vocation in becoming ambiguity, but Mrs. Gaskell made no bones about Esther's prostitution in *Mary Barton* (1848), and even presented her in a sympathetic light. The irrepressible Charles Reade went even further, allowing Mrs. Archbold in *Hard Cash* (1863) a liberal crop of wild oats, and Wilkie Collins finally swept away the iron curtain in 1873 with a prostitute as heroine of *The New Magdalen*.

Dr. Thomson's scholarly and charmingly written work has only one flaw: her assumption that the Victorian novel played an essentially passive role, content meekly to reflect and chronicle revolutionary social change. Authors, however, with the notable exception of Dickens, were more often leading than following their readers, opening their minds to new ideas, and extending sensibility into what had once been forbidden territory. The continuous outcry against 'immoral' poetry and novels is proof enough of this. These protests were barren of effect. Readers might be shocked, critics give vent to fine invective: no reader of *Ruth* could ever regard the unmarried mother in quite the same light again.

We leave the Victorian heroine in 1873 when she and the women she represented still had a long, hard road to travel. Ahead lay the seductive violence of Mrs. Pankhurst and her infatuates, and the final apotheosis of the achievement of women's rights. Have the women who denounced the King as 'Tsar' and 'Torturer', who whipped Cabinet Ministers in the streets, destroyed the Rokeby Venus, and blew up Lloyd George's house with a bomb, no counterparts in fiction? Perhaps Dr. Thomson will perform a further valuable service and let us know in a sequel to her excellent book.

NORMAN ST. JOHN-STEVAS

Out of the Darkness

Night Thoughts. By David Gascoyne.

André Deutsch. 10s. 6d.

THIS MOST MOVING and impressive piece of imaginative literature was commissioned by the B.B.C. and broadcast in the Third Programme. It comes to us now, handsomely printed but shorn of its voices and music: yet, much though these may have added to the presentation (I hope the production may soon be repeated for those who, like myself, are unfortunate enough to have missed it hitherto), it is hard to imagine that the script itself loses anything of its intention, originality, and power by being read instead of heard. As poetry, it has its own rhythm and music; it is also deeply mature moral writing which proclaims its sureness in the grave, compelling opening lines from which the whole poem steadily expands:

Let those who hear this voice become aware

The sun has set. O night-time listeners,

You sit in lighted rooms marooned by darkness . . .

The theme is the appalling isolation of modern urban man's existence: to the Hölderlin quotation at the beginning one might perhaps add a reference to the third section of 'East Coker' ('I said to my soul, be still, and let the dark come upon you/Which shall be the darkness of God') with its famous terror-simile of the underground train. There are three sections: in the first, we are slowly presented with night as a hypnotic focus, a symbol of the fear of loneliness, 'the cry of mortal anguish from the soul's dark night', of the terror of existence which day conceals. Agonisingly appropriate at this time in history are the lines, addressed to a 'foreigner I'm thinking of, woman unknown to me/Lying awake somewhere in Europe', in which the poet directs

all the power of his will across the silence that separates us from one another:

What can be done

For anyone, what can we do alone, alas, how can
The lonely people without power, who hardly know
How best to help neighbours they know, help those
Who surely would be neighbours like themselves, if they but knew
How to break through the silence and the noise and the great night
Of all that is unknown to us, that weighs down in between
One lonely human being and another?

The second section depicts, in rhythms of a deliberately slick *Third Man* catchiness, the bogus, shifting mass-existence of city life, using imagery and techniques of the rush hour, underground advertisements and 'outside broadcasts', transmuted into a sort of off-beat crescendo of nightmare:

As you move at a pace that gets constantly faster, your eyes
Are increasingly caught and held fast at each step by one after
Another phrase, slogan and image set up to solicit as much
Of the crowd-individual's attention as each in his hurry can spare.

The epilogue is as remarkable and unexpected as the end of Vaughan

Williams' Sixth Symphony. In the simplest, most nakedly moving *prose*, we are brought into the only real private world, away from the crazy city, the world of nature, life-in-death instead of death-in-life, where the separating silence can be faced openly, endured, accepted, and remade into understanding of the human predicament and consequent peace. 'Silence had delivered its essential message to him and he had responded'. Here the problem is seen for the first time as something lying beyond the distortions of language. The inarticulate cry *de profundis*, the infant crying in the night and with no language but a cry, finds its answer in an awareness of human brotherhood . . . 'and all those who are isolated in their solitude are really alone only because they do not actually realise the presence of other beings like themselves in the world'. On this note of tranquillity and strength (which Mr. and Mrs. Everyman in 'F6' sought in the exemplary lives of others but which are here shown to be possibilities within ourselves and only there) the poem ends. In the universal philosophy of silence and night all solitudes meet: 'we are closer to one another than we realise'. With these words *Night Thoughts* takes its place in twentieth-century poetry.

K. W. GRANSDEN

The World's First Photographs

L. J. M. Daguerre: The History of the Diorama and the Daguerreotype. By Helmut and Alison Gernsheim. Secker and Warburg, 45s.

THE WORLD'S FIRST PHOTOGRAPH was taken in the spring or summer of 1826 from an attic window in a country house near Châlon-sur-Saône. It is reproduced in this book. The exposure lasted about eight hours, and the morning and afternoon sunshine combined to illuminate parts of the house, its outbuildings, and a tree. Smudgy and blurred, this photograph seems intensely dramatic. In 1953 the President of the Royal Society spoke of photography as 'the greatest discovery since that of the printing press'. It was not a very fresh observation; this reviewer had said in these columns two years earlier that the invention had been 'as revolutionary as that of printing'. It had not occurred to him that this was anything but a self-evident truth, but it occurs to him now to enquire when, and by whom, it was first expressed.

The discoverer was a French gentleman, Nicéphore Niépce (1765-1833). The inventor of the first practicable process of photography eleven years later was Louis Daguerre (1787-1851). The man who invents is not always the man who knows best how to develop and exploit an invention. It is one of the virtues of Mr. and Mrs. Gernsheim's book, to which has been brought much care and scholarship and a perhaps unrivalled expertise in photographic history, that technical detail, necessarily copious, has not been allowed to obscure the human aspect of their subject. The co-operation of Niépce and Daguerre was in fact between two men both obsessed by the hope of fixing the images of the camera. 'He is always at the thought, he cannot sleep at night for it', complained Madame Daguerre (who was of English parentage) in 1827; 'I am afraid he is out of his mind'. Niépce, a gentleman, highly educated, polite, modest, retiring, incapable of self-advertisement, showed himself capable, in the face of difficulties and disappointments, of devoted persistence. Daguerre was a lively, bouncing, quick-witted and impulsive showman, plebeian, uneducated, hungry for applause and worldly success. Of great energy and ability and ingenuity, he was by far the more remarkable man of the two.

Daguerre was a successful self-made man long before he came anywhere near giving his name to the daguerreotype. As a young man he had won great admiration as a designer of stage spectacles:

his Palace of Light, with a moving sun blazing on columns overlaid with spangles, in Nicolo's opera 'Aladin' is said to have been remembered for decades as 'the acme of luxury and splendour'. From such triumphs he went on, in partnership with the painter Charles Bouton, to develop a new kind of entertainment, the Diorama, 'an exhibition of enormous transparent paintings under changing lighting effects', the successor of Louthborough's Eidophysikon and forerunner of the cinema. First in Paris and then in London, at Regent's Park, it became immensely popular, astonished thousands by its verisimilitude and atmospheric effects, its exotic and romantic scenes, excited many imitations—among them the Cosmorama, the Europorama, the Hydiorama, and the Uranorama—and lingered on until the beginning of the eighteen-fifties.

Of all this Mr. and Mrs. Gernsheim give an excellent and detailed account, but although it is easy to understand what would nowadays be called the 'breath-taking' effect of the Diorama (as if a fine or surprising sight must necessarily induce asthma), it is in their full and weighty examination of the coming of the daguerreotype that the new, scientific world relying on the lens can be seen displacing the old fanciful, romantic world. The reproductions are admirably chosen. They include such things as the only photograph ever taken of the Duke of Wellington (1844), a photograph of Edgar Allan Poe taken a few months before his death, and some urban landscapes in Europe and America that seem fixed in a crystal of unimaginable peace. The literary illustrations are also well chosen—some brisk reporting by 'Cuthbert Bede' and a letter written by Elizabeth Barrett to Miss Milford in 1843. In her enthusiasm for the daguerreotype she went so far as to say that she would rather have 'such a memorial of one I dearly loved, than the noblest artist's work ever produced. I do not say so in respect (or disrespect) to Art, but for Love's sake'. With flourishes like that, prophetic almost, photography began to expand and to influence the human mind.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Daguerreotype (c. 1842) by Daguerre of an unknown artist, possibly Charles Arronsmith
From 'L. J. M. Daguerre'

Introduced by C. H. Gibbs-Smith, *Balloons* (Ariel Press, 25s. limp, 35s. linen bound) contains twelve balloon prints from 1783 to about 1820.

NEW TITLES FROM

CHATTO & WINDUS

Margaret Wheeler

Walls of Jericho

'Combines a clear and simply written historical account with light-hearted descriptions of a major archaeological expedition at work, illustrated by amusing sketches [by the author] and many splendid photographs'

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

Illustrated 21s

Maurice Zinkin

Development for Free Asia

A lively discussion of the problems before the new generation in Asia, by the author of *Asia and the West*. 21s

George de F. Lord

Homeric Renaissance

An examination of George Chapman's claim that in his famous translation he had a vision of the *Odyssey's* true meaning.

'I congratulate you on having produced a very important book' Professor Allardyce Nicoll in a letter to the author. 18s

Leslie Stephen

Men, Books and Mountains

Widely ranging essays never previously published in book form, by this distinguished man of letters.

'Such humility, such candour and such wit . . . his touch is admirably light' DAILY TELEGRAPH

'A delight not merely for what Stephen has to say but also for the way he says it' THE TIMES

Edited by Dr. S. O. A. Ullmann

21s

HOGARTH PRESS



The Fabulous Originals

Illustrated. 21s. net

IRVING WALLACE '... has written brief biographies of some of the real characters who have been immortalised in fiction . . . entertaining; his style is crisp and his subjects well chosen'.—CYRIL CONNOLLY

Critical Approaches to Literature

DAVID DAICHES

Dr. Daiches has written a clear and well-documented study of the whole field of literary criticism. Two main sections consider respectively the philosophical foundation for criticism, and practical criticism. A consideration of the relationship between criticism and the other spheres of learning, and an epilogue in which the author makes a valuable statement about the aims, value and responsibility of the art complete the study. John Holloway has written of David Daiches: '(he) is among our major unexpended reserves as a critic and scholar'.

'... I can think of no professional critic who would not benefit from studying this book'.—Daily Telegraph. 25s. net

English People in the Eighteenth Century

DOROTHY MARSHALL

This is a book about the social structure of England just before and just after the first wave of mechanical invention, which in the next hundred years was to transform Great Britain into an industrial nation. 'I recommend it both to the general reader, if he has a taste for the period, and to students in schools and universities'.—RAYMOND MORTIMER. Illustrated. 30s. net

Simpson's History of Architectural Development

VOLUME ONE

Ancient and Classical Architecture

HUGH PLOMMER

'This is the first volume of five, which will complete the new edition of SIMPSON. It is the chief aim of this book to direct the beginner to some of the evidence of the more notable masterpieces of Ancient taste. The author has divided his revision into three parts, and has covered all the ground treated by Simpson, with some additional material. 35s. net

Bellows' New German Dictionary

THIRD EDITION

'By the inclusion of numerous idioms and phrases the dictionary is also to be commended for what it does in extending the user's facility in comprehension and expression.

'The main work is usefully supplemented by a brief section outlining the main rules in German grammar with the several declensions, conjugations, auxiliaries, etc. In all there are about 700 pages in a compact crown octavo volume'.—Investor's Chronicle. 15s. net

★ ★ ★ LONGMANS ★ ★ ★

FROM THE VALLEY I CAME

by WIL JON EDWARDS

The Rt. Hon. Earl Attlee,
K.G., O.M. says of this book:

"Mr. Edwards has gone far to do for South Wales what Lord Lawson in *A Man's Life* did for Durham, and that is high praise."
"deserves to be widely read."—
Jack Jones in the *Western Mail*,
"a memorable contribution to the literature of the coalfields."—
Eastern Dly. Press, 16s.

NO MOON TONIGHT

by D. E. CHARLWOOD

"excellent"—*Times Literary Supplement*. "beautifully simple, sincere and moving"—*Nottingham Guardian*. "vivid, fine thoughtful work"—*Spectator*. "one of the better books to come out of the war."—*Truth*, 12s. 6d.

A TRAIN TO CATCH

by

ANTHONY RUSHWORTH

"Mr. Rushworth's vigour and promise are clear as the day"—
Spectator, 12s. 6d.

ANGUS & ROBERTSON

Letters of Edward Elgar

edited by PERCY M. YOUNG

'Interesting, instructive and delightful. The whole man emerges from the letters'—ERIC BLOM in the *OBSERVER*
Illustrated 42s

A Partridge Year

ESMOND LYNN-ALLEN &
H. W. P. ROBERTSON

'Very readable account of what happens to an average covey of birds. I learnt a great deal from this pleasantly-written book'—J. K. STANFORD in the *FIELD*
Illustrated 12s 6d

Irish Journey

HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND

'Dr. Sutherland's book stimulates, burns, and then settles to reflection. The journey leaps from racecourse to Trappist Abbey'—*CATHOLIC/HERALD* 15s

American Geisha

MARION TAYLOR

'Delightful account of a sojourn in Japan. Mrs. Taylor has an observant eye, a ready wit'—*SPHERE* 'Should be a great success'—JOHN MORGAN in the *OBSERVER* *Illustrated* 21s

— GEOFFREY BLES —



PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT STORIES OF THE SAINTS

by Norman Painting

("PHILIP ARCHER" of the B.B.C. Serial)

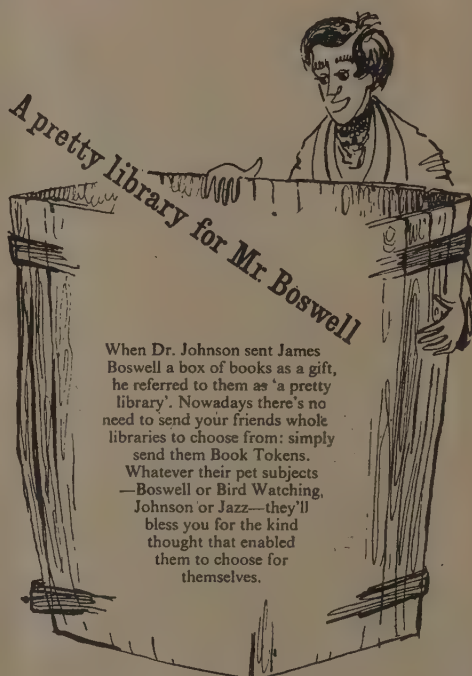
Vivid and exciting, these stories are adapted from the popular series of plays broadcast in Children's Hour from the B.B.C. Midland Region. Foreword by PEGGY BACON, their original producer, and full-page drawings by MONICA WALKER.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA
ST. RICHARD OF CHICHESTER

ST. EUSTACE
ST. PHILIP NERI

BURNS & OATES, 28 Ashley Place, London, S.W.1

10s. 6d.
(postage
9d.)



When Dr. Johnson sent James Boswell a box of books as a gift, he referred to them as 'a pretty library'. Nowadays there's no need to send your friends whole libraries to choose from: simply send them Book Tokens. Whatever their pet subjects—Boswell or Bird Watching, Johnson or Jazz—they'll bless you for the kind thought that enabled them to choose for themselves.

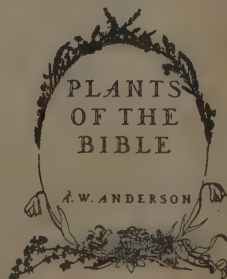
Give **BOOK TOKENS**
this Christmas

The Family of Man

All the photographs from the widely acclaimed Exhibition collected in one volume to make the perfect Christmas gift

10/6

THORPE & PORTER LIMITED
OADBY — LEICESTER



Describes the background and identification of the fruits, flowers and spices in the Bible, 12 beautiful colour plates from the work of Redouté and others make it a most attractive gift book. 21s.

CROSBY LOCKWOOD

26, Old Brompton Road, S.W.7

THE THREE YEARS

The Life of Christ between Baptism and Ascension.

EMIL BOCK

"This is a book that will be a landmark in the understanding of the New Testament"—
Canon A. P. Shepherd, D.D., 18s.

THINKING ABOUT CHRISTIANITY

EVELYN FRANCIS DERRY

"This book sets out clearly and courageously a new approach to the question of Belief"—a reader's letter. 10s. 6d.

RUDOLF STEINER ENTERS MY LIFE

FRIEDRICH RITTELMAYER

The friendship between an experienced religious leader and a teacher who brought exact observation and clear thinking to the deepest spiritual problems of our time. Third Edition 10s. 6d.

MEDITATIVE PRAYERS FOR TODAY

ADAM BITTLESTON

Private prayers for morning and evening, the days of the week, the seasons of the year, and prayers of intercession. Pocket size. Second Edition 5s.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY PRESS

34 Glenilla Road, LONDON, N.W.3.

Just Published

BRAQUE

by

MAURICE GIEURE

Art Students and Librarians have long been aware of the need for a comprehensive study of Braque's work. This new volume by a sound scholar of modern art provides the first critical analysis of the work and development of the style of one of the few great living painters.

It is very fully illustrated and well documented with lists of exhibitions, chronological table and bibliography.

With 36 colour plates and 123 black-and-white illustrations.

Prospectus available

£5. 10. 0

— ZWEMMER —

The Brainless Superman

The Dark Sun. By Graham Hough. Duckworth. 25s.

MR. HOUGH'S PREOCCUPATIONS are very close to my heart, and I have read his book slowly and carefully, hoping to find new leads into this difficult subject of a religion for our time. His previous book, *The Last Romantics*, covers the ground from Ruskin to Yeats, and sticks to issues that are (to my mind) far more important than those of Professor Praz' *Romantic Agony*. Mr. Hough recognises that the romantic impulse is a sort of religious impulse, and he begins this book by stating that his study of the last romantics has led him to look for attempts to find satisfaction for the religious impulse in the past fifty years: 'But as I brooded on the religion of humanity, the religion of evolution, the religion of social and scientific progress, the flesh wearied on my bones'.

So he turned to Lawrence. This is a field that it has become increasingly fashionable to exploit over the past fifteen years. Mr. Hough's book is a careful examination of the novels and tales—they are all here, neatly listed on the contents page: *The White Peacock*, *Sons and Lovers*, etc., down to *Lady Chatterley*, and finally, Lawrence's ideas and outlook. It is an eminently readable book, and an invaluable book for all students of Lawrence. Yet, in spite of all this, I found a gradual scream of protest rising in me as I read on. And as I lay down this book, I feel impelled to state my conclusion flatly and positively: Lawrence was a second-rater, and does not deserve all this attention. I find that I am willing to accept him as a significant writer, even as a religious writer, so long as I am not called on to read him or read about him. But in examining the books, one after another, Mr. Hough has made one thing clear: that Lawrence was essentially a trivial mind, incapable of escaping his own silly little personality for more than a few seconds at a time. And when he did, he made a great song and dance about it, made it into a mystique, and created dark, whirling words about the dark mystery of sex, etc. But Lawrence had none of the true artist's ability to lose himself in his subject: none of that invaluable 'negative sensibility' that Herbert Read spoke of. When he is supposed to be writing most about the regions beyond personality, it is then that you most get Lawrence's personality presented to you on a plate.

This Lawrence clique puzzles me. Once upon a time, Mr. Eliot did an admirable job of placing Lawrence: admitting his genius, but finding him ultimately inadequate. Now, Mr. Eliot has decided that Lawrence is one of the most significant writers of this century, and has recently stated privately that he considers him a far greater writer than Shaw. Dr. Leavis has also come out strongly for Lawrence. I ask myself: Why? And I conclude that it is a sign of a certain spiritual thirst in these writers, a tiredness with this difficult and complex world, and a desire to retreat outside it. 'Other-worlders', Nietzsche called them. I cannot believe that any young writer of today, aware of the needs of our times, disliking all forms of materialism and humanism, and intent on seizing the essence of religion, can find the least interest or spiritual food in a writer like Lawrence, who lacked personal greatness, and had no sense whatever of his own time. He was a bad-tempered romantic, with a cruel streak. When he craves freedom from personality (as he does very frequently), there is an element of romantic languor in it, and a certain moral cowardice:

And be, oh be
A sun to me
Not a weary, importunate
Personality.

Or, with De Lisle Adam: 'Live? Our servants will do that for us'. An admirable starting point for spiritual exploration and for religion. But when you spend a lifetime revolving round it, there is something seriously wrong: a stoppage, stagnation. And that is what I find in Lawrence, an air of stagnation. As one ploughs on through page after page of *St. Mawr* or *Lady Chatterley* or *Women in Love*, there is a feeling of slight weariness, as if Lawrence did not know quite where he was taking you. His people continue their tiresome lives, these depressing women and sunburnt, brainless men, these back-to-nature boys and girls without the slightest capacity for intellectual passion—for the intellectual sanity of Shaw or Goethe, with its roots deep in mysticism. And as you read—as I read—there is an increasing feeling of having gone out for a walk in a ploughed field on a wet day, and having to drag the feet out of sucking pockets of mud with every step.

No, I cannot concur with Mr. Hough, or Mr. Eliot, or Dr. Leavis; and I confess that their admiration of Lawrence is only explicable to me on an assumption of a certain spiritual inadequacy, an inadequacy of vitality, on their part. A younger generation, with a vital interest in the problem of whether our civilisation can be saved, and the recognition that it can be saved only by a religion, will not find Lawrence a 'dark sun', but will feel rather the kind of impatience with him that G. K. Chesterton (that giant of a man!) felt for Whistler and Wilde. They will continue to find the real grasp of existential problems, the satisfying intellectual and religious passion, in the pages of 'Faust' or 'Man and Superman'.

Mr. Hough has done a real service for all such young writers by summarising Lawrence's themes and ideas so adequately. After this clearly written and scholarly book we may perhaps hope that it will never be necessary to reprint a single novel by D. H. Lawrence.

COLIN WILSON

O Felix Culpa

Marcel Proust: *Letters to His Mother*. Translated by George D. Painter. Rider. 21s.

Marcel Proust and the Deliverance from Time. By Germaine Brée. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

Proust. By J. M. Cocking. Bowes and Bowes. 7s. 6d.

IT IS ONLY on the last page that the *Letters* answer what has become, as we read on through the repeated ritual of anti-asthmatic fumigations, an insistent question: what sort of woman was this *chère petite Maman*, Mme. Adrien Proust? We are given none of her letters, and perhaps none exists. From Marcel's own letters—a mixture of cajolery, tenderness, nagging, and affection—we suspect that he often scrutinised her replies for something that wasn't there in the way he wanted it to be. In 1902, when he was thirty-one, he began to strike out at her: 'Your absence, although coming at such a disastrous period of my life, is beginning to bear fruit. . . . For instance, yesterday evening and again this evening I've left off my 2nd pair of underpants, and last night and again just now I've left off my 2nd Pyrenean sweater in bed'. Had he arrived at the hidden cause of his asthma in this querulous rebellion against her over-anxious love? Again, a few months later: 'The truth is that the moment I'm well, as the way of life which makes me well exasperates you, you demolish everything until I'm ill again'. But his father died, and the need for expiation hastened him to assure his mother: 'I'd rather have asthma and please you than displease you and not have it'. At last, on her death-bed, we hear her speak: 'She saw that I was trying to hold back my tears; she frowned, pulling a smiling grimace, and though her speech was already so indistinct, I could just catch the words: "If you're no Roman, then deserve to be one . . ."'. And turning back to the frontispiece to observe her portrait we notice, in the conflict between the great translucent eyes and the determined mouth, the indomitable, Cornelian will.

Proust's *Letters to His Mother* bring us back to the first and last pages of his immense novel—the departure from the 'virtues of Combray', and the return to them.

It struck me that my mother had just made a concession which must have been painful to her, that it was the first step down from the ideal she had formed for me.

The compulsion to the good-night kiss launches us into the novel and the life of the narrator which, as Mme. Brée remarks, 'is like a game of solitaire in which the cards, falling one by one, end by forming the one combination that makes the game come out successfully'. *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, states Professor Cocking, 'is at once the story of how its hero Marcel came to know his vocation as a novelist and the novel he wrote as a result'.

. . . the decline of my will and of my health dated from that evening of my mother's abdication. It was all settled at that moment when, unable to await the morning to press my lips upon my mother's face . . . I had jumped out of bed and had stood in my nightshirt by the window . . . until I heard M. Swann go away.

Across the deserts of futility and 'the mobile phantasmagoria of love', beyond the foundering of a whole society, 'communicating doors, long

barred, swung open' and Marcel hears across the intervening years the echo of 'the little bell'.

At that very moment, in the Prince de Guermantes' mansion, I heard the sound of my parents' footsteps and the metallic, shrill, fresh echo of the little bell which announced M. Swann's departure and the coming of my mother up the stairs.

The emphasis, both in Mme. Brée's critical study and the essay which Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson has written for Mr. Painter's translation of the *Letters*, is on the triumph of *A la Recherche*. The novel is 'full of pain, desperation, cruelty, destruction', writes Miss Johnson, 'but also full of joy, of fun, and of that peculiar young sweetness that was in Marcel Proust'. The theme of Mme. Brée's brilliant book is that 'the real joy of the revelation of *Le Temps Retrouvé*' is 'a joy that encompasses the whole of Proust's work and illuminates it'. A long period of saturation in the whole novel seems to have been necessary before its readers could see beyond what it appears to offer to what it is really about. It is only when we have understood how Proust's analysis of society and human relationships, his theory of love or his dubious metaphysics, are tributary to the triumph, that the novel achieves

its universality. Professor Cocking calls *A la Recherche* 'the Divine Comedy of the religion of art'; but just as Dante's use of Aquinas takes us only a little way into the Dantean world, so Proust's use of Ruskin, Emerson, or Bergson leaves us with little insight into its mysterious source. Even *Jean Santeuil* and *Contre Sainte-Beuve* are not much more than witnesses to Proust's heroic patience, the tenacious will—the long years of waiting, in pain and frustration, for 'the total discovery' that would enable him to write.

'The greatest vice of all, lack of will . . .' wrote Marcel the narrator; but elsewhere he noted that a weak will seems to nurture that receptivity which is the prerequisite of a highly sensitised intelligence. Marcel Proust's '*sensibilité héroïque*', as Jacques de Lacretelle called it, so hypnotises us that we forget that its capacity to function was based on the force which drove him forward to discover that point of reconciliation where, as Mr. Painter so finely says, 'the self we are born with and the self we acquire always join at last, for the rarest and greatest in a work of art, in death for everyone'. *O felix culpa*, we are tempted to murmur, as we contemplate the child's disobedience and the mother's acquiescence with which it all began.

H. G. WHITEMAN

An Archaeological Exploration

The Bible as History. By Werner Keller. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

THIS BOOK, translated from the German by William Neil, is claimed to be the first which summarises the results of archaeology, hitherto known to but a small circle of experts, that throw light upon the Bible. English readers will be aware that for them this is not the case; much has been written upon the subject already; but apparently for German readers it is true, and apparently also the German public still looks upon the biblical narratives as 'pious tales' having no historical basis whatsoever, so that it is a matter of astonishment and gratification to learn that 'Pul, King of Assyria' is not a figment of Jewish imagination but a real person, Tiglath-Pileser.

Fired by such sensational discoveries Mr. Keller set himself to ransack all the archaeological reports which in any way could be brought to bear upon the Bible; here he goes through all the 'historical' books of the Old and New Testament and shows how the discoveries made in the field in recent years enable us to understand those books better than ever before. He does this very thoroughly and in many ways very well: he writes with tremendous enthusiasm and does communicate to the reader something of the excitement which he himself feels—the excitement of an explorer travelling in a strange country. For Mr. Keller, as he tells us, is by profession a journalist and had no background of archaeological or theological knowledge; and he is intoxicated by the novelty of it all. So convinced has he become that biblical statements can be and are confirmed by archaeological facts that when no such facts happen to be forthcoming he slips back into the incredulity which he attributes to his German public and concludes that in this case the Bible cannot be trusted. Thus when Professor Albright states (quite correctly, of course) that Abraham's journey from Ur to Haran has no archaeological foundation, Mr. Keller decides that 'painstaking research, particularly excavations in the last two decades, make it almost certain that Abraham cannot ever have been a citizen of the Sumerian metropolis', not realising that on the same grounds one must reject the very existence of each and all of the Hebrew patriarchs. Incidentally he tries to strengthen his argument by the Bible statement that Abraham lived 'on the other side of the flood', i.e., east of the Euphrates, whereas Ur is on the west side of it, having failed to note that in antiquity,

the river, before it changed its course, ran under the west wall of the city.

He can indeed be curiously ingenious. Writing of Jericho he admits that the date of the walls is doubtful and, not knowing that recent excavations have settled the question, says that the final solution must be left to 'the keen scent of the experts', but that whether the walls are of Joshua's date or not 'at all events the walls of Jericho were

once standing and they still bear traces of a mighty conflagration: "And they burnt the city with fire"'. His imagination pictures Noah's Ark being carried northward by 'a tidal wave' to ground upon the Kurdistan mountains, but none the less he quotes sympathetically the fantastic falsehoods of the ark having been seen on Mount Ararat. His archaeology is naturally amateurish. He says that 'the statues of the goddess made of gold, ivory and silver' found by Hogarth in the temple of Diana at Ephesus 'were made by the craftsmen and workers who scented in Paul's preaching of the gospel at Ephesus a threat to their livelihood', whereas the figures were made 700 years earlier; he insists on the importance of the 'fact' that the camel was first domesticated about 1100 B.C., whereas camel-hair rope has been found in the



The massive walls of the Palace of Mari, already sixteen feet high, being excavated on Tell Hariri, near Abu Kemal in Syria

From 'The Bible as History'

Egyptian Fayum dated to the Pyramid age; he attributes the invention of the alphabet to Palestine; he seems to think that Semites first came into Mesopotamia in 2000 B.C., not realising that the Akkadians were Semitic; he accepts, and dates, the astronomical observation of the Star of Bethlehem as recorded in Neo-Babylonian tablets, and does not so much as hint that the traditional dating of the Exodus to the reign of Ramses II has ever been questioned; and so on.

It is perhaps unkind to criticise on scientific grounds a book written by someone who does not profess to be a scientist but is merely anxious to convince an unbelieving public that the historical books of the Bible are really historical. But that good purpose is ill served if obvious errors and exaggerations shake the public's confidence in his argument. Mr. Keller's general thesis is absolutely sound and a great deal of what he has written is of value; perhaps the most valuable parts of the book are those in which he is not trying to prove this or that incident of the Hebrew narrative but is describing the background of social and political history which gives that narrative more life and meaning.

LEONARD WOOLLEY

new books from NELSON

ATLAS OF THE BIBLE by L. H. Grollenberg translated by Joyce M. H. Reid BA and Professor H. H. Rowley DD The most modern, original, and exhaustive background history to the Bible available. Maps, illustrations and text together lead the reader on an absorbing journey of exploration and rediscovery. The text serves to compose into a coherent picture the diverse aspects of the maps and illustrations. 35 maps in eight colours, two end-paper maps in six colours, 408 photographs in gravure, 26-page index. 70s

THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE Volume 6 This twelve-volume commentary provides the two complete texts of the Authorised and the Revised Standard Version side by side for ease of comparison, with full notes on every passage and long introductory articles by 146 scholars. Volumes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11 have appeared. Volume 12 will be given free to purchasers of the complete set. *each volume 67s 6d*

THE DE MONETA OF NICHOLAS ORESME edited by Charles Johnson An account of the theory and practice of coinage in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—the theory being presented by Nicholas Oresme's *De Moneta*, and the practice by the treatise of William de Turnmire, Master of the Mint in 1279, and by other documents. *Nelson's Medieval Texts* 20s

THE GEOGRAPHER AS SCIENTIST essays on the scope and nature of geography by S. W. Wooldridge The book begins with a number of essays on the nature of geography and its place among the sciences, and goes on to examine the role played in the teaching of geography by physical geography and geomorphology. With 30 maps and diagrams 35s

HUMAN TYPES new and revised edition by R. W. Firth This new and revised edition of *Human Types* presents the outline, main problems and conclusions of modern social anthropology. Much new material has been embodied and there are 17 half-tone illustrations. 8s 6d

THEATRE IN THE EAST by Faubion Bowers A survey of Asian dance and drama—lively, entertaining, comprehensive and up-to-date. Traveller, linguist, scholar and professional musician and choreographer, the author deals in great detail with his subject, covering fourteen regions: India, Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, Indonesia, the Philippines, China, Vietnam, Malaya, Hong Kong, Okinawa and Japan. With 73 half-tone plates. 42s

ARTHUR STANLEY EDDINGTON by A. Vibert Douglas Eddington's life as a thinker was filled with adventure, suspense and achievement; stellar movements, radiation pressure, the physics of the stars, nebulae and galaxies, relativity, quantum theory, the significance of the constants in nature—to harmonise all these was the vision towards which he pressed with supreme confidence. With 15 half-tone plates. 25s

BLOOD ROYAL

by IAIN MONCREIFFE and DON POTTINGER 'An entertainingly written and illustrated exposition of monarchy,' says *The Sunday Times*, 'from mythical ... times to the present day.' 'Its unpedantic text and whimsical drawings,' adds *The Daily Telegraph*, 'mask a vast fund of erudition.' With vivid colour on every page. The perfect Christmas present for almost everyone. 12s 6d



36 Park Street London W1



CAMBRIDGE BOOKS

Atomic Weapons & East-West Relations

P. M. S. BLACKETT

Professor Blackett explodes a number of misconceptions on which the political and military policies of the great powers have been based, and clears the ground for new and realistic thinking to meet the present situation. 'He makes us look with fresh eyes on what has happened.' MICHAEL HOWARD in *THE NEW STATESMAN*. 8s. 6d. net

The Approach to Self-Government

SIR IVOR JENNINGS

An account, from first-hand experience, of the problems of devising constitutions for countries about to experience self-government. 16s. net

Kafka's Castle

RONALD GRAY

A detailed analysis of Kafka's novel *The Castle*, which leads from a patient investigation of what the novel says and does to a consideration of 'what Kafka was driving at'. There is a note on *The Trial*. 13s. 6d. net

An Anthology of English Prose, 1400-1900

EIRIAN JAMES

The British Council recently recorded an anthology of sixty passages of English prose. This book prints the text of the passages with a commentary and notes for further reading. 12s. 6d. net

Some Observations on American Education

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

An explanation and criticism of the American university system, written primarily for British readers, by a former Chancellor of the University of Chicago. 15s. net

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

IDEAS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS

CAPE COLD TO CAPE HOT

Richard Pape

Amazing 17,500-mile journey of the man they couldn't stop!
"... enough thrills for a dozen books"—EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS
Illustrated. 18/- net

DISCHARGED DEAD

Sydney Hart

Exciting true story of Britain's submarines at war. *"... fills you with pride."*—H. E. BATES. *Illustrated. 13/6 net*

WORLD PRIZE STORIES

(Second Series)

Forty-one top short stories from "World Prize Stories" Competition. *16/- net*

THE MARVELLOUS KINGDOM

Pierre Labat

Amazing true adventures with French Boy Scout frogmen.
Illustrated. "... a captivating book ... will have tremendous appeal."—YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS. *15/- net*

FOR A KING'S LOVE

Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia

Intimate Royal memoirs of compelling interest. *"One of the frankest autobiographies ever to have been written by a Queen."*
 —LADY. *Illustrated. 21/- net*

CONQUEST OF DISABILITY

Edited by Sir Ian Fraser

Personal stories of fortitude and adaptability. *"I am deeply impressed."*—JOHN CONNELL, EVENING NEWS. *Frontispiece. 15/- net*

FIT FOR A KING

F. J. Corbitt

Intriguing recollections of Court life in four reigns. *"A very gracious book."*—SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH. *Illustrated. 16/- net*

LAWS AND FLAWS

Edward F. Iwi

Lapses of the legislators—an intriguing study. *"Brilliantly written ... will give immense pleasure to lawyers and laymen alike."*
 —NORMAN COLLINS. *21/- net*

FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS • ODHAMS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
 * FOR BOOKS *

All Your Christmas Gift Books

Foyles have departments for Music, Records, Stationery, Handicraft Tools and Materials, Lending Library, Magazine Subscriptions, Foreign Stamps and Coins.

JOIN THE BOOK CLUB!

You buy best-selling Novels (Published at 10/6, 12/6 and more) for only 4/-. A subscription makes an excellent gift, too. Write for details.

119-125 CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON, W.C.2

Gerrard 5660 (20 lines) ★ Open 9-6 (inc. Sat.)

Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road

Zoo Quest to Guiana

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH

"A highly entertaining account of the wild life of the forest and savannah. Mr. Attenborough is a first-class raconteur."—*Sunday Times*. *Illustrated with over 50 photographs 18s. net.*

South From the Red Sea

HAROUN TAZIEFF

An exciting and eloquent record of an expedition with Cousteau to the Red Sea, and then through the deserts and jungles of East and Central Africa. *Superbly illustrated 18s. net.*

LUTTERWORTH PRESS

Concerning the Iron Duke

Wellington: a Reassessment. By Sir Charles Petrie.

James Barrie. 25s.

Gallant Gentlemen: a Portrait of the British Officer, 1600.

1956. By E. S. Turner. Michael Joseph. 18s.

Conversations of the Duke of Wellington with G. W. Chad

Edited by the 7th Duke of Wellington.

Saint Nicholas Press. Cambridge. 10s. 6d.

SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO the present Duke of Wellington, in collaboration with Mr. John Steegman, published a masterly study of the iconography of the Great Duke. Wellington's complaint about his sufferings under authors is well known, and it may well be that since his sufferings were voluminous an up-to-date bibliography on the subject would be as welcome as the iconography. For however much Wellington, in life, may have been exposed to authors, his sufferings, in this respect, after death have been manifold. Yet curiously enough, amid the torrent of books that have been poured forth about the Duke there has never been a really definitive or a really popular life. Marlborough is portrayed in the six-volume life of the versatile Archdeacon Coxe, to which the enquirer can still turn with satisfaction, and Nelson is depicted for all time by the genius of Southey. While it is true that the Duke's despatches and correspondence have been published at prodigious length, the biographical gap remains. Each generation makes some attempt to fill it. Exactly twenty-five years ago Mr. Philip Guedalla published *The Duke* and, in the opinion of this reviewer, that is the most comprehensive and readable of the biographies. But it has not stopped the flow. Already since the end of the war there have been at least two books about the Duke—Richard Aldington's 'debunking', 'Stracheyesque' or critical, study, and now Sir Charles Petrie swells the flood with a further book, and makes the good point that he does so because he thinks that the present generation, after the turbulence of the last forty years, is in a favoured position for understanding both the character of the Duke and his difficulties.

Sir Charles Petrie quotes—and it may be assumed agrees with—a dictum of Lord Roberts that Wellington has been somewhat overrated as a man and underrated as a commander. He pays therefore particular attention to the Peninsular Campaign and to Wellington's handling of the Spanish and Portuguese 'Resistance'. He reminds us that Wellington—and here of course he differed from modern commanders who have to come home for conferences—never left the Peninsula from 1809 for four-and-a-half years, and that he really became familiar with the character of his support in those countries; in fact he understood them as well as he understood the management of his own officers and men—though how he ever came to call the latter 'scum of the earth' remains somewhat mysterious. (He was presumably expressing, in too emphatic language, his feeling that the home Government were inclined to regard the Peninsula as a convenient rubbish tip.)

In this connection the attention of the reader should be called to Mr. Turner's book. This is very adroitly put together from diaries and contemporary sources, and gives a highly entertaining and authentic picture of the British officer since 1600. Naturally Mr. Turner devotes a good deal of space both to Wellington and the Peninsula. The Duke was unquestionably severe: he was harsh and at times brutally frank, but his comments showed that he understood human nature. He was supposed to have expressed a dislike for more than forty-eight hours local leave for his men, on the grounds that it was sufficiently long for what most of them had in mind to do. And any criticism that might be offered of this or similar remarks will be tempered by the reflection that the difficulty of keeping his army in good shape, as absence from home lengthened, grew formidable. In 1810 he wrote home that there was a system of 'croaking' in the Army which had to be ended 'or it will put an end to us'. Sir Charles happily says that the relations of Wellington and his soldiers resembled the pupils of the ferocious Dr. Busby at Westminster School: 'If he was a beast, he was at any rate a just beast'.

In recalling Lord Roberts' remark the reader might well set that against a very brief book, edited by the present Duke, of the Duke's conversations with a worthy (but somewhat prosy) High Tory called Chad. He had a few talks with the Duke which he wrote down; they are now impeccably edited and made public. They will not diminish

our respect for the Duke or our estimate of his qualities as a man. His terseness positively glows in contrast with the circumlocution of Chad. At dinner the insufferable Chad leans across and says: 'Pray Duke what is the best thing you ever did in the fighting line?' After a short pause the Duke uttered the one word 'Assaye'—where he defeated 40,000 Mahrattas with 7,000 men. On another occasion he assured Chad that, if France were neutral, he could make war on the three Northern Powers and America without changing from the peace establishment. In a discussion after the upheavals of 1848—and the advice is perhaps not wholly inept in 1956, he said: 'After a great storm there will be a swell, and we must let it subside. It will not do to try and dam up the Waters—we must let them settle down'.

ROGER FULFORD

A Great Cartoonist

Low's Autobiography. Michael Joseph. 30s.

TWO THINGS STAND OUT CLEARLY in David Low's autobiography—that he has enjoyed his life, and that he has kept his integrity, both as a political commentator and as an artist. Above all else, he wanted to draw; and he was determined that his drawing should be good drawing and should express a serious meaning in a humorous way. Both these intentions cost him much effort; he tells his readers again and again how hard a worker and how painstaking a draughtsman he has been, and he also makes clear how carefully he has studied his subjects in order to make pictures, or caricatures, of real human and not merely of surface characteristics. This latter purpose has involved him in 'going places' and mixing in many sorts of society to an extent that would have exhausted and exasperated many people; but for the most part he has thoroughly enjoyed these contacts, even with some none too pleasant people—and the world is the richer for his enjoyment. Low is indeed pre-eminently a friendly soul, with a fundamentally democratic outlook that is entirely without envy or bitterness. He can like and enjoy the most dissimilar people, including many whom he has held up to ridicule as well as those has most cordially admired—Joynson Hicks as well as Baldwin, Beaverbrook as well as H. G. Wells.

Born in New Zealand and making his name first in Australia, on the famous *Sydney Bulletin*, Low came to England in 1919, just after the end of the first war, and became a celebrity almost at once. Though he was always a man of the democratic left, he did most of his best work over a long period as the cartoonist of Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*, taking numberless liberties with both the physical form and the political actions of his eminent employer, from whom he exacted at the outset a contract giving him absolute freedom of expression—a contract that Lord Beaverbrook most scrupulously observed. He was less happy when, in 1945, his sympathies led him to move over to the *Daily Herald*. There was soon trouble about his representation of the Trades Union Grand Council as a sturdy but none too brainy cart-horse; and Low moved again—to *The Manchester Guardian*, under conditions that gave him a larger freedom to roam over the post-war world making pictures of its errors and confusions.

In the book, illustrated by many delightful cartoons and caricatures, including particularly good ones of Gandhi and of Harold Laski, Low gives his admirers both an easy, gossiping account of his contacts with a great many famous people and, for good measure, a serious, though lightly pointed, account of what he has been trying to do, as artist and as satirical moralist reviewing the affairs of a much disordered world. Most of all, as a political commentator, he has hated cruelty, tyranny, and empty pretensions: most of all he has loved liberty, friendliness, and good fellowship. Most of all, as an artist, he has despised conventional and shoddy work, and been determined to take trouble to give of his best. As for money, he has always been able to make as much as he has wanted, without being tempted to prostitute his talents; for he is not in the least interested in money for its own sake, and has no grossly extravagant tastes. In short, here is the autobiography of a very fortunate man, who has been able to do just what he liked best and, in doing it, to give great pleasure and satisfaction to millions of his fellow-men. What more can man desire? Hats off to Low, and many thanks for a most enjoyable book!

G. D. H. COLE

The Role of the Master Masons

Architecture in Britain. The Middle Ages. By Geoffrey Webb. Pelican History of Art. 52s. 6d.

THERE WAS A TIME when the serious discussion of medieval architecture in this country seemed to be obsessed by problems of interest to professional architects. The results were often of a high order as expositions of building technique, but they were not always very good history. Perhaps the characteristic effort of scholarship in this field during the past fifty years or so has been to put the subject on a more adequate historical footing.

The clarification of the historical picture has had some very interesting repercussions. It is not just that we know a great deal more about medieval buildings, the medieval building industry and the men who ran it. The accession of all this new knowledge has forced upon us the further task of revising many of our old theories and habits of thinking. No doubt it is still too early to attempt to describe the change of outlook that has taken place among students of medieval architecture in recent years; but already it can be seen to have issued in a new appreciation of the men ultimately responsible for the actual buildings that have come down to us: the master masons. Today, if we had to sum up our thoughts about them, we should probably have much less to say than our fathers and grandfathers about their role as structural engineers; and correspondingly far more about their role as designers. For rightly or wrongly, we have come to see them as men primarily concerned with problems of composition and visual effects; men whose handling of elements like walls, arcades, windows, vaults, buttresses, towers, sculpture, and so on, provides an index of their creative ability. In other words, they have begun to approximate to our notion of a creative artist, and the history of medieval architecture has tended to become a part of art history.

Coupled with this conception of the master masons, whether as its source or as its consequence, there goes a characteristic method of understanding and criticising their buildings—one might almost say a way of looking at them, for everything turns upon the response of the beholder to what he sees. This method is already well established on the Continent, and Professor Pevsner has done much to make it familiar here. But in spite of the fact that English medieval architecture lends itself more readily to treatment from this point of view than that of almost every other country, no one has attempted to use it for a survey of the whole subject until now. Perhaps the most important thing about the latest volume of the Pelican History of Art is that it repairs the omission. Anyone who takes the trouble to compare it with any of the older manuals, will get a fairly accurate impression of the change of outlook to which I have referred.

Professor Webb tells

us that he wrote his book expressly in order that it might take its place alongside the works of continental art historians in this series. He decided that 'the test of what should be included should be whether the appearance of the building was primarily dictated by non-material

considerations, one might almost say an appeal to the imagination'. It is necessary to stress this shibboleth, for he has used it rigorously. Except where it is necessary for his argument, he has avoided discussions about dating; and for detailed accounts of building histories we are referred elsewhere. Where there is little scope for his chosen method, he does not linger over other topics. In a book whose title implies that it covers all British architecture before 1550, he contrives to get from 600 to just before 1100 in thirty-four pages. He excludes all military architecture except the domestic aspects of keeps, on the grounds that military architecture does not primarily make an appeal to the imagination. And even among the churches, it is not difficult to think of several important works which receive scant notice or none at all.

When a book leaves out as much as this, it is no criticism of it to say so. Obviously, however, it has a specialist

rather than an encyclopaedic character. It presupposes a great deal, and one suspects that its merits will be most apparent to those who know most. It is, in fact, an interpretative essay of sustained brilliance, and the cumulative effect is that of a virtuoso performance.

This is not to say that it is not open to criticism. One cannot help feeling a little uncomfortable at the resulting sight of all Norman architecture before Durham being lumped together with late Saxon architecture under the label of the Carolingian tradition. And while we can appreciate the reasons for omitting castles, their absence will be anomalous if other writers in this series choose to discuss Coucy and Najac and Castel del Monte. The question of the relation of the book to the series becomes more acute in connection with the continental affinities of British medieval architecture. There are two periods in particular when these are important: at the end of the eleventh century and beginning of the twelfth, when groined and rib vaulting and the use of sculpture as a means of architectural decoration made their appearance as European phenomena, not confined to any one country; and at the end of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fourteenth, when the French Rayonnant style was being transformed into the several late Gothic styles of the surrounding countries. Professor Webb alludes to some of the relevant continental works, but I should have thought that Modena deserved mention in connection with the sculptured panels of the west front of Lincoln; and St. Thibault in connection with Gloucester choir. Here again, however, his reticence may be deliberate. The divisions of the Pelican History do not encourage authors to follow Lord Acton's injunction to study problems rather than periods. This may be a pity, but here at least is a case where the quality of what is said compensates for what is not.

PETER KIDSON



Triforium of choir, Beverley Minster: second quarter of the thirteenth century
National Buildings Record



Boss in the south aisle of the presbytery, Lincoln Cathedral, c. 1260

Illustrations from 'Architecture in Britain: the Middle Ages'

The Book Society's
Non-Fiction Choice
for December is

Borneo People

by
the Rt. Hon.
MALCOLM
MACDONALD, P.C.

An extremely interesting and exceptionally well-written book by the High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in India. When the author assumed his duties as Governor-General of Malaya and British Borneo in 1946, he determined to continue the tradition of personal rule. He visited the pagans in their long-houses, danced the native dances, sang their songs, and in every way possible, took part in their lives. His affection for the land and its people is implicit in every line he writes. *Illustrated 32s. 6d.*

Two new travel books

Handles of Chance

NICHOLAS
WOLLASTON

'A well-written and perfectly straight account of the adventures which the handles of chance brought him. A readable book, humorous and with an air of compassion for the simple people met on the road.'

THE TIMES LIT. SUPP. *Illus. 24s.*

Mara Moja

LARS-HENRIK OTTOSON

The story of the first motor trip from North Cape to the Cape of Good Hope, exciting and very interesting. 'His companion, Mr. Bengt Lindström, has contributed a quite outstanding set of photographs.'

THE TIMES LIT. SUPP. *21s.*



Third of the
Merry Hall
Chronicles by
BEVERLEY
NICHOLS
author of
*Laughter on
the Stairs*

Sunlight on the Lawn

Illustrated 16s.

Eric Linklater's

latest novel

THE DARK OF SUMMER

has been described by the critics as 'the best novel he has ever written.' *15s.*

Herman Wouk

THE CITY BOY

This delightful and amusing story is in all the bookshops and costs 15s. *all prices are net*

JONATHAN CAPE

The Open Sea

Alister Hardy

'A well-written, and beautifully illustrated account of the important part which plankton plays in the economy of the sea.'

—SUNDAY TIMES. 'Not only authoritative but enthralling.'—LISTENER *30s*

Cartoon Treasury

Pyke and Lucy Black Johnson

'The editors of Cartoon Treasury have ranged far afield and brought in an imposing harvest... Make an early note of it for your Christmas present list.'—THE TATLER *25s*

Case of Cornelia Connelly

Juliana Wadham

'Uncommonly well-written... That she was a most remarkable woman is proved here by this fine account.'—RAYMOND MORTIMER *16s*

— NOVELS —

Hammond Innes

The Mary Deare

One of the best reviewed novels of the year. 'The excitement... is tremendous.'—NEWS CHRONICLE *12s 6d*

Agatha Christie

Dead Man's Folly

'A splendid tangle of a plot, and here Poirot is busily unravelling it.'—BOOKS OF THE MONTH *12s 6d*

Collins

Have
you
the
time?



ALMOST certainly not! Neither the intelligent layman nor the specialist has the time nowadays to keep abreast of contemporary thought unaided.

Members of THE THINKER'S READING CLUB receive a monthly journal which sifts and evaluates, from an essentially modern point of view, the latest trends in science, philosophy, religion and the arts, and they are offered new and important books at rates well below published price. For a small annual sum, members can gain a permanent enrichment of the mind. Why not find out more about THE THINKER'S READING CLUB? Please fill in and post the form below, NOW.

To The Thinker's Reading Club, 40 Drury Lane, London, W.C.2

Please send me full details of membership and benefits of membership.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....
(BLOCK LETTERS) *L3.*

Oldbourne

THE PALACE AND THE JUNGLE

Nina Epton *16s.*

Magic and mysticism and the dignity and decorum of palace life in Java are oddly contrasted in this unusual travel and adventure book.

'A travel book which, with fifteen fine illustrations, is notable in its rather rare class.'—Daniel George

A Book Society Recommendation

THE ABC OF SHOW BUSINESS

Wolf Mankowitz *8s. 6d.*

Currently the basis for the highly successful BBC Television series of the same name, this witty, profusely illustrated and lavishly produced book makes an ideal Christmas gift. With illustrations by Emmwood and introduction by Peter Ustinov.

'Impudent, literate and alive.'—*John Metcalf*

CRICKET CROSSFIRE

Keith Miller *13s. 6d.*

A controversial cricketing autobiography written by one of the most outstanding and colourful personalities of post-war test cricket.

THE SLIM GOURMET'S SOUP BOOK

Martin Lederman *12s. 6d.*

The author of the best-selling *Slim Gourmet* gives us this new twentieth-century treatise on the preparation and creation of soup. Starting from five basic tinned soups, more than five hundred distinctive and individual soups may be created. Each soup takes but five to ten minutes to prepare. Complete with five 'pull-out' soup wheels, charts and illustrations.

121-128 Fleet Street E.C.4

Christmas Books for the Young

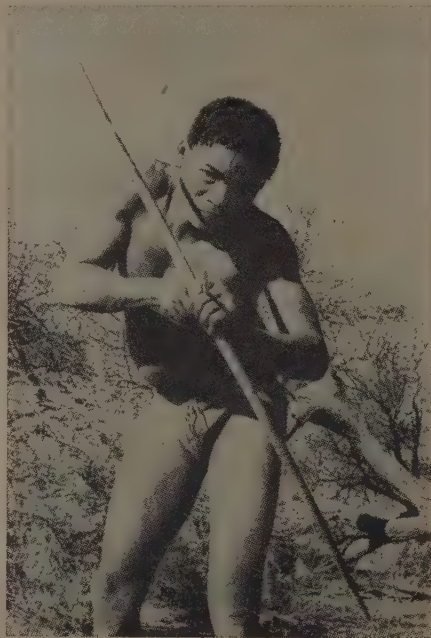
For Older Children

I FIND MYSELF WONDERING whether my memory is at fault. Nearly forty years ago I was an 'older child', and I seem to remember that most books for boys were stories of adventure in far lands. Such historical romances as there were, I recall, were so full of gadzookery and halidomity that they tended to induce a warm adolescent blush of embarrassment. Books for girls were, of course, beneath notice.

Now, if this year's batch be a true criterion, there is a distinct preponderance of historical books, and very few of them are intended solely for children of one sex. Moreover there is apparent to the adult eye a high standard of historical integrity, and a far more accurate knowledge of the intimate details of life. Such books are, first and foremost, books in their own right. Their people are real people with whom we feel kinship. The past is a living present. Two splendid examples appear this Christmas. *The Shield Ring*, by Rosemary Sutcliffe (Oxford, 12s. 6d.) is a good book by any standards. The Norman invasion stopped short of the Cumberland Fells, where the Vikings held with a proud ferocity to their stern homelands. This is the story of their warring and of their dear-bought peace. It is horrific, it is tender, it is lit by the warm glow of the hearth and by the fierce flames of pillage, and there is a magnificent battle scene. Every girl who reads it will be Frytha, every boy worthy of the name will be Bjorn, and each adult reader will be in the companionship of the living dead. *Stars of Fortune*, by Cynthia Harnett (Methuen, 15s.), takes us back to the Washingtons of Sulgrave Manor, and to Princess Elizabeth imprisoned near Woodstock. The adventures of the ten Washington children, and the plots and connivances which surrounded their future queen, make up the story. If it has not quite the magic quality of the first book, it is nevertheless to be highly recommended.

Ronald Welch in *Captain of Dragoons* (Oxford, 12s. 6d.) spins a good yarn of young Charles Carey during the campaigns of Marlborough. The book rattles along at an exciting speed. So does *Thirteen Banners*, by Henry Garnett (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.), which is set in the thirteenth century. It is marred a little by the staccato manner in which it is written; but those who read it will gain new knowledge of life in medieval England. *The Gloriet Tower*, by Eileen Meylor (Epworth, 8s. 6d.), a story set in Corfe Castle just before the Hundred Years War, moves at a good pace and is quite convincing; and Peter Dawlish's *Martin Frobisher* (Oxford, 9s. 6d.) is a straightforward biography of the Elizabethan. Perhaps less than justice is done to his better-known contemporaries, but Frobisher himself emerges as a great Englishman and a great seaman. And as a welcome reminder that history didn't stop yesterday, comes *The Silver Sword*, by Ian Serraillier (Cape, 10s. 6d.). Four Polish children, living with the gangs of orphans who existed in the ruins of Warsaw, make their way precariously across Europe to find haven at last in Switzerland. This is a story worth telling, and it is told with skill and sympathy. The last on the historical list, *Puzzles of the Past*, by Ronald Jessup (Rathbone Books, 15s.), is a magnificent book. It relates the great archaeological discoveries of the past, and describes the methods of the modern archaeologist. It is illustrated with great splendour, and the text is straightforward and unpretentious.

Sea stories are still well to the fore, easily holding their own against the threat of acrobatics and space-ships. Perhaps the most rousing of these is *The Sea Rover*, translated by Norman Dale from the French of René Guillot (Oxford, 10s. 6d.). It is a rattling tale full of wild action and coloured drama. Malamok's mad search for vengeance, and the boy Shrimp's adventure into grim hazard, make this an unusual and exciting book. Running a very close second are *The Lost Ship*, by Richard Armstrong (Dent, 10s. 6d.),



'The young bushman hunter . . . could shoot with deadly accuracy up to thirty yards. Any animal pricked by a bushman's poisoned arrow dies'

From 'The Search for the Little Yellow Men'

and *The Bluenose Pirate*, by Frank Knight (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.). The first is a well-told tale about two boys, Shorty and Nick, and is set in modern times. Lots of excitement and plenty of pace. The second takes us back to Mr. Cunard and the early steam ships, Tommy Glover shipwrecked in Nova Scotia, Billy Butt, Captain Hosea, piracy, battle; murder, and sudden death. Written by a seaman, the book painlessly imparts a good deal of interesting knowledge about ships and ship-building.

The Silver Kingdom, by Richard Garnett (Hart-Davis, 12s. 6d.), is set in home waters. Sunken treasure, discovered by means of clues in a secret drawer and recovered from the silver kingdom by divers, the machinations of a villain, and the eccentricities of Cornish locals, provide plenty of excitement in this well-written book. Travel and adventure by land are represented by *The Search for the Little Yellow Men* by Macdonald Hastings (Hulton Press, 9s. 6d.), which tells of an expedition across the Kalahari Desert in search of the Bushmen. It is a piece of competent journalism, and in that genre is to be commended. There are plenty of unusual photographs, and the hazards of the journey make for exciting reading. Those who like the idea of descending into volcano craters in a species of diving-bell may enjoy *Volcano*

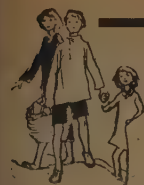
Adventure, by Willard Price (Cape, 10s. 6d.). But they are hereby warned that they will have to do so in the company of Dr. Dan and those two intrepid boys Hal and Roger.

There remain two other adventure stories which I greatly enjoyed, and which obstinately refuse to fit into any category. The first is René Guillot's *The Elephants of Sargabal*, translated by Gwen Marsh (Oxford, 9s. 6d.). It relates a romantic legend of India. Amjil, child of the Jungle; Itao, leader of the outcasts; Maho the elephant, master of the Jungle; which is the hero of this magical story? The Princess Narayana is strangely served by them all, and the whole thing has the quality of a dream. In another story, too, I was able momentarily to recapture that dream-like quality of enjoyment which marked my reading forty years ago. It was Ellis Dillon's *The Island of Horses* (Faber, 12s. 6d.), which is set in the present day among the western islands of Ireland. This is an entrancing book that deserves to be most highly commended.

Lastly there come what might be described as books of domestic adventure, in which class there is a considerable entry. First, with a profound bow in the direction of Arthur Ransome, Tyler Whittle presents us with *The Runners of Orford* (Cape, 10s. 6d.). Three boys, two girls, the Norfolk Broads, boats, bird-watching, eccentric uncles, mysterious strangers, more boats, expletives like 'Fish-hooks' and 'Thundering Guns'—it is all there. And what is more, Mr. Whittle brings it off, delighting both actual and vicarious boat-lovers. Sybil Burr's *The St. Bride Blue* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d.), is written with a sure and often amusing touch. Holly Gordon, Pauline Broom-Gilson ('Pud' to you), and Ross Morley, a young merchant service officer, set off for a holiday in the west of Scotland. On their hilarious journey northward they get mixed up with Lord Bills, a millionaire graduated from Bermondsey, and his chauffeur from Eton and Oxford. There are lots of situations which the young will find excruciatingly funny. At Kinglass Castle they encounter dark mystery, the police, and wedding bells. It is all highly satisfactory.

Of course no list of such books as these would be complete without one of the duffer-makes-good class, and here is Veronica Westlake's *The Mug's Game* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d.). The Mug is Margaret, pitchforked from Aunt Norma and London into a Sussex farm, ponies, some hearty older children and eccentric grown-ups. She learns to ride, swim, and scramble about with the others, and finally comes into her kingdom. So do the children in *First Performance*, by R. E. Masters (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.). This is a detective story with an unusual background. For and about music enthusiasts, the tale moves on briskly through perils and excitements to an end full of promise.

The last small group of books brings me up against a dual problem. Why do the young want to read school stories? You'd think they see enough of it all in real life. And then, why doesn't anyone any longer seem capable of writing a really good book of this type? There are two which are slightly out of the usual rather dreary rut. They are *Young Seely-Bohn*, by Donald Gilchrist (Faber, 12s. 6d.), and *Choristers' Cake*, by C. Walter Hodges (Oxford, 10s. 6d.). Both are well written, both might be enjoyed by adults, but neither is, in my opinion, likely to appeal very widely to children. The customers are almost certain to prefer *Strange*



IAN
SERRAILLIER
author of
*Flight to
Adventure, etc.*

The Silver Sword

'Relates the odyssey of three Polish children in search of their parents during and after the war. Mr. Serrailier is an artist; he writes an excellent simple prose.'
NEW STATESMAN Illustrated by
C. Walter Hodges 10s. 6d.

Volcano Adventure

WILLARD PRICE author of
South Sea Adventure, etc.

Hal and Roger Hunt go exploring volcanos in the Pacific; breathtaking thrills are combined with some fascinating information. Illustrated by Pat Marriot 10s. 6d.

BILL
BROWN

author of
Roaring River



Uncharted Voyage

'Combines an adventure theme with a realistic description of a voyage across the Pacific in a 32 ft. yacht.' THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT Illustrated by
William Stobbs 10s. 6d.

Two new additions to the famous
Twins Series

The Canadian

Twins

EVA-LIS WUORIO

The Turkish

Twins CAHIT UÇUK

Both are illustrated and
cost 8s. 6d.



ARTHUR RANSOME

Twelve books in the
SWALLOWS AND
AMAZONS series are
available, illustrated
10s. 6d. each

Big Tiger and Christian

FRITZ MÜHLENWEG

A quite outstanding book of
exceptional quality. 560 pages
Illustrated 15s.

Dr. Dolittle series

written and illustrated by
HUGH LOFTING 10s. 6d. each

all prices are net

JONATHAN CAPE

NELSON



Maddy Again

PAMELA BROWN

Pamela Brown has at last done what thousands of her fans have urged her to do—written another *Blue Door Theatre* book. This features Maddy, the irrepressible youngster of the Blue Door Theatre.

illustrated by Drake Brookshaw

9s 6d

The Crystal Skull

GARRY HOGG

A new Nat, Pen and Jonty story and Garry Hogg's finest book yet—set in a Dartmoor background and revolving round a crystal skull from Central America.

illustrated by Maz

9s 6d

The Little Dancer

LORNA HILL

This is the third story about Annette Dancy. It tells how she is torn between an offer to go to Hollywood to make a film and her desire to continue her career as a ballet dancer.

illustrated by Esmé Verity

8s 6d

The Jungle Book

ROSS SALMON

Indians, jaguars, pumas, monkeys, snakes, alligators, turtles, cannibal fish—these are only a few of the characters in this popular TV cowboy's latest book, successor to *Ross Salmon's Cowboy Book*.

illustrated with colour plates and photographs

7s 6d

John and Jennifer Go to London

GEE DENES

The latest of the popular Jennifer books, told by Elsie Harris and brilliantly photographed by Gee Denes, in which John and Jennifer show a friend from abroad the sights of London. They see the famous buildings like Buckingham Palace and the Tower as well as the parks and the River.

illustrated with coloured and half-tone photographs

6s 6d

for younger children

The Peter Tiggywig Books

HELEN HAYWOOD

Peter Tiggywig Runs Away The latest story in the series, in which Peter, the delightful little piglet, runs away to sea.

Peter Tiggywig's New Family How Peter Tiggywig copes with numerous brothers and sisters. Illustrated with colour on every page (as are all the books in the series) by the author.

each 2s 6d



36 PARK STREET LONDON W1



JESUS OF NAZARETH

Joy Harington

'... The book is a triumph ... it seems to me to show a profound and exact knowledge of the New Testament text ... I do not know any book ... which makes Jesus live so vividly ...'—*Leslie Weatherhead*.

12/6

DANGERS OF TOMORROW

Naomi Capon

'If I had my way,' says Noel Streatfeild, 'every small girl taking dancing lessons, and their ambitious mothers, would be forced to read this book ... Naomi Capon ... has really said the last word ...'

12/6

THE BRIDESMAIDS

Pamela Brown

Two lively thirteen-year-olds try to arrange an elder sister's love affairs in this entertaining and high-spirited romance.

9/6

Brockhampton Press

BOOKS DESIGNED FOR CHILDREN

The Gilbert Harding Question Book

12s 6d

"Stimulating" *Sunday Times*

"Fascinating"
Professor Bodkin

"Excellent"
Birmingham Post

"Hours of Profitable
Pleasure" *The Scotsman*

"Will add to the merit
of family parties"
T.L.S.

"Fascinating" *Daily Herald*

Over 2,000 questions
— and the answers

Illustrated in Colour

Published by Ernest Benn

Quest at Cliff House, by Nancy Moss (Chambers 7s. 6d.). This is definitely a book for girls; and it is not, let's face it, a book of the highest stature.

VICARS BELL

For Younger Children

NAOMI MITCHISON'S *Little Boxes* (Faber, 9s. 6d.) is my first choice for girls between six and ten. After reading it I felt as though I had smelt a bunch of cowslips and eaten a slice of warm home-made brown bread. Such qualities of sustenance and fragrance are found in many of Mrs. Ewing's children's books and remain with one for life. They are conveyed in this story by skilled, unstrained descriptions of the familiar outdoor things all children love. Sally stays on her grandmother's farm between spring-time and harvest. When it is fine she gathers eggs and strawberries or helps collect seaweed to lay on the fields. But on wet days her grandmother gives her some boxes to tidy which contain so many wonderful things that she doesn't notice when the sun comes out again. Sally soon begins to collect boxes of her own, a shell box filled with strange foreign shells and a little wicker box where she puts the marbles that look like dragons' eggs which might hatch in a hundred years. She finds out all about moles and voles and harvest mice and how calves' horns sprout like chestnut buds. And the story ends as all such stories should with a big harvest-home supper in the farm kitchen, while outside the mill makes a 'lovely humming noise' as it grinds the gathered corn.

Nothing could be in greater contrast than the Swedish story *Pippi Goes Aboard*, by Astrid Lindgren (Oxford, 9s. 6d.). Written with wild hilarity, the story crackles with surprises from start to finish. Pippi can do anything she likes, partly because of her fabulous strength and partly because she lives alone with her horse and monkey and has no grown-ups to order her around. She can carry her horse upstairs, catch an escaped tiger as if it were a kitten and tell the biggest and most embroidered whoppers since Baron Munchausen, all without fear of adult disapproval or reprisals. Confidently recommended for all over-polite or repressed children.

Very young children will like *Little Thumb-monk*, by Affleck Graves (Faber, 8s. 6d.). This story of a baby Inky Monkey is written in the rhythms of speech and reads aloud superbly. Unusual, too, are the thumb-print illustrations. But I am afraid that any child who gets this book will soon be pressing inky fingers on every piece of paper in the house when he sees what fine effects thumb-print pictures produce. *The Sixpence that Rolled Away*, by Louis MacNeice (Faber, 10s. 6d.) tells the story of the baby daughter of Mr. McQuid, a One Pound Note, and how she fell down a mousehole where lived a miserly mouse with very sharp teeth and small round spectacles and how she was finally rescued by an Indian Wise Man, a China Bloodhound, and a Toy Tin Pilot. Writing of high quality here, and bright, bold illustrations by Edward Bawden. Edward Ardizzone's *Tim All Alone* (Oxford, 10s. 6d.) surpasses all the previous Tim books in the standard of illustration. Here are pictures that will be admired as collectors' pieces in years to come.

High above all others in the picture-book class is *The Frisky Housewife*, by Kathleen Hale (Country Life, 8s. 6d.) in which the irresistible Orlando, the Marmalade Cat, and his

wife Grace open a shop. I particularly like the description of the 'Hoof and Claw Department [which] had every kind of foot-wear from silver sandals for smart sparrows to goloshes for snails'. *Ethelbert Under the Sea*, by Rosemary Hoyland (Collins, 10s. 6d.) has large colourful pictures and a mass of imaginative detail which would keep any very young child happy for hours as he follows the adventures of Augustus Quode, the explorer, and his tame tiger who descend to the ocean bed in a great bubble. Jan Le Witt has produced a fine picture book called *The Vegetabull* (Collins, 8s. 6d.). The illustrations have a powerful, surrealist quality in soft colours but are never frightening. Train spotters of tender years are catered for by *The Little Red Engine and the Rocket*, by Diana Ross (Faber, 10s. 6d.) and *The Adventures of Clara Chuff*, by Harry Harrison (Hulton Press, 7s. 6d.). Clara Chuff has already appeared in over one hundred broadcasts in B.B.C. Children's Hour, and is lucky to have an artist as sympathetic as Dorothy Craigie to portray her trainliness.

A good choice for both boys and girls from ten to twelve is *The Bookshop on the Quay*, by Patricia Lynch (Dent, 11s. 6d.) which tells the story of a bookshop in Dublin, of an orphan boy who has run away from home to search for his missing uncle and his adventures when he finds work as a junior bookseller. Barbara Sleigh's *The Patchwork Quilt* (Max Parrish, 9s. 6d.) is a fast-moving mystery in which the clues are found in the cardboard templates behind the patches. *The Deep Sea Horse*, by Primrose Cumming (Dent, 9s. 6d.), can be prescribed for small girls and boys afflicted with hippomania. There is no prize for the best horse of the year in this tale, for Claud, the heroic horse, runs away because he hasn't got a tail. He hears siren songs rising from the sea and plunges into the waves to pursue them among mermaids and monsters of the deep and is finally rewarded with a monstrous tail.

It would be well worth while looking for reprints of five well-established favourites. The new Puffin edition of Johanna Spyri's *Heidi* (Penguin, 3s.) will at last bring this classic within the means of everyone. The Christmas present problem is solved for any child who has not yet read it. *The Enchanted Castle*, by E. Nesbit (Benn, 12s. 6d.), will introduce the Ugli-Wuglis to a new generation of children. *Every Child's Pilgrim's Progress* (Epworth Press, 10s. 6d.) is a new simplified version of John Bunyan's famous story retold by Uncle Mac and will, I hope, lead very young readers to the original version. Two of Eleanor Farjeon's earlier books, *Grannie Gray* and *Perkin the Pedlar* (both Oxford, 10s. 6d.), are now available again.

For children who want to know about other countries there is *A Picture History of Canada*, by Clarke Hutton (Oxford, 12s. 6d.). It is rightly



'The wonderful Derby Ram', a drawing by George Adamson from *Nursery Nonsense*

named, for it does show in well-drawn and brightly coloured pictures the history of Canada from the coming of the first Indians to the Calgary Stampede of present times. *The Younger Children's Encyclopaedia* (Odhams, 16s.) offers snippets of information, profusely illustrated, on a wide variety of subjects. It even attempts to prepare children for the eleven-plus examination by providing a whole section of intelligence and aptitude tests of the kinds likely to be set by the education authorities. Most of this material is good of its kind, but it seems unfortunate that one-fifth of a child's encyclopaedia should have to be devoted to examination practice which, if used indiscriminately, may even do more harm than good. Barbara Ireson has collected together thirty-four outstanding rhymes in *Nursery Nonsense* (Faber, 6s. 6d.), delightfully illustrated by George Adamson. The authors include Lewis Carroll, Walter de la Mare, and Thackeray, and there are translations from the Norwegian and the Japanese.

Two collections of folk tales deserve special mention. *The Well at the World's End*, retold by Norah and William Montgomerie (Hogarth, 13s. 6d.), contains thirty-five folk tales from all over Scotland and Orkney. They are best described in the editor's own words as 'Gaelic tales and Lowland Scottish ballads . . . which tell of a magic world credible only to children and the unlettered, alive only in the mouths of illiterate Irish peasants, Highland crofters, and Lowland Scottish tinkers'.

Every child born in the West Indies has heard of Anansi, the Spider, who, so they say, went on spinning until he created the whole world of the jungle. In this latest collection of stories, *Anansi, the Spider Man*, by Philip M. Sherlock (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.), he is a more familiar creature, kindly, with a sense of humour and as clever as Reynard the Fox. All the stories are excellent but my favourite is 'Ticky-Picky Boom-Boom' because it is one of the gayest of these West Indian Negro folk tales with a sense of fun and timing which would make it a delight to read aloud.

MARGARET SHAW



Illustration by Edward Bawden from Louis MacNeice's *The Sixpence that Rolled Away*

OXFORD

books for children

Once in Royal David's City

Kathleen Lines and Harold Jones 10s 6d net

Pippi Goes Aboard

Astrid Lindgren 9s 6d net

Choristers' Cake

William Mayne 10s 6d net

The Boy and the River

Henri Bosco 10s 6d net

The Elephants of Sargabal

René Guillot 10s 6d net

Oxford
University
Press



NEW EPWORTH BOOKS EVERY CHILD'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By DEREK McCULLOCH ("Uncle Mac")

10s. 6d. net

With 5 plates in full colour and 15 line illustrations
by Geoffrey Fletcher

In this book, Derek McCulloch, known to millions of children as "Uncle Mac" of the B.B.C., has provided a new, simplified version of John Bunyan's famous story.

THE LIFE OF JESUS

His Journeying and His Triumph

By LESLIE F. CHURCH, B.A., Ph.D.

Illustrated. 15s. net

Dr. Church has written under a deep sense of conviction—indeed of compulsion. He says: "This is the story of Jesus as I see Him. Some of the background I was able to verify in Palestine, but the Love of which it is the record can only be confirmed in one's own experience."

THE EPWORTH PRESS

25-35, City Road, London, E.C.1

MEINDERT DEJONG THE WHEEL ON THE SCHOOL

"... the best children's book that has been published here for years"—*News Chronicle*.
Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net

PERCY M. YOUNG IN SEARCH OF MUSIC

True stories of great musicians and the days in which they lived. A sequel to *Music is For You*.
Line drawings. 12s. 6d. net

KATHLEEN FIDLER MR. PUNCH'S CAP

In which some children at the seaside find a magic staircase to the bottom of the sea.
Illustrated. 6s. 6d. net

LUTTERWORTH PRESS

Book of
the
Month—

'Young Elizabethan'

DODIE SMITH

The Hundred and One Dalmatians. "A really original book. There is a first-class story, there is writing full of enchantment... here is perfect reading for every dog-doting household... illustrated quite perfectly."—NOEL STREATFEILD 10s. 6d.

JAMES REEVES

Pigeons and Princesses. "These varied and charming stories prove that language can be clear, simple and beautiful without being vulgar."—*Times Literary Supplement*. "The very stuff of children's literature."—*Junior Bookshelf*. Edward Ardizzone illustrations. 10s. 6d.

ALISON UTTLEY

Little Red Fox and Cinderella. "A charming and simple tale for 4-6 year-olds, easy to follow and delightfully illustrated."—*Times Literary Supplement*. 10s. 6d.

Heinemann

IN THE BEGINNING

Roger Pilkington



A book for boys and girls that will be read with great interest by their parents! 5/-

THE SONG OF THE BLUEBIRD

Bernard Martin

The exciting adventures of Jim and Molly with a boat, an island, and much mystery. But there is more than excitement, adventure, and humour in this fine story. Over thirty illustrations. 6/-

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Retold for Boys and Girls by R. G. Martin



It is said that John Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' stands next to the Bible in its instant appeal to ordinary people. In this book R. G. Martin retells for children some of the outstanding incidents from the Bedford tinker's wonderful dream, and he does it excellently.

It is splendidly produced, the text is illustrated with full-page plates by T. R. Williams, it has a three-colour pictorial jacket, and is bound in cloth. A lovely gift book for any child. 7/6

INDEPENDENT PRESS LTD.

Memorial Hall, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4

Riding a winged horse
must be very exciting.

Read in

Emperor of the Moon

just how thrilling it
could be, especially with
a quest at the end.

Text by JOAN NORTH

Pictures by JUDITH BLEDSOE 8s 6d

GEOFFREY BLES

HOMER'S

ILIAD for Children

Told and illustrated by

ERNEST MOSS

Of which *The Times Educ. Supp.* says: "A worth-while gift for the young... calculated to seize and fire their imagination."

Available from all booksellers

Produced and Published by

THE DITCHLING PRESS LTD.

Spring



Summer

Autumn



Winter

Bodley Head Books
all the year round

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

A View after 'Flu

FOR A CONSCIENTIOUS professional viewer there is no exercise so restorative to jaded perspectives as a good long stare at the ceiling. Last week influenza compelled me to spend the larger part of two days in that form of horizontal contemplation. I did not in the least mind missing 'This Is Your Life', which victimised, no doubt with its customary amiability of intention, a popular personage of the B.B.C. musical scene, Harry S. Pepper. I continue to be basically hostile to the assumption of that programme that it has a right to conspire against the peace of mind of anyone it chooses for the purposes of public show. That most of its subjects so far have been unresentful, and one or two beamingly co-operative, does not condone the trespass. The contemporary over-emphasis on the personal and private has equally distasteful polarities but one found oneself in strong sympathy with Dame Peggy Ashcroft's implied protest against it in Geoffrey Johnson Smith's 'Highlight' interview with her. Like Arnold Bennett, she believes that everyone must have a private mind. It is a reservation of the civilised life that television tends to ignore.

I crept down in time to see the last part of 'Panorama', in which Michael Curtis and Claude Cockburn were involved in a somewhat mocked-up discussion of the Press Council's criticism of keyhole journalism in the royal households. Michael Curtis is a good level-headed debater but I have wondered more than once why Claude Cockburn is put on to sound like a wit who never says anything witty. Now and again he turns up in the 'Brains Trust' without making a positive contribution to its transactions. I suspect that his is one of those personalities which are at their best in the last refuges of Bohemia, wherever they may be.

By the way, nothing was said about television when the 'Brains Trust' was asked to define a waste of time. Summarised, the answers amounted to: 'Doing something you don't want to do', which for the viewing majority may have made the omission feasible enough. A moralistic minority probably fidgeted with great unease in its Sunday chairs. Indeed, one had a picture of a bishop's apron, concealing an afternoon nap, billowing with truly righteous indignation at so flippant a concept. A more search-



As seen by the viewer in 'First Hand', on November 27: the *Titanic* and (right) survivors from the ship in the studio with Peter West



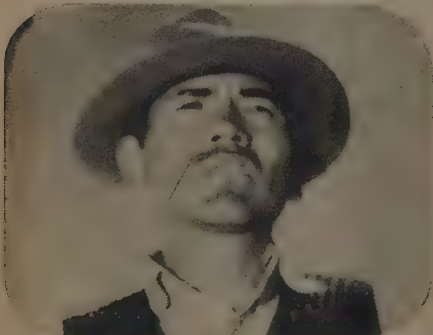
ing order of intelligence was brought to bear, last Sunday, on a question about modern children's books and the surpassing slush that many of them contain. There was a brisk passing assault on the reputation of the creator of 'Noddy' in that connection. While for some it may a little too often ignore the advice of the old lady in *David Copperfield* who said: 'Let there be no meanderings', the 'Brains Trust' can be counted one of the few television programmes that are not anti-social in the time-wasting sense. It makes us sharers of adult opinion, involving us in a speaker's personality as well as in his subject. Its producer, John Furness, has established an acceptably good standard which is fortified by the urbane command of the question master, Norman Fisher. In that role, no other has been neater at tucking in the loose ends.

The week's spectacle was the visit of the Queen to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, where we saw the tables laid (with surprisingly creased linen) for the dinner given in her honour by the Army. The cameras tended to be too discreet. We seemed to be getting a number of skylight views of the preparatory proceedings, and the close-up lenses might have been under strict army discipline. Mess kit can still look smart if also *démodé*. The shade of Ouida might happily have disported itself in those alcoves. It could not have been Nell Gwynn's because, as we were firmly told in a preliminary discourse by the inevitable Dimpleby, she has no place in the Royal Hospital annals and no right to one in its legends. Although we were also told that the meal serving was a Naafi responsibility, we

were given no chance of seeing that oft-satirised organisation exerting itself for a loftier occasion than Saturday night in the sergeants' mess. Most memorable of the pictures coming to us from a scene of gallantry and grace were the lingering shots of the Queen making her slow and stately advance towards the great hall, escorted by her two Gurkha attendants. It was like a cameo of a hundred years ago.

A greater television emphasis on religion may not have been induced by the present angry state of the world. In 'Keeping in Touch' we saw Sir Miles Thomas facing Cardiff ministers and clergy in a lively and sincere though hardly penetrating exchange on the subject of religion in a mass society. He was made to be something of a surprise item in that context, because his success as a televised personality has hitherto rested on his administrative eminence. Pretending to no power of exegesis, he was content to deal with his interlocutors in plain and simple terms, which may have disarmed some of his challengers. They gave the cameras a good range of facial expressions to play with and once more we could appreciate the smooth facility of Alan Gibson in the role of chairman. 'Christians in China' informed us, with the help of some skilled visual detective work, of a recent new discovery of Christian evidence in China at the time of Marco Polo. Professor Foster, of Glasgow University, told the story with unfashionable zest. 'Meeting Point' introduced three new-generation leaders of church thought within the Anglican community, Simon Phipps, David Sheppard, and Nicholas Stacey. Present strife near the Galilean shore gave their reaffirmations new significance if not new meaning.

REGINALD POUND



'The World Is Ours' on November 28: a Bolivian Indian and a Peruvian Indian woman

Photographs: John Cura

DRAMA

Dead Letter

THE AMERICAN FORCES in the last war evolved a joke which consisted of chalking the mysterious words 'Kilroy was here' as a symbol of conquest. The B.B.C. Drama Department might try stamping 'Bette was here' on Sunday night programmes. Once again, last Sunday, we went on a rampage through the Bette Davis country, or more exactly, a stroll with Miss Celia Johnson through one of those Malayan jungles invested with suburban Britons where Mr. Maugham was wont to find such splendid game.



'The Letter' on December 2, with Celia Johnson as Leslie Crosbie, and David Peel as Geoffrey Hammond; and (right) Cameron Hall as Chung Hi, Roland Culver as Howard Joyce, and Patrick Cargill as Ong Chi Seng

'The Letter' may not be much of a play, judged in long perspective. But at the time when a piece like 'Look back in anger' can seriously be considered as an example of stagecraft, it is likely to make an effect of good workmanship to say the least. The language is a bit dated—too much 'What the devil . . . ?', but then the whole thing must be assumed to be a period piece now. This cocktail-cabinet Southern Electric civilisation sitting so unconcerned in its Malayan *décor* reveals a vanished epoch. Perhaps, too, Mrs. Crosbie ('Leslie', inevitably) who shoots her lover because he has taken to living with a Chinese woman—adequate justification in the eyes of her friends it would seem—also belongs to the world of Scribe and Sardou. The corn grows waist high.

But two roles are cleverly written. Leslie trying to lie her way out of it, contending that she acted only in self-defence, and Howard Joyce (played by Ronald Culver with admirable colonial public school undertones) trying not to disbelieve her are allotted a string of admirably theatrical interviews, and in this production by Michael Elliott these had been given full value. Miss Johnson, every inch the planter's wife, played with exactly the right sort of low-pressure bravura. Mr. Culver, raising eyebrows and horn-rimmed spectacles in about equal proportions, looked wonderfully hard to deceive. There was a tiny and assured cameo from Barbara Everest and some rather too prominent contributions from Norman Wooland as the cuckold planter, and Patrick Cargill as the inscrutable Ong Chi Seng (one of those stage orientals who have practically vanished from anything but the comic strip nowadays). Two-thirds of it were enjoyable, until the contrivance of the whole 'vehicle' suddenly takes the pleasure out of it. But by all means let us put our heads together and think of yet another Bette Davis success to resuscitate.

Does the general public even now, after so merciless a procession of these 'Water Rat' revels, know—or greatly care—what a Water Rat is? We vaguely know that it is something to do with the

'Halls', something possibly charitable, something ceaselessly matey and self congratulatory, and even that there are such appendages as Lady Ratlings. But mention of the Order in B.B.C. programmes simply warns many of us in advance that we are to be deluged with second-class and under-rehearsed Variety of the most fatiguing kind. I don't in the least want to be unpleasant about Sunday night's junketing, which a live audience seemed to be enjoying greatly, but considering the forces which were joined, half of Variety's casting directory and the Band of the Coldstream Guards to boot, the result in terms of entertainment on our home screens was nugatory.

Let me look back with more pleasure to thrills at Threep, with Joan Miller and Hugh Sinclair keeping us on tenterhooks in 'A Question of Character' by Lennox Phillips, and to 'The Crime of the Century', as yet only in the first instalment, with such stalwarts as Edward Chapman and William Lucas in it. Nor let me fail to mention that the Norman Wisdom show on Saturday evening, even for one like myself who does not instantly warm to this comedian's

talent, was an exceptionally good edition of its kind.

But where was serious music last week? Has music vanished entirely? At one time we used to have a recital on Sunday night and often a symphony concert on Sunday afternoon. *Absent*. Instead we have variety or a sort of policeman's 'smoker', and if there is any pleasant singing or distinguished instrumental playing it is slipped in diluted with a lot of unendurable bonhomie from a compere or divided by performing dogs. I count myself lucky, however, to have stuck out 'Vic Oliver Presents' in order to hear William McAlpine sing 'You are my heart's delight' from 'The Land of Smiles' better, I would say, than anyone since Tauber; a sumptuous noise. The same sort of luck made me switch on a programme of decorous highland dancing, called 'The Kilt Is My Delight' (for St. Andrew's night), in which the opening eightsome provided one of those really heart-lifting pieces of televised dance which almost make you feel you are yourself taking part (which is just what you never feel about nine-tenths of the dance routines put over in Variety). And, as a third lucky find, D. W. Griffith's ten-minute condensation of Tolstoy's *Resurrection*, the earliest of four cinematic assaults on that novel, which was wildly funny and rather pleasing, especially to those who have recently given up three and a half hours of their lives to see Hollywood's latest effort with the master's *War and Peace*.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting DRAMA

Ivory and Jet

WE TAKE MORE than three-quarters of an hour to reach the haunted Kurtz, far in the heart of darkness. Here is a 'build-up' longer than that for (shall we say?) the vastly different *Tartuffe*. It is, of course, relatively longer still in the book, for this is one of Joseph Conrad's most sustained essays in atmospheric, as told by Marlow at evening on the Thames while 'the greatest city on earth becomes



William Lucas (left) as Charlton Bradbury and Edward Chapman as Mr. Brakewell in the first episode of 'The Crime of the Century', on December 1

a monstrous glare beneath the stars'. In 'Heart of Darkness' (Home) everything; from those two silent knitters 'impassive as Fate' in Brussels, seems to lead to Kurtz. In West Africa the great river, the Congo, like a snake with its head in the sea, coils away into the gloom. Drum-beats appear to hover high above our heads. There is a 'taint of imbecile rapacity' in air that is heavy and sluggish: the river winds silently among the crowding trees. And always we are approaching Kurtz: always, in this tenebrous land invaded by mean, greedy phantoms, we are piercing on towards terror, though Marlow does not yet feel the man behind the name.

It is the kind of journey—one to make the voyage of the *African Queen* seem like a pleasure-cruise—that sound-radio can evoke minutely. We can feel Marlow's wonder when, after steaming up as if towards the first beginning of the world, he is at last within sight of Kurtz' hut where the dried heads wait on poles, and Kurtz himself is almost at his end. The man is a living fable. One doesn't talk to him, says the Russian; one listens. You can't judge Mr. Kurtz as you judge other men. It is a privilege to hear him talk, an enlargement of the mind. And so on. Soon Kurtz, of the Tropical Trading Company, must be with us. Anthony Jacobs expresses the charged astonishment of Marlow—who is Conrad himself—when at length the man is there, borne by the natives. We know that Robert Eddison's tones are those of this Kurtz who is little more than a voice, the man who is grotesquely thin, looking at least seven feet long, an 'animated image of death' carved from old ivory, his eyes on fire, his head bald. 'The wilderness had patted him on the head, and behold, it was like a ball—an ivory ball'.

The radio-play presents with sombre intensity its tragedy of a soul that went mad. As Kurtz, lost man, perverted idealist, says 'Leave me alone . . . I understand everything', and 'I am lying here in the dark waiting for death', Robert Eddison's voice throbs with the heart of darkness itself: this is the Jekyll-and-Hyde of a hidden world. The acting of Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Eddison (the part of Kurtz, when we do reach it, is very brief) does honour to a version by Helena Wood: one of which we can speak, in Conrad's own words: 'That sombre theme had to be given a sinister resonance, a tonality of its own, a continued vibration that, I hoped, would hang in the air and dwell on the ear after the last note had been struck'. Kurtz had cried 'The horror of it!' and that is what we feel without desire to have any more explicit rendering. John Gibson has produced finely.

In Molière's 'The Misanthrope' (Third)—far enough from 'Heart of Darkness'—Alceste is one of the first people to speak. No need there for a 'build-up': the man declares himself with every utterance. Lately he has been with us a good deal. Jean-Louis Barrault has acted him in London, and Hugh Burden at Bristol, and now Marius Goring on the air has given to him the exact quality of single-minded passion as the foe to hypocrisy stems the tide against all mankind. It was a pleasure to hear him. I was not so happy about Geraldine McEwan's Célimène. Her intonations can sound oddly pinched, and the famous duel seemed to me to be lop-sided. Still, the play is sovereign, and John Ozell's version had much style and spirit, though for the theatre my heart remains with Malleston's adaptation. We have made a long journey from the buckram of the early translators. ('The horror of them!' as Kurtz might say.)

Allan McClelland, whom we had heard as the accountant in 'Heart of Darkness' ('When one has to make correct entries, one hates these savages, hates them to death'), appeared at the end of the week as the author of a new treat-

ment of 'The Tenant of Wildfell Hall' (Home). Most people, I imagine, have versions of *Jane Eyre* tucked away guiltily in their desks, and a good many have played with the flames of *Wuthering Heights*, but poor Anne is usually left out of it. 'The Tenant' is a curious mixture of audacity and pallor. Though I could not hear all of Mr. McClelland's version, I thought that it was doing as much for Anne as could be done, and certainly Jessica Dunning had the manner ('If you knew all, you too would blame me perhaps even more than I deserve').

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Fact, Feeling, and Fiction

I OFTEN FIND when I listen to scientific talks that at first all is clear and even exciting, and every now and then I am given some rich titbit of fact or theory which I seize on with wonder and delight. But after a while obscurities intrude; the science is becoming too scientific for me; I fail to grasp a point here, a point there, so that when I reach the end all I retain is the titbits; the deeper significance of the whole has eluded me. This was my fate even when listening to such a simple 'Science Survey' talk as Dr. T. W. Goodwin's 'Hidden Pigments', from which I learned that the so-called autumn tints in green trees and plants are there all the time though invisible to us in spring and summer because of the presence of chlorophyll. For reasons I can't explain, I find this a delightful and stimulating idea, and next spring I shall look at my garden with a new eye.

Dr. D. R. Newth's Third Programme talk on 'Unfolding Form: the Life of the Embryo' was rather more difficult, but again I picked up some enthralling details about the creative processes by which an egg is transformed into an adult animal. The astonishing facts about the frog's ear drum held me spellbound, the more so that Dr. Newth is a first-rate talker. In a talk on a similar process, 'Bringing-up Junior', James L. Henderson discussed the difference between English and American youth and their development from childhood. In my more limited experience of American youth I was struck by the accuracy of his comparison in all points in which I could check him.

'The French and the Middle East', a discussion by representative French speakers with Bertrand de Jouvenel in the chair, threw fresh lights on the differences between opinion here and in France on the Suez affair. I was surprised to learn—doubtless more knowledgeable listeners were not—that in France 90 per cent. were in favour of our joint action and that opinions cut clean across political parties. Some of the speakers thought, nevertheless, that we should withdraw our forces at once which, as one of them remarked, would bring strong pressure to bear on President Nasser to clear the Canal, but to this another objected that people like President Nasser are not prompted by rational considerations. Another speaker thought that the crisis should lead us not to a new Atlantic Pact but to a conference with Russia, and yet another acutely pointed out that alliances are not necessarily created by friendly feelings but by necessity. It was an enlightening debate and had the great advantage that all the participants spoke excellent English.

In another discussion, 'Ought the State to Compensate Victims of Violence?', Margery Fry argued eloquently with Richard O'Sullivan, Q.C. Miss Fry is a most persuasive talker: her style is not that of an academic debater but of a quiet and very lively conversationalist, and she has a dry humour which breaks out at unexpected moments. In her view the answer to the question asked by the title was 'Yes'. Since offenders in cases of violence are seldom in a

position to pay damages, she argued, the state should do so. Mr. O'Sullivan, as a learned and far-sighted lawyer, pointed out that this might encourage cases of collusion and also involve a closer supervision of all of us, which would be an infringement of liberty. But Miss Fry waved these possibilities aside and fired a parting quib at her opponent which closed the discussion.

The best of the talks I have listened to on 'Unfinished Novels' was the one given last Friday by Emma Smith who won recognition as a novelist by writing two books at the age of twenty-four and has not yet published another, although the third was carefully planned and partly written. She began with a telling description of the disturbing effects of becoming a writer, an obtrusive person who, when she set about writing intruded on her private self. Friends, admirers, and publishers bothered her with urgent questions about her next book, and this roused in her a crippling self-consciousness towards her writing. She then went on to outline her idea for the new novel and an extremely interesting one it was, and she analysed with remarkable penetration the reasons for her failure to finish it. Her fascinating talk showed a deep insight into character and conflicting human relations, and it had a style which many eminent writers might envy.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Opera in London and Belgrade

OUR VISITS TO COVENT GARDEN grow more frequent. Last week 'Otello' was relayed in the Third Programme; tonight we are promised 'La Bohème' in the Home Service. This is all to the good, if only because it is 'only fair' (as the saying is) to give taxpayers who cannot get to London a chance of hearing the products of the subsidy to which they contribute their mite.

'Otello', being given in the 'grand' style, in Italian, at enhanced prices and with guest artists in two of the principal parts, must be judged by the standard to which it aspired. It came nearest to that standard in the orchestral performance under Kubelik's direction, which was fortunately well forward in the broadcast. The playing in the love-duet and the last act, that is the most lyrical part of the opera, was often ravishing. And what a wonderful score it is!

But Verdi's opera is, first and foremost, vocal music, and here there were shortcomings. Ramon Vinay, fine actor as he is, makes a great effect in the theatre with Otello's animal rages and, like Sir Willoughby Patterne, he 'has a leg'—but, as a realist, whose attention was drawn to this feature, remarked: 'He can't sing with that'. Truth to tell, Vinay's voice, heard in isolation, has lost a good deal of its resonance, and he tends to make up for it by forcing his tone. Nor is his attack always clean, though in this matter he sang better last week than on the first night of the season. As his antagonist, Iago, Otakar Kraus was forceful and dramatically effective in his villainy. But has he no other stops in his voice wherewith to portray the man's subtlety of mind and the superficial good nature that deceives the gullible?

Gré Brouwenstijn was the best of the three principals vocally. Her voice sounded much steadier than in the Bayreuth 'Ring', and she sang with a real feeling for the pathos of the part, if with a too regal dignity to suggest the ingenuousness of youth. Still, apart from a tendency for top notes to get dynamically out of proportion in a *legato* phrase, this was a beautiful performance. The lesser parts were all capably filled, but the chorus were well below their usual level.

Covent Garden has no need to fear comparison with the National Opera of Belgrade so far as quality of singing goes, if one may judge from

the recorded performance of Tchaikovsky's 'The Queen of Spades'. The soprano persistently attacked her notes below pitch and, after getting on to them, as often as not went sharp, while the tenor's tone was disagreeably 'tight'. Only the baritone, Jovan Gligor (Tomsy), sang as well as his opposite number in the Covent Garden production. But where these Slavonic singers have the advantage of us is the sheer conviction they put into their performances.

In the symphonic field the most important concerts were given under the direction of Hermann Scherchen, who has been in charge of the B.B.C. Orchestra during the past fortnight. Some of his programmes have been oddly chosen, the first consisting of Kabalevsky's 'Colas Breugnot' Overture, a trivial hors d'oeuvre, a new concerto for harp by Villa-

Lobos, a tasteless trifle without even a dash of sherry, and Prokofiev's Scythian Suite, whose sound and fury, so daunting when it was first done here in 1914, has dwindled to a merely tiresome noise. To this 'Also sprach Zarathustra', one of Strauss' less successful essays, perhaps because it attempts philosophy, was added when the programme was repeated. Then last week the conductor dug out Reger's 'Böcklin Suite' as though to show us what German music *circa* 1910 was like, when deprived of the imagination and invention of Strauss. It was as though some competent academic composer here had written an 'Alma-Tadema Suite', the two artists being parallels in their contemporary vogue, negligible achievement, and consequent depreciation. Reger's music seemed an exact counterpart of Böcklin's art.

Scherchen also conducted some classics—Mozart's Requiem Mass and the Clarinet Concerto, and Brahms' First Symphony. His Mozart was rather heavy-handed and inelegant. It so happened that I had just received a recording of the concerto with the same clarinetist, Ger-vase de Peyer, and the contrast between the two performances was striking. Even the soloist seemed affected, for on Saturday night his tone often sounded sour and his phrasing was less shapely than in the recorded performance. Brahms fared better, a certain solidity being not out of place. The conductor did not always maintain a steady pace, notably in the finale where he anticipated Brahms' *animato* by some twenty bars and so let dignity run out at his heels.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

'Wat Tyler'

By ERNEST CHAPMAN

Alan Bush's opera will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 5.5 p.m. on Sunday, December 9, and 8.5 p.m. the next day

WHEN, as long ago as 1948, Alan Bush conceived the idea of writing an opera, he looked for a subject that would be a suitable vehicle for both his musical style and his strong social convictions. Musically, after some allegiance to central European complexity and the twelve-note method, he proceeded to a general simplification of style and finally declared himself an English nationalist, holding with Vaughan Williams that 'music should reflect the national music and cultural traditions of the composer's country'. Socially, he has always believed that—in his own words—it is man's duty to 'solve the problems set him in his struggle to control Nature and to mould human society itself, so as to provide equal opportunities for everyone—regardless of race or colour—to develop their faculties to the full and to contribute their maximum to the forward march of human life'. In the events of the English Peasant Revolt of 1381 he alighted on a subject that suited him on both grounds.

The composer found a suitable librettist in his wife, Nancy Bush has had long experience of providing words for music—for some of her husband's choruses, for the songs of her brother, Michael Head, and for English translations of many foreign chorals works. She is herself a pianist and singer. The libretto of 'Wat Tyler' recounts the events of 1381 in clear and dramatic form. Narrative and explanatory material are reduced to a minimum and the atmosphere of the fourteenth century is evoked without recourse to archaic expressions. The language (blank or rhymed verse) is straightforward and singable, reaching a high poetic level at many points.

The opera begins with a Prologue, in which an escaping self is told of 'great things stirring in Kent' that may soon bring serfdom to an end. In the First Act (three scenes) Wat Tyler leads a demonstration at Maidstone against Sir Thomas Bampton, royal tax commissioner. Later Bampton appears at Tyler's cottage and insults his daughter. Tyler throws him to the ground and then goes out to rouse the men of Kent. The peasants storm Maidstone Gaol and after releasing John Ball, the people's priest, start on the march to London to petition the King for freedom. In the Second Act (three scenes), Richard II and his courtiers decide on a meeting at which they will agree to the peasants' demands, though they do not intend to keep their promises. The meeting takes place at Smithfield, but on leaving the King Wat Tyler is stabbed to death by Walworth, Lord Mayor of London. Later, in a scene outside

Westminster Abbey, the King repudiates his promises; serfdom shall continue for ever. The people are at first desolate, but finally regain faith in eventual victory.

It will be seen from this outline that 'Wat Tyler' is concerned less with its hero's personal life than with the destiny of the people as a whole. It is thus a truly national opera, like Mussorgsky's 'Boris Godunov', and, as in that work, the chorus, representing the people, plays an outstanding part. The choral writing is not complex in texture, but requires clean, powerful singing from a large body. Throughout the opera the musical style is unmistakably English. It clearly follows on from Bush's earlier national works, such as the English Suite for string orchestra (1946) and the 'Piers Plowman's Day' suite for full orchestra (1947). Much of the music is modal. The fourths, open fifths, and affecting cadences of English medieval music figure prominently in the harmony. The melodic lines reflect the characteristic intonations of English folk music. Only one folk-song is actually quoted—'The Cutty Wren'—but it is one that has featured prominently in English social struggles. (The Wren, in folk-lore, symbolises the tyrant.) For the rest, Bush has filtered these 'early' elements through his own personality to such effect that the result, far from being pastiche, is highly individual.

One of the problems of operatic construction is that of achieving unity in the music, since stage action can easily work against the special characteristics of musical structures. As Bush has pointed out (in an article in *Music*, October 1952), 'the libretti of operas are nearly always adaptations from existing stories. The sequences of events can hardly be expected to follow lines of development necessarily well suited to large musical forms. Each act or scene tends, therefore, to resolve itself into a succession of independent sections, each different from the last, and producing as a whole an episodic effect from a musical point of view. Most opera composers from the mid-nineteenth century onwards have aimed at continuous music throughout each act, but this continuity is often achieved by disregard of the musical structure. The exigencies of stage action are deemed to excuse a musical formlessness which, in a piece of instrumental music, would result in a lack of intelligibility'.

Wagner's solution of the problem, that of achieving 'musical structure and continuity by means of a symphonic orchestral foundation which is the battleground of the dramatic conflict', does not wholly recommend itself to Bush, because of the resultant loss of characterisation

in the singing roles. He prefers the Mozartian method, and instances the trio for the Count, Basilio, and Susanna in Act I of 'Figaro': 'During this passage of music there is a good deal of stage action; Susanna pretends to faint and recovers, the Count discloses Cherubino lying in the chair. Yet the musical construction is so built that the stage action moulds it without rendering it formless. Besides this, the vocal lines of the three characters are clearly differentiated, each fitting the expression by the particular person of his or her feelings at the moment.'

In 'Wat Tyler', the Prologue and each of the acts is composed as a continuous piece of music, including solo songs, choruses, linking orchestral passages, etc. Each act approximates to the general outline of a symphony, and each scene to a symphonic movement with what may be described as an introduction and coda, and a central part including the main section, bridge passages and development. 'The orchestra is not, however, the battleground; the persons on the stage bear both the dramatic and musical burden, the orchestra being designed as a support, or, if you like, an accompaniment to their singing and acting'.

Characterisation in 'Wat Tyler' is built up primarily through the vocal lines of the solo parts. The voice part of each of the characters in the story has its own distinctive physiognomy, achieved by the incorporation of certain musical phrases, peculiar to each character, which recur in different forms whenever that character is singing. In Tyler's part, for instance, the following phrases are introduced near the beginning: G-A-F-E-G, C-B-D-A, and C-A-G-C. Their constant variation and development throughout the opera is most ingeniously and artistically worked out. Characterisation is further emphasised in the orchestra by the association of certain groups of instruments with each of the main characters. Tyler is often heard singing against a background of horns, bassoons, clarinets in low register, and strings.

In Germany, 'Wat Tyler' has already been staged in Leipzig (1953 and 1954) and Rostock (1955) as well as broadcast from Berlin. On each occasion it has aroused most unusual enthusiasm. Indeed, it has resulted in three other German theatres commissioning operas from Bush—a unique event in English operatic history. Acquaintance with the music through the hearing of German tape-recordings suggests that the enthusiasm is well founded. But only when it is sung in English, in an English opera house, will 'Wat Tyler' make its full, haunting effect.

CANCER— is it infectious?

Thankfully, we can answer 'no'. But there are answers which have yet to be found in the field of cancer research.

Important advances have been made—indeed, thousands of cancer cases are successfully treated each year—but the central problems remain. What is the cause of cancer? How can cancer be prevented?

The work goes on. Cancer—the malignant monster—will ultimately be beaten. Naturally, this work demands the best brains, the best equipment—and money! This is where the British Empire Cancer Campaign comes in.

The object of the British Empire Cancer Campaign is to promote research into the cause, prevention and cure of cancer. Its chief function is to give financial support to this important work.

Cancer must yield. It may do so more quickly if more money can be spent on research.

We ask for Legacies; and for cheques, notes, postal orders, stamps. Please address to Sir Charles Lidbury, Hon. Treasurer, British Empire Cancer Campaign (Dept. L.S. 6), 11 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1, or give to your Local Committee.

BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN

Patron:
Her Majesty the Queen

President:
H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester



*The
same
old school
tie?*

Something in common, anyway:
their taste in shirts.
The same tidiness at neck
and wrist; unshrinking
neckbands, roomy chests,
and easy coat-cut styles.

They're Vantella shirts.
Made with Van Heusen collars
and cuffs, and, in plain colours
and white, with a choice of two
sleeve lengths; moderately priced at 49/-

You can tell a
VANTELLA
Regd.
With **VAN HEUSEN** collars and cuffs
The perfect shirts made by **Cotella**
For the Vantella pattern card, write to
VJS COTELLA, AERTEX HOUSE, 465 OXFORD ST., W.1

For your throat...

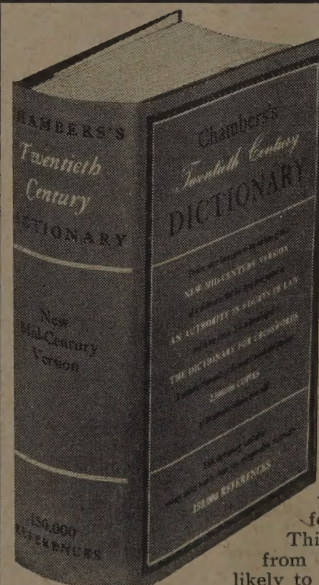
Allenburys PASTILLES

Made from Glycerine and Blackcurrants

In tins
From all
Chemists **1/9**



Made by Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.2



Christmas Gifts for Crossword Fans CHAMBERS'S DICTIONARY

is remarkably adapted for the solution of all word puzzles—a fact frequently acknowledged by the greatest experts in the world. Read for example: 'CHAMBERS'S TWENTIETH CENTURY DICTIONARY is the main dictionary I use, and the only small one. It is far the best English dictionary of its size.'—TORQUEMADA.

'CHAMBERS'S TWENTIETH CENTURY DICTIONARY is the standard work of reference for my crosswords in the Observer.

This is a tradition which I inherited from "Torquemada" and it is not likely to be broken.'—XIMENES.

'The Mid-Century is a marvel. There should be one in every home.'—EGMA of The Listener.

The Great New
Mid-Century Version

CHAMBERS'S TWENTIETH CENTURY DICTIONARY

Your bookseller will gladly show you this fine book (1,364 pages). It costs 21s. bound in cloth, and 31s. 6d. in quarter morocco.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

POTATOES AND CHESTNUTS

A LISTENER SAYS she heard some time ago that green potatoes are poisonous and should be thrown away, and asks if this is a fact. No, it is not as sinister as that. You have probably all seen potatoes tinged with green—generally near the skin or round the 'eyes'. That green part would have a bitter flavour and the substance causing this could—in large amounts—lead to symptoms of gastro-enteritis. Unpleasant, but easy to avoid if you cut the green part away. The rest of the potato is safe to eat. And, I repeat, you would have to eat large amounts of green potato to feel ill-effects.

Another listener asks for a recipe for casserole potatoes. Here is one of the simplest: 'Anna Potatoes'. Cut the peeled potatoes into thin slices, wash them, and dry them carefully in a clean cloth. Then put them in overlapping circles in the bottom of a buttered fireproof dish. Add salt, pepper, and shavings of butter. Cover with layers of potato slices, salt, pepper, and butter until the dish is full. Bake, without a lid, in a moderately hot oven for an hour. If you like, you can add some chopped onion between the layers.

Next question: What is the easiest way to remove the inner skin from chestnuts? The method I recommend is to make a cut through each chestnut—as a precaution against explosions—then put the nuts into a saucepan of cold water, bring them to the boil and boil for ten to fifteen minutes. Now, this is the important part: take out a few at a time and, while they are still hot (use a cloth to hold them), remove the shells and inner skins with a sharp-pointed knife. Leave them in the boiling water until you are ready to skin each one because once the nuts cool it is almost impossible to remove that inner skin.

LOUISE DAVIES

BAKED BANANAS

Bananas are plentiful now, and you might think it a good idea to try them baked, for a change. Put them in a flat dish, with brown sugar all over them, a good squeeze of lemon juice, and some dabs of butter or margarine on top. Done like this, bananas only take about a quarter of an hour in a moderate oven. By that time the brown sugar and the butter have bubbled together and given the bananas a delicious flavour. If you enjoy things with a nutty taste, you might like to sprinkle a little coarse oatmeal on top, about five minutes before the dish comes out of the oven. The oatmeal toasts and becomes brown and crunchy. If you prefer, you can add a few chopped walnuts.

RUTH DREW

FILLING FOR BAKED APPLES

When you have cored and scored the apples round the middle, pack the centre with a mixture of chopped dates and coconut, and pour a dessertspoon of honey over each apple. By the way, if you warm the spoon whenever you are measuring out honey or syrup, you find it slips off the spoon easily. Do not forget to cover the bottom of your dish with water.

ANNE WILD

Notes on Contributors

ROBERT STEPHENS (page 905): on the editorial staff of *The Observer*; has recently returned from the Middle East

JOHN MARLOWE (page 906): formerly engaged in commercial work in Cairo; author of *Anglo-Egyptian Relations 1800-1953* and *Rebellion in Palestine*

GEORGE MIKES (page 907): journalist who has recently returned from Hungary; author of *How to be an Alien*, etc.

GLANVILLE WILLIAMS (page 908): Lecturer in Law, Cambridge University; Quain Professor of Jurisprudence, London University, 1950-55; author of *The Proof of Guilt*, *Joint Torts and Contributory Negligence*, etc.

JOHN MACMURRAY, LL.D. (page 916): Professor of Moral Philosophy, Edinburgh University, since 1944; Grote Professor of the Philosophy of Mind and Logic, London University, 1928-44; author of *Aspects of Dialectical Materialism*, *Challenge to the Churches*, *Structure of Religious Experience*, etc.

ARNOLD HASKELL, C.B.E. (page 917): Director and Principal of the Sadler's Wells School since 1946; editor of *Ballet Annual* and author of many books on ballet

W. A. CAMPBELL STEWART (page 919): Professor of Education, University College of North Staffordshire

T. T. PATERSON (page 921): Senior Lecturer in Industrial Relations, Glasgow University

J. MIDDLETON MURRY, O.B.E. (page 925): author of *Jonathan Swift*, *Community Farm*, *The Conquest of Death*, *The Mystery of Keats*, etc.; editor of the *Adelphi*, 1923-48

SIR RALPH STEVENSON, G.C.M.G. (page 939): Ambassador to Egypt, 1950-55; to China, 1946-50, and to Yugoslavia, 1943-46

G. R. ELTON (page 941): Lecturer in History, Cambridge University; author of *England Under the Tudors*, etc.

NORMAN ST. JOHN-STEVAS (page 947): formerly Assistant Lecturer in Law, London University; author of *Obscenity and the Law*

K. W. GRANSDEN (page 947): Superintendent of the Students' Room, Department of Manuscripts, British Museum; poet, author of *John Donne*

COLIN WILSON (page 951): author of *The Outsider*

PETER KIDSON (page 956): on the staff of the Conway Library, Courtauld Institute of Art

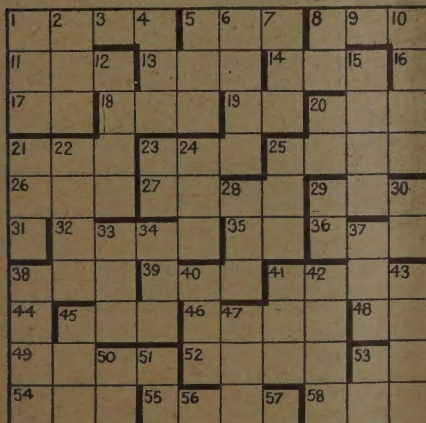
Crossword No. 1,384.

cupleaton—2.

By ancy

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, December 13. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CLUES—ACROSS

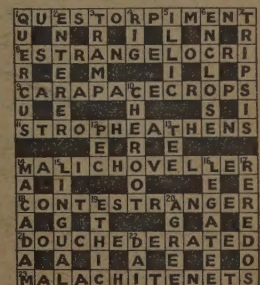
1. The Cvi Srvic has some (13)
5. Suitably mixed (7)
8. Puing in the picture (11)
11. bligatry (7)
13. Found out—e.g., water (7)
14. Each of the lights is one (11)
16. Achivmnts (9)
17. It turns about a cntr (8)
18. 25A is one for the soul (14)
19. Of a tiny world (11)
20. slanc ymbol (9)
21. tocking mostly are (9)
23. Being minus a char? (12)
25. Making a fresh sar in life (13)
26. They upset one (9)
27. Wreathing round (12)
29. She kneads one into shape (8)
31. Some 1A are: bihop, M.P.'s &c. (14)
32. Curtails (13)
35. Was djcent (8)
36. Wihou fudati (8)
38. Having had inroads made (8)
39. Gnosity of sprt (11)
41. Quality found in chars? (12)
44. Kitchen sieboar (7)
45. One who has—decorum? (10)
46. Let in (8)
48. mprtl (13)
49. Painted ehas by a Dutchman (8)
52. Not cohrt (11)
53. lphbet (10)
54. Famous (11)
55. Fvourble (10)
58. Often 'modern' when in the home (11)

DOWN

1. What to make your packet with (9)
2. Uceasing (7)
3. They put fowad (9)
4. Comng or being btwn (12)
5. They ncumbr one (14)
6. Faint idea (10)
7. Foibles (14)
8. E.g., dyeing in the wl (10)

9. Kesigto has svral (7) (=3)
10. Consumed by guns (10)
12. Fablos nimals (8)
15. Puts—in the best places? (8)
20. Reasoig (13)
21. Act of mparting (13)
22. Very much out of the odinary (13)
23. Flowering bush (12)
24. nlogy (8)
25. Maquis rilwy? (11)
28. Sma mrsplty (7)
29. Dug in—aslp, ehas (8)
30. E.g. Old Mre (6)
33. Mineral is, but not nml or vgtabl (9)
34. Mr nothing (9)
37. Very light, metaic lmnt (9)
38. Let or bidrace (10)
40. They are rponib for money maers (10)
41. Final 45A (12)
42. ealy nigtsade (10)
43. Lot of aythig in one place (13)
45. Greatly upset (10)
47. quivalnt (10)
50. Design (9)
51. Buine (8)
53. 'Sing a song of sixpne' is (12)
56. Fuaive (12). (=31)
57. xrcsing the voice (7)

Solution of No. 1,382



Prizewinners: 1st prize: H. Rainger (London, S.W.6); 2nd prize: S. A. Beach (Aberystwyth); 3rd prize: E. Drummond (Kingsgate)

Study at Home for a DEGREE

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without going "into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three examinations (in some cases two). You can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall Postal Courses have enabled thousands of men and women to obtain Degrees and thereby raise their status and their salaries. **PROSPECTUS** from C. D. PARKER, M.A., LL.D., Dept. FE85, **WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD**

GOOD ENGLISH gives you Confidence

How you can gain poise—develop your personality—achieve success

Hundreds of ambitious people have discovered a fascinating, simplified way to improve their English, gain self-confidence and develop their personality, and thus pave the way to success.

If you wish to become a good conversationalist, to write entertaining letters and to express your ideas fluently, take the first step by sending to The Regent Institute (Dept. Y591C), Palace Gate, London, W.8, for a free copy of "Word Mastery," an interesting booklet that gives details of the attractively planned Effective English Course. Please enclose a stamp to cover postage.

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparation for General Certificate of Education and Prelim. exams.; for B.A., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., etc., external London University Degrees; for Civil Service, Local Government and commercial exams.; for professional exams. in Law, Accountancy, Costing, Secretaryship and Personnel Management; for I.S.M.A., Inst. of Export, etc. exams. Many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in business subjects.

More than 90,000 POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESSSES Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Text-book lending library. Moderate fees, payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D1/1).

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE ST. ALBANS

or call 30 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

U.C.C., founded 1887, with its staff of highly qualified Tutors, provides effective postal tuition at moderate fees payable by instalments, for—

General Certificate

(Ordinary, Adv., and Schol. Levels)

London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern Univ., etc.

London Univ. Degrees

B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc. (Econ.), B.Sc. (Sec.), LL.B., B.D.

A.C.P., L.C.P., and other TEACHERS'

DIPLOMAS, PROFESSIONAL PRELIM.,

LAW, CIVIL SERVICE, LOCAL GOVT.

★ **PROSPECTUS** free from the Registrar, 56 Burlington House, CAMBRIDGE

RATTRAY'S 7 RESERVE TOBACCO

is rich in all these qualities which are so rare today. Generations of inherited knowledge lie behind the selection of its fine Red Virginian and choice Oriental leaf. Craftsmanship, as patient and meticulous as that on which our forebears insisted, goes into the slow maturing and skilful blending of this incomparable mixture. Rattray's 7 Reserve burns as willingly as a fine cigar—and gives as generously of its many-faceted fragrance. Here is a mixture that never palls—designed for the pouch of the constant smoker.

A customer writes from Malaya . . . "Yours is a most excellent service—sending out solace and contentment in 4lb. tins."

To be obtained ONLY from:

CHARLES RATTRAY

Tobacco Blender
PERTH, SCOTLAND

Price 84/- per lb.
Post Paid. Send
21/4 for sample
quarter lb. tin.



Enid Blyton
Asks you a question

A REFUGEE WAITS For Your Answer

Could you turn away from little children who look like "living skeletons"? Or walk unheeding by the sick, unhappy ones in an Austrian refugee camp? Or refuse help to a limbless Korean child? No—of course you couldn't!

In great compassion you would give your help. Will you give it now, as a Christmas gift?

It will mean that one more refugee can be helped: with food, medical aid, or, for a family, training to start life afresh. A child's future may depend on your answer to its cry—do PLEASE send your own gift today!

Send to Enid Blyton, Listener Relief, Barclays Bank, High Street, Oxford.

HUNGARY

Donations may be earmarked for Central Europe.

OXFORD COMMITTEE FOR FAMINE RELIEF

(Reg'd. War Charities Act, 1940)

SUPPORTERS INCLUDE: Lord Halifax, Sir Malcolm Sargent, Sir Oliver Franks, Dr. Gilbert Murray, O.M., Dame Sybil Thorndike.



A Hungarian mother and child reach safety

10/- provides a good meal for 120 Korean orphans;

£1 helps us to give care in a home to a sick child;

£10 rescues and maintains for a month 2 limbless children.

NATIONAL APPEAL for MENTAL HEALTH

The Lord Mayor of London will be speaking on behalf of

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MENTAL HEALTH

and

THE MENTAL HEALTH RESEARCH FUND

on

Sunday, 9th December, 1956

at 8.25 p.m. in "The Week's Good Cause"

PLEASE LISTEN!

Donations should be sent to:—

The Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor of London,
t/o 39, Queen Anne Street, London, W.1

LEARN ANOTHER LANGUAGE THE EASY ASSIMIL WAY

Listen—Imitate! There is a childlike simplicity about learning languages the Assimil way—the natural way! As a child learns its Mother tongue—simply and efficiently—so, by means of Assimil records and books you can just as easily master French, German, Italian, Spanish and Russian. Assimil, plus adult comprehension, is the key to learning any of these languages in a few months by daily 15 minute periods of repetition.

Try it and you will become yet another enthusiast.

ASSIMIL (England) Dept. 183/0

10 Pembridge Square, London, W.2 Tel: Bayswater 5131

Preliminary and Advanced Continuation Courses: records and books in

**FRENCH · GERMAN
ITALIAN · SPANISH
RUSSIAN**

Some other courses are available for those whose native tongue is not English.

